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THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF MARILYN MONROE

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GALA CHRISTMAS ISSUE

PIERCE BROSNAN INTERVIEW ON BOND AND BEYOND

NEW EVIDENCE MARILYN MONROE WAS SHE MURDERED?
PLUS
HER LAST WORDS UNCENSORED

AMERICAN PIE 4'S RACHEL VELTRI NUDE

2005 HOLIDAY BLOWOUT

AL PACINO
SCOTT TUROW
TC BOYLE
TICKET SCALPERS
SEX IN CINEMA
JACK JOHNSON
EUGENIA YUAN
HOLIDAY FASHION
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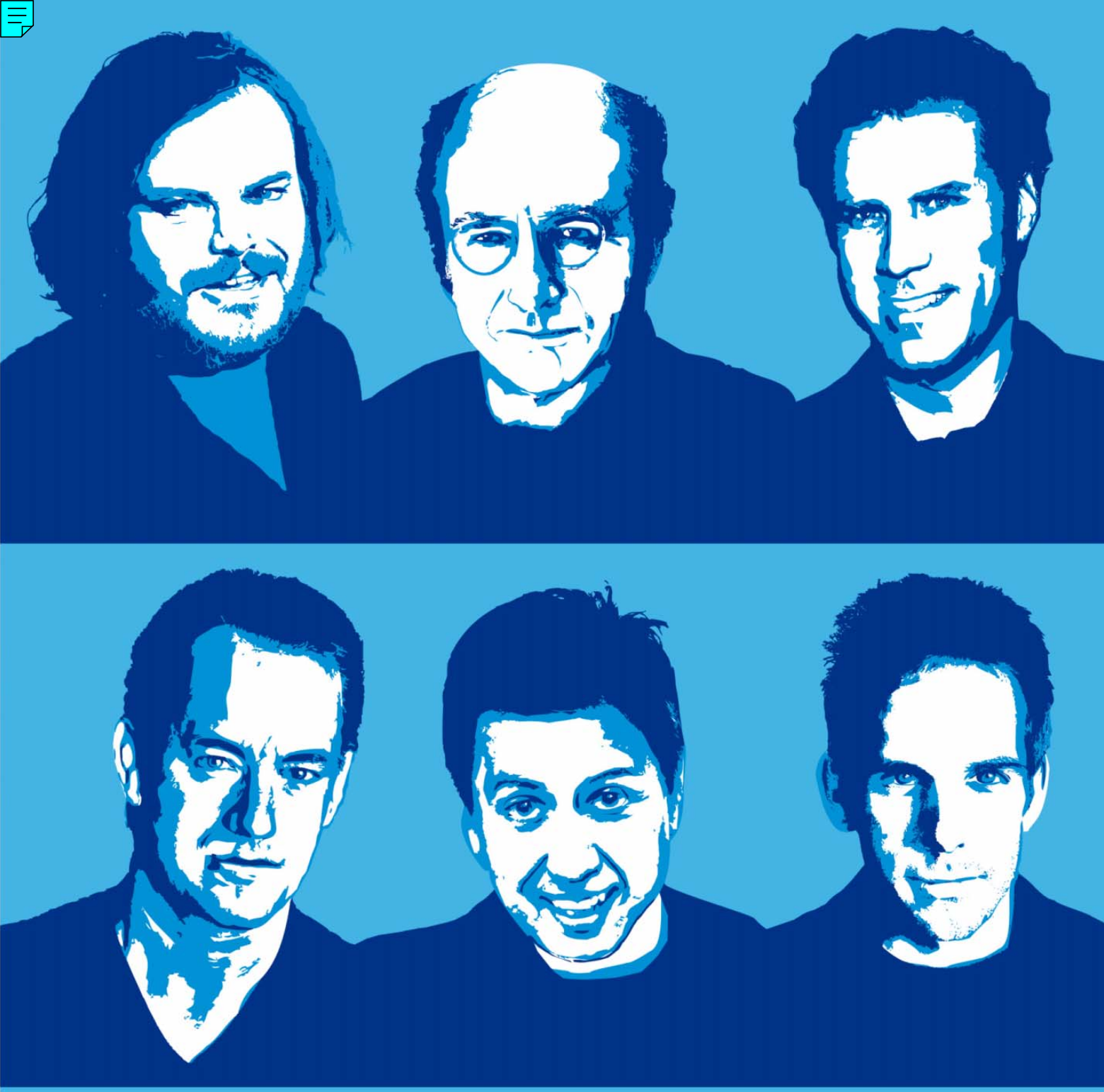
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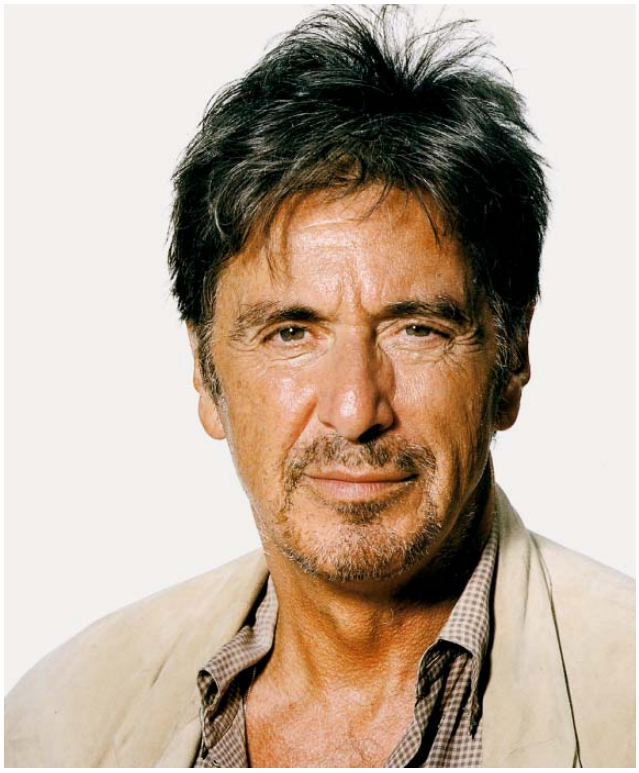
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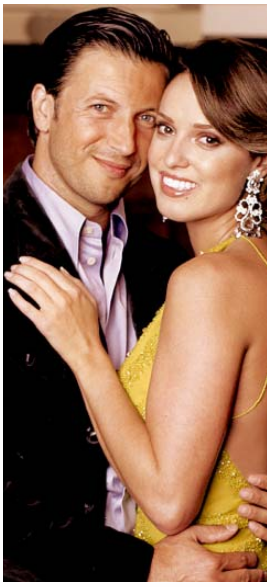
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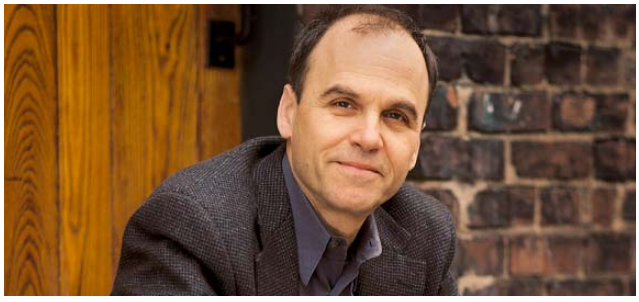
Al Pacino has never relished talking to the media. When we approached him for the *Playboy Interview* in 1979, he agreed only after reading Marlon Brando's *Interview*—and with the stipulation that we hire "the guy who did Brando." So it's no wonder that we again tapped the guy who did Brando, the estimable **Lawrence Grobel,** to sit down with Pacino for a *20Q* about life and his new DVD releases. "I met him through the *Interview,* and we have become friends—we even play cards together," Grobel says. "He doesn't do many interviews. He is more comfortable talking to somebody he trusts, plus that way I get more out of him. One problem with being friends with Pacino is that he becomes the character he is playing at the time. When he was shooting *The Devil's Advocate* I stayed away because he remained downright demonic even after he'd left the set."



In *Dress Gray,* Fashion Director **Joseph De Acetis** shows how designers are putting a modern spin on the classic slate suit. "Gray has always been a staple in the office," De Acetis says. "Now, with new attention focused on these suits, men can also wear gray when they paint the town red." The feature was shot at Frederick's in New York City, a hip midtown watering hole where the original gray-suit playboys of the jazz era would have felt at home. "I based the lounge on Humphrey Bogart and Cary Grant movies," says co-owner **Frederick Lesort,** seen here with Miss November 2001 **Lindsey Vuolo.** "It was a grand and elegant era when gray was worn in social settings."



T.C. Boyle returns to our pages with *A Christmas Story,* about a down-on-his-luck singer anguishing over recording a cheesy holiday record for an easy payout. "I hate Christmas albums, yet I marvel each December over the way hoary Christmas songs pour into us at every venue like old blood," Boyle says. "I cringe when I see old rebel bands from the 1960s, 1970s and 1980s doing commercials on TV. I mean, how much money do you need? I will never sell out. I could spend my time in more remunerative ways than writing short stories, but they are what I like to write. I am a free agent, free to do whatever I feel like artistically, and I'm accountable to no one—ever. "



In *My Father's War,* **Scott Turow** discusses the impetus for his new novel, *Ordinary Heroes* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). "I wanted to write this essay to give a word of public explanation about why I wrote the book," he reports. It turns out Turow found a trove of letters his dad wrote home during World War II. "That he kept that sort of daily record for months and months while he was undergoing the most dramatic experiences of his life was very moving, very edifying," Turow says. "I learned a lot about him. The war was his defining moment."



The real circumstances of Marilyn Monroe's untimely demise remain one of the last century's greatest mysteries. But in *The Strange, Still Mysterious Death of Marilyn Monroe,* **Lisa DePaulo** cuts through decades of speculation to analyze the scenario in light of new hard evidence in the case. "Without question an enormous cover-up took place, but what were they covering up?" DePaulo says. "It is amazing that, decades after she died, new revelations are still emerging. I was shocked at some of the new things I discovered."

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COVER STORY

We could never say good-bye to Marilyn Monroe, nor would we want to. More than 50 years after her appearance on our debut issue's cover, the screen goddess returns in a photograph taken by Bert Stern during her last session. This month we look at the mystery surrounding her final hours. Our Rabbit, a gentleman who prefers blondes, is right on the mark.



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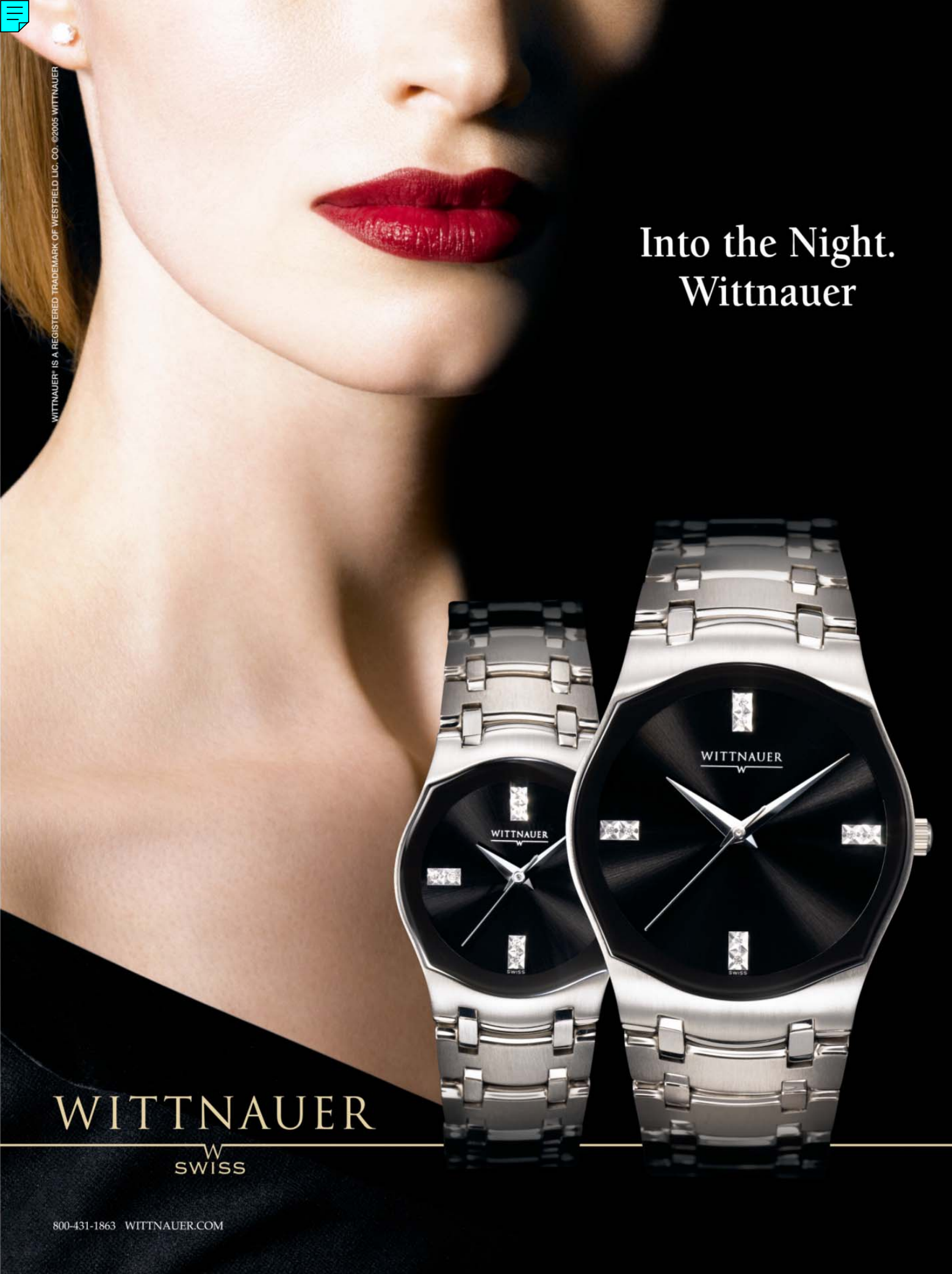
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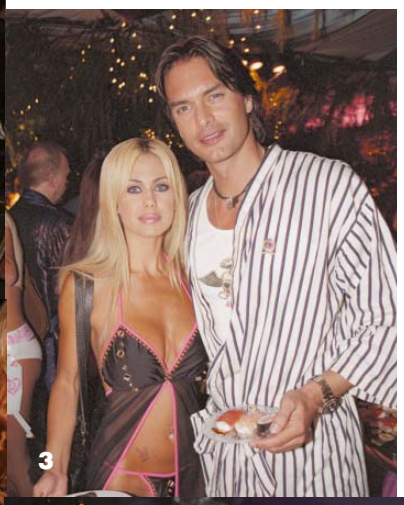
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DREAM A LITTLE DREAM


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The hippest celebrity partygoers donned their most luxurious loungewear to join Hef at the Mansion for his annual Midsummer Night's Dream, the party of the year. (1) Bridget, Holly and Kendra snuggle up to the host. (2) Hip-hop impresario Jermaine Dupri with Playmate Lindsey Vuolo. (3) Playmate Shauna Sand and model Marcus Schenkenberg grab a snack. (4) *The Apprentice*'s Erin Elmore and Bradford Cohen play nice. (5) Burlesque star Dita Von Teese checks in with Mr. Playboy. (6) Actor Hector Elizondo and director Garry Marshall are in their Midsummer best. (7) All-around good guys Seth Green and Cris Judd share a joke. (8) Miss February Amber Campisi and Kato Kaelin goof around. (9) 2004 PMOY Carmella DeCesare bellies up to Michael Vartan of *Alias*. (10) Playmates Lindsey Vuolo, Pennelope Jimenez and Stacy Sanches flash the camera. (11) Crispin Glover with guest Mimi Wills. (12) Amazing Racers Jonathan Baker, Victoria Fuller, Jon Buehler and Kris Perkins enjoy the hospitality. (13) Hef gets a hug from his *Dancing With the Stars* Playmate Kelly Monaco.


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DREAM A LITTLE DREAM

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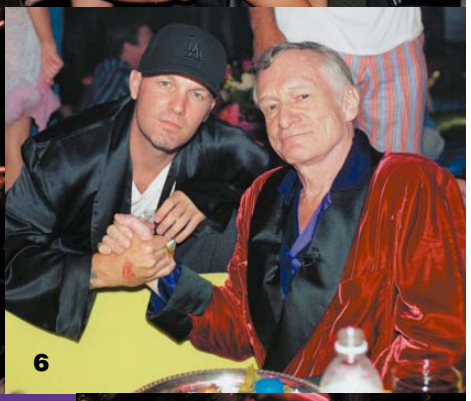

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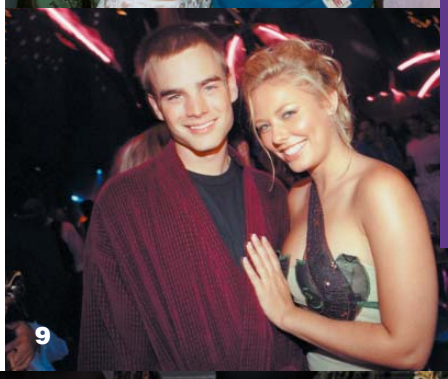

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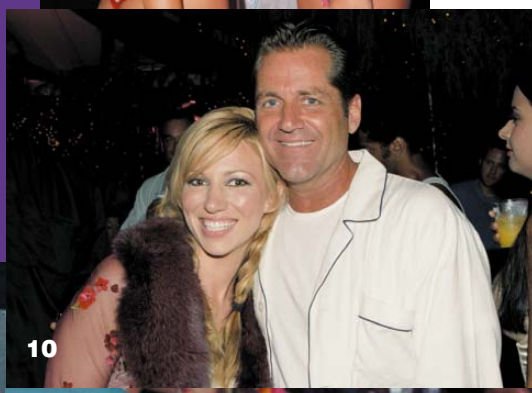
The party continued as revelers celebrated into the morning hours: (1) *Revenge of the Sith*'s Hayden Christensen catches up with the original Luke Skywalker, Mark Hamill, and family. (2) Actors Isaac Singleton and Verne "Mini Me" Troyer play it cool. (3) Playmates Tiffany Fallon and Stephanie Heinrich flank country music star Joe Nichols. (4) *CSI*'s Archie Kao shows his friend Terrie Eliason around the Mansion. (5) Evan "Joe Millionaire" Marriott with Hef's girlfriend Kendra. (6) Rocker Fred Durst pays his respects to the Man. (7) *Minding the Store*'s Ashley Anderson-Matthau and Charlie Matthau. (8) Pauly Shore risks messing up his T-shirt with the Painted Ladies. (9) David Gallagher and Miss March Jillian Grace make an adorable pair. (10) Pop singer turned theater star Deborah Gibson with actor James Van Patten. (11) The always lovely Painted Ladies keep the party lively. (12) Hef with June cover girl and actress Bai Ling. (13) Comedian Jon Lovitz with Playmate of the Year Tiffany Fallon.



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THOMAS FRIEDMAN

In the *Playboy Interview* (September) Thomas Friedman says, "People who like themselves—who see hope and opportunity—don't tend to blow themselves up." I'd bet that most Islamic terrorists feel pretty good about themselves—they believe they will be one with Allah. Blind faith is the reason people strap bombs to themselves, not low self-esteem.

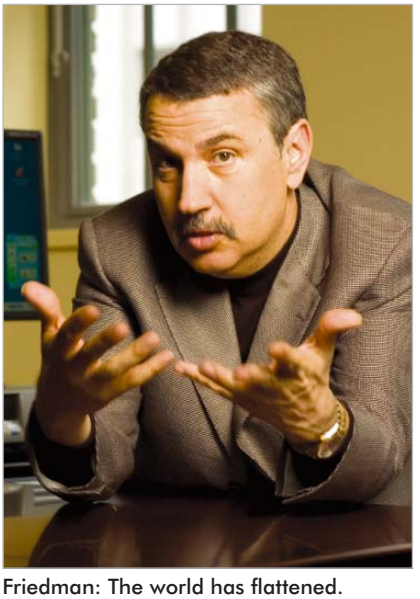
Wylie Hnat
Iowa City, Iowa

Friedman is right. Now that we are starting to emerge from the haze of isolationism that has engulfed many industries since 9/11, it is time for politicians and business leaders to realize that, like it or not, we are in an economic landscape with few borders. They must start using this to their advantage rather than treating it as a threat. Your interview should be given to every manager in the U.S.

Tony Barlow
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Instead of using Afghanistan as a fueling stop, we could have, as Friedman says, "unlocked a democracy movement in that region that has the potential to transform it." George Bush squandered a golden opportunity and doesn't deserve Friedman's support.

Robert Borden
Jemez Springs, New Mexico



Friedman: The world has flattened.

I expected Friedman to tout liberal sacred cows but was instead informed by his perspective. I also appreciate his optimistic outlook for the Middle East and the global economy. Please interview more people like him.

Josh Austin
Newnan, Georgia

I am grateful that PLAYBOY, by including a Q&A with Jordanian columnist Salama Na'mat, shows another view. Cable television has destroyed the way we receive the news.

Michael Sommerfeld
Surprise, Arizona

HEAVY METAL

Raymond Devoe Jr. claims to provide financial advice (*Many Happy Returns,* September) but does not mention what China's growth is doing to metals and resource stocks. He should give me a call so I can bring him up to speed on coal, nickel, molybdenum, copper, iron ore and uranium. I'll also give him the lowdown on gold and silver and the trillions that American banks are short in their derivatives.

Michael Alexander
London, Ontario

Devoe responds: I have been hearing this siren call for 50 years, especially from my friends in Canada, where investing in minerals seems to be part of the national character. Precious metals have never been a good bet against inflation, and no one can predict which elements will be in demand. For example, copper went through the roof until fiber optics came along. I also hear the canard that China will buy up everything. Investors were saying the same thing about Japan 20 years ago. If you look at returns over the past 100 years, stocks are without question the way to go.

BIG-LEAGUE BEAUTY

Jose Canseco acted like a rat-bastard opportunist this past year. He betrayed himself and his fellow players for a quick buck. After seeing your pictorial of his ex-wife Jessica (*The Slugger's Wife,* September), it's also clear that he's blind. How could any man leave a woman who looks like that?

Dan Rubicek
Poway, California

Jessica seems angry, even five years after her divorce. She should drop the last name, stop whining and move on.

Tracy Betancourt
Manchester, New Jersey

You hit that pictorial outta the park!

Phil Riggio
Aventura, Florida

Jessica states that the human penis is a muscle that responds to steroids and human growth hormone by becoming larger. Although terms like *boner* and *love muscle* are bandied about, the penis has no bone or muscle. It is filled with a spongy material that becomes engorged with blood. No exercise can make it stronger or bigger. I hope this is published in time to prevent a worldwide depletion of growth hormone.

Dr. Joseph Lasusky
Castro Valley, California



Jessica Canseco is a great catch.

Jessica has more muscles than her husband—or at least better-looking ones.

Gary Parsons
Boca Raton, Florida

AN EXPLOSIVE STORY

I can't tell you how valuable *The Man in the Bomb Suit* (September) is to me, as a close friend of mine is a bomb specialist. He is 22 years old and has been in Iraq since January. Thank you to PLAYBOY for recognizing some of the people who have earned the title of hero.

Barbara Ballard
Austin, Texas

Why are we not getting these stories from ABC, NBC, CBS or CNN? At least we know why Fox News isn't talking. Keep up the good work.

Bill Carruthers
Dallas, Texas

Your readers may like to know of the memorial in Niceville, Florida that honors Explosive Ordnance Disposal techs who have lost their life in the line of duty. Currently 187 names are inscribed on four bronze tablets representing each branch of the service. The oldest is Ensign John Howard, who

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- Remove one cup of Woodford Reserve from a 750ml bottle, add 6oz. thinly sliced dried apple and one cinnamon stick.
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died assisting on a booby-trapped mine in June 1942. Sadly, we inscribed five new names in May during our annual memorial service.

Robbie Kurth
Eodmemorial.org
Niceville, Florida

ALL-AMERICAN FILMS

In his movie review of *A History of Violence* (September), Stephen Rebello writes, "The American dream has seldom looked more broken." Why is it that when a movie is set in the U.S., it suddenly represents all of American culture? Has anyone ever suggested that *Madame Bovary* is a reflection of French society? Does *Trainspotting* reflect all of British culture? Besides, one can't take Hollywood's view of America seriously. Its coked-out Marxist millionaires have yet to realize we have interstate highways.

John Studowski
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

COLLEGE FOOTBALL PICKS

I am glad to see Virginia Tech in the fifth spot on your list of the top 25 college football teams (*Pigskin Preview,* September). But you fail to mention that the team won the ACC title last year in its first year in the conference. That seems odd, especially when you say that number 15, Florida State, is good enough to win another ACC title.

Patrick Harvey
Blacksburg, Virginia

Some of the more intriguing stories occur at schools that aren't in the top 25. My alma mater, the University of Texas at El Paso, has turned around under Mike Price. We are projected to win Conference USA and go to our second straight bowl game.

Mark Harris
El Paso, Texas

How could you not rank Ohio State higher than number 13? With 18 returning starters, including three Playboy All Americas, and Texas and Iowa at home, the Buckeyes will be facing Michigan undefeated.

James Mansnerus
Avon Lake, Ohio

SHOE LEATHER AND LACE

As the owner of what is fast becoming the Internet's top shoelace site (fieggen.com/shoelace), I have noticed that many Centerfolds have shoelaces, corsets, bows or ribbons tied with a slipknot, which is prone to come undone. The more secure reef knot would save your photographers much frustration. I understand that it may be your policy to shoot the models as they appear naturally. Should this be the case, please continue to capture them with their lacing faults intact.

Ian Fieggen
Melbourne, Australia

METH-LAB POLITICS

In September's *Raw Data* you compare the number of meth labs in red states with those in blue states. Politics has nothing to do with this data. In the red states, the average unemployment rates are higher, the per-capita income is more than $10,000 less, and the population density is four times lower.

Timothy Lowing
Hastings, Minnesota

That has nothing to do with politics?

THE BLONDES OF SWEDEN

While I can't be accused of buying PLAYBOY just for the articles, I did take the time to read the text accompanying *Swedish Blondes* (September). Imagine my surprise to learn that Alfred Nobel invented TNT. That must come as a shock to the descendants of German chemist Joseph Wilbrand.



A bonus Swedish blonde, Pernilla Bäck.

Larry Reavis
Medford, Oregon

You'd think with all the discussions we had with EOD techs this would have come up. Wilbrand was the first to mix TNT, in 1863. Nobel developed the blasting cap in 1864 and later invented dynamite. And aren't those blondes dynamite?

Blondes, you say? Half the women have dark roots. Keep it pure!

Heather Purifoy
Vanceboro, North Carolina

You have a sharp eye, Heather, but for some reason not a single male reader noticed.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

I am writing on behalf of my fellow soldiers in Alpha Company 2/69 Maintenance and Infantry. We want to thank PLAYBOY for keeping our morale up. Although it is against the rules to have the magazine here, we manage to sneak a few copies in.

Spc. Andrew Higgins
Ramadi, Iraq



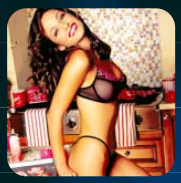
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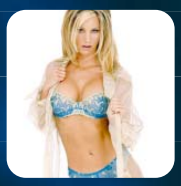

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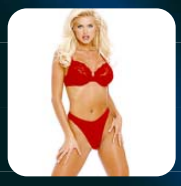

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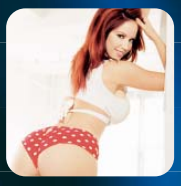

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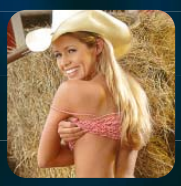

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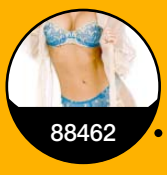


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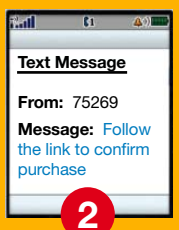
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Babe of the Month

Eugenia Yuan

THE FUNNY LADY WITH THE ASS-KICKING MOM

Chinese American actress Eugenia Yuan isn't a bad girl, but she plays one in *Memoirs of a Geisha.* "Gong Li and I are a team—we're the evil geishas," she says. "Well, not straight-up evil. Being a geisha was very difficult because there was a lot of competition. In the book my character is the tall, stupid, ugly geisha." Eugenia is none of the above, but that's Hollywood casting for you. She was born and raised in America but is Hong Kong cinema royalty: Her mother is legendary actress Cheng Pei Pei, who played the evil Jade Fox in *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon.* So how was it growing up with a mom nicknamed the Queen of Swords? "There was discipline every day," Eugenia recalls. "If I didn't do my homework, I'd get a kick." Eugenia is trained in martial arts and won Hong Kong's equivalent of an Oscar for her turn in the horror flick *Three,* but what she really wants to do is make people laugh. "I love sarcasm and dark comedy," she says. "I don't think that when people look at me they necessarily think I'm funny. My favorite role was in *Mail Order Wife.* It's a fake documentary, and I played the bride. That was the most fun ever." *Geisha* isn't likely to boost Eugenia's comedy career, but it is sure to win her a few admirers. "In America," she says, "I've never been seen as this sexy person or the girl who's hot. But PLAYBOY is a big step. Maybe now people will see me in a different way."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN STICKLER





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CHRIS RYNIAK

The End of Men

A CHEEKY COLUMNIST ASKS A SCARY QUESTION

In *Are Men Necessary?: When Sexes Collide* (Putnam), Maureen Dowd, a columnist for *The New York Times,* takes a provocative look at the waning usefulness of men in today's world. We couldn't let such a brash query go unquizzed.

Playboy: Let's get this straight. Are men doomed?

Dowd: A couple of British geneticists think that the Y chromosome is on notice. It has been shedding genes willy-nilly for centuries. It's rotting. Some scientists think it will survive for only another 100,000 years; others say 10 million years. It's fun, as a woman, to think about whether men are really necessary. What if they just left and took March Madness and cold pizza in the morning with them?

Playboy: Don't give us that old line about the world being a better place if women were in charge.

Dowd: I went to a Catholic girls school, so I don't have delusions that the world would be less aggressive. You see those old movies about Amazons running their own planets, and it's not pretty.

Playboy: You also say men have been feminized.

Dowd: Much of society has been. In the 1970s you didn't talk about shopping or babies at the office; it was considered frivolous. Now guys take time off to be with their families; they talk about shopping—all the stuff we used to get in trouble for.

Playboy: Does that mean feminism won?

Dowd: From where we started in about 1968 to today, the women's movement has boomeranged. We've gone from padded bras to padded bras, platform shoes to platform shoes. We've returned to things that feminism was supposed to get rid of.

Playboy: So has feminism failed?

Dowd: I think feminism has been replaced by narcissism and materialism, which are stronger isms.

Playboy: Are men necessary in the political arena?

Dowd: Women have at least an even shot to run the country as well as men do. Men said we couldn't because we'd have hormonal problems once a month, but Dick Cheney has hormonal problems every day. He's totally hormonal and gloomy and grumpy. Men said a woman couldn't be president because she'd cry, but Poppy Bush, Jeb Bush and W cry all the time. John Bolton is over at the UN frothing at the mustache, and Rumsfeld refused to shake hands with the Germans because Germany didn't support the Iraq war. They all sulk and throw hissy fits.



Absentee Senator

We weren't putting you on. Bai Ling, PLAYBOY's June cover babe, really *was* in *Star Wars Episode III*. Eleventh-hour edits left Senator Breemu on the cutting-room floor, but the deleted scene made the DVD. A Jedi craves these things.

"I tried to rip the ball out of wide receiver J.J. Stokes's hands. I didn't get the ball, but I got his testicles in my hand, and I became a human nutcracker. He jumped up, woofing, 'That's bullshit, Romanowski! That's dirty!' And for some reason I was like, 'Who the hell are you?' And without thinking, I just spat in his face. Splat!"

—former NFL linebacker Bill Romanowski recalls a career-defining moment in his memoir, *Romo: My Life on the Edge*

She Walked in Beauty

A LAMENTATION ON TYRA BANKS'S FINAL APPEARANCE IN THE VICTORIA'S SECRET FASHION SHOW

Supermodels well-undressed
Return this month to CBS.
Rejoice, but comprehend:
An era ends.
It's time, says Tyra, to re-tire-a.

From pumping hips
To tender lips,
Stems to flanks to spruce caboose
To push-up cups of chocolate mousse—
No one stalked the walk like Tyra.

We're sad to see you go, Ms. Banks.
For memories—and mammaries—thanks.



Reading Between the Bars

BONE UP BEFORE DRINKING UP WITH THESE STOCKING-STUFFER BOOKS

Alcoholica Esoterica, by Ian Lendler. Its 288 pages hold something for everyone—even your batty, sherry-drinking aunt. (Penguin)

Big Shots: The Men Behind the Booze, by A.J. Baime. PLAYBOY's spirits expert profiles Jose Cuervo, Jim Beam et al. (New American Library)

The Modern Drunkard, by Frank Kelly Rich. Funny yet sage tips on drinking at lunch, barhopping and other frowned-upon behavior. (Riverhead)



Brotherly Love

ALL OVER THE GLOBE, FANTASY FOLLOWS REALITY

Here in the U.S. *Big Brother* is an also-ran, but everywhere else in the world it's the reality-TV champ. There are more than 30 versions of the show—Venezuela suffers from 12 percent unemployment and Slovakia is smaller than West Virginia, but that doesn't stop these nations from hanging on every twist of *Gran Hermano* or *Big Brother Súboj.* Part *Huis Clos,* part *Survivor,* each *BB* edition has its own rules, but all rely on bikinis, hot tubs and shower scenes. For PLAYBOY's foreign editions, *Big Brother* has been a virtual waiting room, with *BB* girls landing pictorials in our Dutch, Mexican, German, Hungarian, Bulgarian, Polish and Romanian counterparts. And no fewer than eight *BB* ladies have graced the cover of Brazilian PLAYBOY—including Grazi (above center), selected by readers to be the magazine's 30th-anniversary Centerfold.



DAVID BRINLEY

Comedian at Large

THE STRAIGHT STORY FROM *CURB YOUR ENTHUSIASM*'S JEFF GARLIN

PLAYBOY: You're in your 40s, and you've done *Curb Your Enthusiasm* and *Daddy Day Care* with Eddie Murphy. What else should we know?

GARLIN: I've been doing stand-up for 23 years. I do a show at Improv Olympic West in Hollywood from January to June—the rest of the year my poster hangs in the men's room. I wrote, directed and starred in a movie based on my one-man show called *I Want Someone to Eat Cheese With.* Sarah Silverman and Bonnie Hunt are also in it. My character has issues with food—obviously—and women.

PLAYBOY: People can get confused by the vérité of *Curb Your Enthusiasm* and think Larry David is a weasel in real life. Do supporting characters have the same experience?

GARLIN: Susie Essman, my foul-mouthed wife on the show, says people want to hear her swear. I went to a ball game with her, and people were saying, "Go ahead, call him a fat fuck!" And there were kids around, old people. I'd never seen anything like it.

PLAYBOY: Why does the house you live in on the show keep changing?

GARLIN: Kelsey Grammer helped pass a law in Malibu that limits shooting to a total of 14 days at any location. We needed more. I love how Kelsey Grammer is like, "I'm happy to be an actor, but when it comes to filming where I live, not in my backyard." Fuck him.

PLAYBOY: What happened to Eddie Murphy? He used to make funny movies for adults. Now all he does is stuff for kids.

GARLIN: Hey, if I could do 40 movies in my career, I'd like 30 of them to be kids' movies. They're the greatest thing since sliced bread. I enjoy paying my bills.

PLAYBOY: You're in *Fun With Dick & Jane,* a remake of a Jane Fonda–George Segal movie, this time with Jim Carrey and Téa Leoni. Anything different in the new version?

GARLIN: Let me tell you something. In the 1970s they had *original* ideas—hard to imagine. This one is a remake, and *that's* the big difference.



A BAR WITHOUT MONKEYS IS LIKE A MIDGET WITHOUT A POLE DANCER.

the MAN SHOW

THE ORIGINAL MAN SHOW
THE WAY ADAM AND JIMMY MADE IT

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Cheerleader of the Month

Sidelined

FORMER COLTS PISTOL LISA PERRY ON THE PERILS OF FRATERNIZING

PLAYBOY: How long have you been cheering for the Colts?
LISA: I was with the Colts for five years and I was a captain, but I'm no longer a Colts cheerleader. I still root for them to win, but right now I'm actually a reporter for Gambling911.com.
PLAYBOY: Any reason for the change?
LISA: Most NFL teams have a rule about fraternizing with the players.
PLAYBOY: Details, please.
LISA: It's a good story. We were in Tokyo for a preseason game. Afterward I went to my room to take a shower. Other girls came in, and they were sitting around eating when there was a knock on the door. I figured it was another cheerleader, so I said, "Come in." The door opened, and it was a couple of players. I was like, "Shut my door. What are you guys doing?" I'm in a room next door to my director, players are there, and I am in a towel. It looks bad—though I do look good in a towel. Sure enough, I got caught. A high-profile player, who will remain nameless, was hiding in my shower.
PLAYBOY: Sounds innocent enough.
LISA: It was, 100 percent—this time. But my director had it in for me all year. The anti-fraternization rule is the worst. It just happens. I'm friends with the players, and I'll stay friends with them.

Employee of the Month candidates: Send pictures to PLAYBOY Photography Department, Attn: Employee of the Month, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Must be at least 18 years old. Must send photocopies of a driver's license and another valid ID (not a credit card), one of which must include a current photo.

Spicy Food

ACTUAL NAMES OF RESTAURANTS

Golden Cock Inn (San Gabriel, CA)
Eat Me Sweetheart Bakery (Chicago)
Dry Beaver Supper Club (Lawton, OK)
Pink Taco (Las Vegas)
Pork-Knockers (Brooklyn)
Bung's Tavern (Burlington, NJ)
The Bent Rim (Cascade, IA)
Holly's Back Door Bar & Grill (Grand Rapids, MI)
Teabags (Pittsburgh)
Double D Dairy Bar (Ludlow, MA)
Triple D Coffee House (Adrian, MI)
Glory Hole Pub & Eatery (Corning, NY)

Tip Sheet

jump the couch: *vb,* turn suddenly and wildly foolish; variation on "jump the shark" (become uncool or irrelevant); based on Tom Cruise's *Oprah* antics.

Eyes All Aglow

OUR REMEDY FOR THE NOG DAYS OF WINTER

We don't care how edgy you are for the rest of the year; if you can't appreciate the quintessential crooner during the holiday season (whatever your holiday), you're a bit of a humbug. Like Bing Crosby's baritone, this cocktail is velvety, rich and sweet. It tastes like candy, but don't be fooled—a round of these will launch your soiree like rocket fuel. Goes well with fireplace, mistletoe and eager ladies in tight sweaters.

White Christmas

(recipe from the Oak Bar at Boston's Fairmont Copley Plaza hotel)

1½ oz. Stoli Vanil vodka

1 oz. Godiva White Chocolate liqueur

½ oz. peppermint schnapps

Combine ingredients in mixing glass with shaved ice; stir and strain into chilled martini glass. Garnish with candy cane.

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AXE IS NOW IN A DEODORANT STICK.

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



Give the Big Guy a Break

In 1945 corporations paid **35.4%** of the federal tax levy. Today they pay **7.4%.**

Powder Rooms

41 of **46** toilets and public areas in the European Parliament tested positive for significant traces of cocaine.

No Good

A study of NFL pressure-kick situations—less than three minutes to go with the game on the line—determined that calling a time-out before the play to ice the opposing team's kicker lowered his conversion accuracy from **73%** to **63%.**



Foot Joy

According to researchers at the University of Groningen in the Netherlands, when a woman wears socks during sex, her chances of reaching an orgasm increase by **30%.**

Price Check

$5.89 Price of a packet of **24** fake ATM receipts showing your name and a balance of more than **$300,000.** The seller suggests you write your phone number on the back and give them to women you meet in bars to increase the chance they'll call you.

Dough!

Approximate salaries of sitcom dads, in today's dollars:

Philip Drummond (*Diff'rent Strokes*) president, Trans Allied Inc.	**$735,132**
Heathcliff Huxtable (*The Cosby Show*) obstetrician	**$250,495**
Darrin Stephens (*Bewitched*) advertising executive	**$71,287**
Homer Simpson (*The Simpsons*) nuclear-safety inspector	**$65,499**
Al Bundy (*Married With Children*) shoe salesman	**$26,117**
Tony Micelli (*Who's the Boss?*) housekeeper	**$21,363**

Book of Pointless Records

Most Fish Egested Through Nose

509 By Vijaya Kumar of India, who swallowed the small fish and then blew them out his nasal cavity.

Liberté, Personal Days, Vacation Pay

The French now work **23.5%** fewer hours than they did in 1970. Americans work **20%** more.



Short Game

According to Kim Jong Il's website, he shot **11** holes in one in the first round of golf he ever played.



Virginia Is for Snuffers

Since the firing-squad execution of Jamestown council member George Kendall, in 1607, Virginia has put **1,369** people to death—more than any other state.

RAISE YOUR RUM

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REVIEWS

movies



the best of the month

[KING KONG]

Everyone's favorite movie ape returns to the big screen

For months actor Adrien Brody has been telling everyone who will listen that this film will be "the definitive *King Kong*." Despite his enthusiasm, remaking one of filmdom's most revered classics is a gamble. (Don't forget that 1976's *King Kong* landed with a well-deserved thud.) Director Peter Jackson is once again rolling the dice. Having already pulled off the chancy Oscar-winning *Lord of the Rings* trifecta, now he sticks his neck out with this defiantly noncampy (and extremely expensive) version of the 1933 original. Brody joins an offbeat cast including Naomi Watts as the struggling actress, Jack Black as a huckster showman and adventurer, and Andy Serkis doing double duty as a ship's cook and the real-life reference for the title gorilla's moves and sounds. This is Brody's first big action film. What exactly does that mean to an actor? "You let go of your inhibitions," he says, "and run for your fucking life over and over again."

[ALL THE KING'S MEN]

Sean Penn gets political

It's Oscar-buzz time. The gritty 1949 original *All the King's Men* won Academy Awards for best picture, best actor (for Broderick Crawford) and best supporting actress (for Mercedes McCambridge). This new adaptation comes from Oscar-winning screenwriter Steven Zaillian (*Schindler's List*), who directs Oscar winner Sean Penn as a charismatic Southern man-of-the-people politician who disastrously loses his way. Other luminaries in the cast include Oscar winner Anthony Hopkins, Jude Law, Kate Winslet, Mark Ruffalo, James Gandolfini and Patricia Clarkson. "The questions raised—Do the ends justify the means? Can you be corrupt and still do good things?—remain pretty relevant," Zaillian says. With the original casting a long shadow even today, the writer and director says he avoided rewatching it "like the plague" and, according to Winslet, begged his cast to do likewise. That was no problem for Winslet; she'd never heard of the first movie version.





[THE PRODUCERS]

Can Mel Brooks make the movies safe for musicals?

"Oh, we'll trounce *King Kong* without even trying," says Matthew Broderick, tongue firmly in cheek. The screen version of the Tony-winning money machine, in which he and Nathan Lane rocked audiences for 500-odd sold-out performances, may indeed have good box-office prospects. But Hollywood isn't sold on musicals. "Somewhere around 1970 it seemed as though movie audiences suddenly decided as a group that nobody should burst into song on a crowded bus," explains Broderick. "But more recently they're saying, 'Well, okay, maybe you can sing a little.' If you're afraid of straightforward guy-singing-to-a-girl musicals, this doesn't have much of that. This is definitely a Mel Brooks musical." This time Brooks isn't relying only on the chemistry between Lane and Broderick to fill seats—he's added Will Ferrell and Uma Thurman to the cast. "Having both Uma and Will at the party forced us not to just print out the old show," Broderick says. "That was thrilling." We've seen Thurman, so we know exactly what he means.

by Stephen Rebello

[WALK THE LINE]

Joaquin Phoenix cashes in

Can the late Johnny Cash do for Joaquin Phoenix what Ray Charles did for Jamie Foxx? Phoenix, an Oscar nominee four years ago for *Gladiator,* has been earning well-deserved prerelease raves for playing the Arkansas door-to-door salesman who overcame his troubled past (well, sort of) to become the badass rock and country-music giant. Then there's Reese Witherspoon, playing spunky June Carter, the love of Cash's life for more than 35 years. The famously intense Phoenix plunged into his preparation for the movie by taking five months of guitar lessons, studying concert and interview footage and visiting Cash and Carter five years ago. "They sang 'I Stood on the Banks of the Jordan' while looking into each other's eyes," he says. "I'm kind of cynical about duets because my idea of that had been Sonny and Cher, when it seemed like a performance. John and June weren't singing for anyone else. You just got the feeling that they always sang together. It was amazing."





[THE MATADOR]

Pierce Brosnan puts Bond behind him in a big way

Film festival crowds at Sundance and Toronto were entertained and disarmed by this spiky, inventive teaming of a boozy, whoring international assassin in personal crisis (Pierce Brosnan) and a beaten-down businessman (the underrated Greg Kinnear). It's an image-busting field day for Brosnan as Julian Noble, a foul-mouthed, bigger-than-life, oddly sympathetic shit-heel. Beau St. Clair, Brosnan's longtime producing partner, wasn't sure if the actor would embrace his inner psycho for the role. But about six weeks before location production was scheduled to begin in Mexico, St. Clair recalls, "Pierce came into the office, after being away for a while, with a buzz haircut and mustache, a devilish, unsavory, up-for-anything glint in his eyes and walking in a way that made him seem even taller. We said, 'It's Julian.' We all knew what a good actor he was, but he pulled this out of someplace deep."

and the best of the rest

BUZZ

Rumor Has It...

(Jennifer Aniston, Mark Ruffalo, Kevin Costner) In this romantic comedy, Aniston learns that her family might have inspired the shenanigans of *The Graduate.* Playing the inspiration for Dustin Hoffman's character, Costner romances Aniston just as he had her grandmother and mom years before.

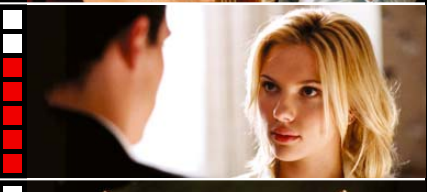
Our call: As if a sequel to the classic 1960s movie weren't tricky enough, this film has been plagued with problems, including a switch in directors and massive reworking of the script. Beware.



Match Point

(Scarlett Johansson, Jonathan Rhys-Meyers, Emily Mortimer, Matthew Goode) Woody Allen takes an unexpected detour with this dramatic thriller featuring Johansson in full-throttle femme fatale form as an aspiring actress and the object of social-climbing former tennis pro Rhys-Meyers's obsession.

Our call: Allen acolytes trumpeting his comeback for the past decade are closer to the mark with this one, which recalls *Crimes and Misdemeanors*. Welcome back, Woody.



Æon Flux

(Charlize Theron, Marton Csokas, Frances McDormand) Theron dons body-hugging jumpsuits to play the heroine in this live-action take on MTV's cult cartoon series. In a plague-ridden 25th century, our lady of action gets dispatched to kill the government's top official. Who will survive? Oh, come on.

Our call: With Oscar winner Theron in *Barbarella–Lara Croft: Tomb Raider* mode, we say kick back, buy a soda and popcorn, don't expect anything award-worthy and you'll be just fine.



Memoirs of a Geisha

(Ziyi Zhang, Ken Watanabe, Michelle Yeoh, Gong Li) *Chicago* director Rob Marshall tries his hand at this visually sumptuous big-screen version of the best-selling novel about a poor, abused young Japanese beauty in the 1930s who gets revenge by becoming wealthy and powerful, if unlucky in love.

Our call: With its hothouse eroticism and the grand "intimate epic" style we thought had died out with David Lean, this is one movie that should stick in the memories of Oscar voters.





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dvd of the month

[KING KONG]

The iconic ape scales greater heights in three beefed-up new editions

Decades before the deadly dinosaurs in *Jurassic Park* chomped on movie scenery, *King Kong* went ape on the silver screen. This legendary 1933 film about the super-sized simian with jungle fever for immortal beauty Fay Wray achieves its moving, tragic denouement once Kong ravages the Big Apple. Its dazzling, detailed stop-motion animation still stomps on today's lower-end digital effects. Director Peter Jackson may be a genius, but his remake has a lot to live up to. Three restored DVD editions have emerged: two double-disc sets plus a four-disc behemoth that includes *The Son of Kong, Mighty Joe Young* and *The Last Days of Pompeii*. **Extras:** Commentary from key players, a documentary on creator Merian C. Cooper and another on the movie. Packaged in a keepsake tin, the collector's edition offers reproductions of the original one-sheet and souvenir program. Such excess befits the eighth wonder of the world. ¥¥¥¥ *—Bryan Reesman*



HOUSE M.D.: SEASON ONE (2004) Hugh Laurie plays a misanthropic genius physician who dissects medical mysteries. When not popping pain pills or watching soaps, the damaged Dr. House prods his young staff of three M.D.'s to think outside the box. He's a garrulous prick who's fun to watch, but the mystery behind his raw bedside manner elevates the show above other, more sterile medical dramas. **Extras:** Real medical cases and a casting session with Laurie. ¥¥¥½ *—Robert B. DeSalvo*



HUSTLE & FLOW (2005) The story of an antihero who finds salvation—here a small-time Memphis pimp who redeems himself through rap music—has been told innumerable times before. What sets this movie apart is the phenomenal performances, most notably Terrence Howard as the buttery-smooth-talking pimp DJay. His turn here transcends the formulaic story. **Extras:** Director Craig Brewer's commentary and behind-the-scenes featurettes. ¥¥¥½ *—Matthew Steigbigel*



THE SKELETON KEY (2005) Kate Hudson is the sexy gal who won't leave a haunted house—a Southern Gothic in the Louisiana bayou for which she has the skeleton key to every door—although she's given plenty of reason to. Playing a private nurse who spends a lot of time running around at night in a T-shirt and panties, Hudson must solve the riddle of her silenced old charge, John Hurt, while parrying with his battle-ax wife, Gena Rowlands. Though not as scary as one might expect, this semisubversive thriller still gives Hudson a welcome opportunity to escape her rut of mostly mediocre romantic romps. Head-deep in hoodoo and the bayou, she gets her mojo rising. **Extras:** Director's commentary, deleted scenes and a behind-the-scenes documentary. ¥¥½ *—M.S.*



CINDERELLA MAN (2005) Russell Crowe and director Ron Howard win by decision in this scheduled 15-rounder with underdog boxing clichés. Crowe is perfect as James J. Braddock, the written-off pug who gutted his way to the heavyweight title and became a powerful symbol of hope in the Great Depression. The only reason the movie is not a knockout is, well, you see it coming. **Extras:** Deleted scenes, commentaries and a sit-down with Braddock's heirs. ¥¥¥ *—Greg Fagan*



MR. & MRS. SMITH (2005) Sparks fly—as do bullets, rockets and knives—between married assassins John and Jane Smith (Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie) in this tango of murderous mayhem. Eventually they reignite their sex life, just as Pitt and Jolie presumably ignited theirs offscreen, catching Jennifer Aniston in the crossfire of their PR whirl. **Extras:** Extended action sequences and more hilarious Vince Vaughn diatribes. ¥¥¥ *—Buzz McClain*



tease frame

Academy-adored British beauty **Kate Winslet** has received glowing accolades for countless period yawns—*Sense and Sensibility* (1995), *Jude* (1996), *Hamlet* (1996), *Quills* (2000) and *Finding Neverland* (2004)—but when she sheds the corset to reveal titanic displays of skin, we are game for a history lesson. In *Hideous Kinky* (1999, pictured), she plays a soul-searching bohemian hippie seductress, a mother of two who nonetheless makes time for a smoldering tryst with a street performer, after which she gets him to hand-feed her fruit. Next up for Winslet is this month's star-studded remake of 1949's Academy Award winner for best picture, *All the King's Men,* which lamentably suggests more awards than flesh.



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critical collector

[2005'S BEST DVD GIFT SETS]

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SEX AND THE CITY: THE COMPLETE SERIES The 20-disc set of all 94 episodes, from 1998 to 2004, comes in a rose velvet photo-album-style case and looks more like a pricey centerpiece than a box of sitcom episodes.... **GARBO: THE SIGNATURE COLLECTION** Here we have three of the screen siren's early American silents and seven sound films, including *Anna Christie* (1930), *Mata Hari* (1932) and *Anna Karenina* (1935).... **BATMAN BEGINS: DELUXE EDITION** and **BATMAN: THE MOTION PICTURE ANTHOLOGY 1989–1997** The great deluxe edition of *Batman Begins* stands apart from the other bat flicks and is not packaged with them. The anthology combines *Batman* (1989), *Batman Returns* (1992), *Batman Forever* (1995) and *Batman & Robin* (1997), all remastered, with more bonus features than the Dark Knight's utility belt.... **ALFRED HITCHCOCK: THE MASTERPIECE COLLECTION** and **ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS: SEASON ONE** The former is a 14-film set that includes robust editions of *Rear Window* (1954), *Vertigo* (1958), *Psycho* (1960) and *The Birds* (1963). Also worth investigating is season one (1955) of the suspense series for which Hitchcock served as host and occasional director.... **THE DICK CAVETT SHOW: ROCK ICONS** This collection of wonderfully aged episodes has the forgivably square Cavett playing host to Jefferson Airplane, Joni Mitchell, David Bowie and Ray Charles, among others.... **THE COMPLETE MONTY PYTHON'S FLYING CIRCUS 16-TON MEGASET** With every episode from 1969 to 1974, this represents the full Monty, movies aside. The *Monty Python Live!* discs make this a much bigger delight than the earlier box.... **THE BOSTON RED SOX 2004 WORLD SERIES COLLECTOR'S EDITION** Here is the team's historic 11-game 2004 championship run in a single box, along with extras.... **THE LOONEY TUNES GOLDEN COLLECTION, VOLUME THREE** Warner Bros. warns that this set "is intended for the adult collector." Some of the shorts are a little less politically correct than some *dithpicable* watchdogs would like.... **THE COEN BROTHERS' COLLECTION** The smart money buys *Blood Simple* (1984), *The Big Lebowski* (1998), *The Man Who Wasn't There* (2001) and *Intolerable Cruelty* (2003) together. But *The Big Lebowski Achiever's Edition*—which packs the DVD in a dude-worthy case with a bowling towel, coasters and photos—has more style.... **THE HAROLD LLOYD COMEDY COLLECTION** The iconic image of Lloyd dangling from a clock hand is from *Safety Last!* (1923), one of the 15 features in this collection. The box is the only way to get the selection of Lloyd's stereoscopic (3-D) photos (including four of Marilyn Monroe) and a set of glasses with which to view them.

—G.F.



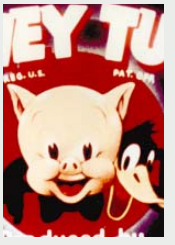
















SCANNER

DARK WATER (2005) Jennifer Connelly deftly plays a depressed mom plagued by bad plumbing and a dead Russian tot in this soggy remake of the Asian thriller. Apartment hunters will be trembling with anxiety, but horror fans may prefer darker water. ¥¥½

STEALTH (2005) This flashy testosterone-fest finds a trio of cocky ace fighter pilots threatened by a rebellious new robot plane hell-bent on inciting a war. Jessica Biel and recent Oscar winner Jamie Foxx appear to be operating on autopilot too. ¥

RICHARD LEWIS: CONCERTS FROM HELL—THE VINTAGE YEARS Kvetching is elevated to surreal art in these great comedy performances. The titles say it all: *I'm in Pain* (1985), *I'm Exhausted* (1988) and *I'm Doomed* (1990). ¥¥¥¥

RINGERS: LORD OF THE FANS (2005) This intriguing documentary covers the genesis of hobbit fanaticism—from hippies to Led Zeppelin to the movie trilogy—through the eyes of J.R.R. Tolkien obsessives. ¥¥¥

DIRTY LOVE (2005) Jenny McCarthy follows a palm reader's advice and searches for her soul mate in this comedy. Clichés abound, but it is worth seeing for Carmen Electra's over-the-top performance. ¥¥½

FANTASTIC FOUR (2005) Mutated after exposure to cosmic radiation, four astronauts develop superpowers and end up in a tween-targeted comic book adaptation. Get graphic satisfaction with *Batman Begins* instead. ¥½

THE DEVIL'S REJECTS (2005) Rob Zombie's follow-up to *House of 1,000 Corpses* is a stylish revisiting of 1970s grind-house cinema with all the abhorrent shock, nastiness and vulgarity. It also boasts a grand array of horror heyday has-beens in minor roles. ¥¥¥

THE COMPLETE ÆON FLUX (1991–1995) This acid-trip animation about a sexy, slinky secret agent includes all 10 half-hour episodes in addition to the original MTV *Liquid Television* shorts. She's not bad, she's just drawn that way. ¥¥½

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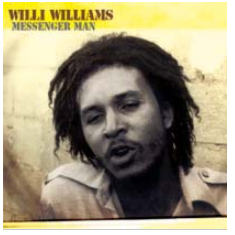


[BIG BOI'S GAMBIT]

Will the South remain Dirty?

Ten years ago Southern hip-hop was still synonymous with sidewalk-shaking bass and fast-paced booty songs. Two talented young men, Antwan "Big Boi" Patton and André "3000" Benjamin, changed all that when they formed OutKast fresh out of high school and hit the scene with a creative, out-of-the-box style. In the past decade OutKast delivered a series of albums that set a new standard by establishing a funky, experimental sound rooted in hip-hop but adding original twists. It laid the foundation of a new Southern tradition. After *SpeakerBoxxx/The Love Below* sold more than 10 million copies, both Big Boi and André 3000 ventured off to work on other projects. Big Boi decided to start his own label, Purple Ribbon, named after his Atlanta-based dog-breeding business. The label's new compilation, *Got Purp, Vol. 2*, answers the big question: What will be the legacy of the most influential group in the history of the Dirty South? The evidence here is that OutKast's originality will continue to inspire and that plenty more potent Southern funk is on the way. It's clear from this new music that the South can stay both Dirty and musically adventurous. (*Purple Ribbon/Virgin*) ¥¥¥¥ —*Dean Gaskin*

WILLI WILLIAMS * **Messenger Man**
Best known for "Armagideon Time," Williams never got what he deserved. This album, recorded in 1979 and 1980, represents one of the finest (and final) flourishings of roots reggae, before dreadlock righteousness went out of style. It's a powerful artifact of a lost era. (*Blood and Fire*) ¥¥¥ —*Leopold Froehlich*



REV. HORTON HEAT * **We Three Kings**
As the success of Brian Setzer's Christmas catalog shows, rockabilly is an oddly effective genre for holiday music, stuck as it is in some idealized, mythic American past. Here this psychobilly trio takes on 12 chestnuts—some rendered as instrumentals—as well as one original. Yule love it. (*Yep Roc*) ¥¥¥ —*Tim Mohr*



KENNY CHESNEY
The Road and the Radio
No one will cop to being a part of radio-friendly new Nashville, but Chesney is a perfect representative. And that's not a bad thing. Just when his songs seem too friendly or predictable, he takes a left turn. This new CD confirms his stature as a great one. (*BNA*) ¥¥¥½ —*L.F.*

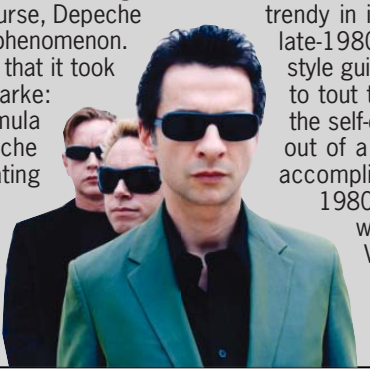


SHEEK LOUCH * **After Taxes**
On his sophomore LP, Louch—one third of the Lox—shows maturity, collaborates with Redman, Ghostface, the Game and Carl Thomas, and at the same time keeps it real street. "Maybe If I Sing," for instance, takes aim at 50 Cent and the G Unit camp. This is one of the year's top rap albums. (*Koch*) ¥¥¥¥ —*D.G.*



back to the future

Hard to believe, but in 1981 many observers dismissed Depeche Mode when Vince Clarke, who wrote its first big hit, "Just Can't Get Enough," left the band. Of course, Depeche not only soldiered on but became a global phenomenon. Surely one reason for the band's success is that it took the approach opposite to that taken by Clarke: While he went on to repeat his initial formula ad infinitum with Yazoo and Erasure, Depeche evolved into a creative force, rarely repeating itself musically, constantly incorporating new technology and always staying on the vanguard of production styles. This fall Depeche released a new album, *Playing the Angel* (Sire/Reprise), that shows the band has yet to ossify. The LP is influenced by laptop electronica in the mold of Four Tet or Boards of Canada, and the only retro elements are things currently trendy in indie circles: papery 808-style drums from late-1980s acid house and crystalline New Order–style guitars. Though the band members never seem to tout their adventurousness (for contrast, think of the self-congratulatory PR blitz when U2 finally broke out of a decade of stasis for *Achtung Baby*), their accomplishments stand in contrast to many other 1980s survivors—such as Echo & the Bunnymen, who also released an album, *Siberia* (Cooking Vinyl), this fall. To be fair, *Siberia* is one of the best Echo albums ever, but 21 years on, it hews closely to the blueprint of *Ocean Rain,* the band's 1984 masterpiece.





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games of the month

[XBOX, THE NEXT GENERATION]

This month Microsoft serves up the Xbox 360. Here are the side dishes

The Elder Scrolls IV: Oblivion (pictured right, *Bethesda Softworks*) Fantasy on a truly epic scale. Warriors and wizards, each with his own business and private life, wander sprawling, stunningly rendered towns. The revamped combat system will more than satisfy your D&D jones. **Perfect Dark Zero** (*Microsoft*) Superspy Joanna Dark is handy with both guns and gadgets and looks damn fine in





skintight latex (the standard superspy uniform, apparently). **Quake 4** (above, *Activision*) Picking up where *Quake 2* left off, this version has you again battling the Strogg but with graphics so sharp they practically cut you. **Condemned: Criminal Origins** (*Sega*) Track serial killers across a burned-out urban hellscape in this taut and creepy blend of forensics and mayhem. **Dead or Alive 4** (below, *Tecmo*) Gorgeous specimens vigorously pound each other at resolutions so fine you'll see fabric fold and muscles ripple. **Call of Duty 2** (*Activision*) Imagine a playable version of the opening scene of *Saving Private Ryan*. Genuinely wrenching. —*Adam Rosen*



FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE (*Electronic Arts*, GameCube, PS2, Xbox) The name: Bond. The film: timeless. The voice: Connery himself. The game: passable. We wanted this to blow our mind. It didn't. The graphics are great and true to the film, but the gameplay lacks punch. A respectable effort and a genuine treat for Bond buffs, but it will leave serious gamers in adrenaline debt. ¥¥¥

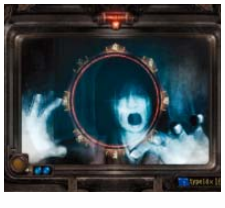


—*Scott Alexander*

THE MOVIES (*Activision*, GameCube, PC, PS2, Xbox) Run every aspect of a movie studio, from scriptwriters to plastic surgery. Direct your own flicks over 80-plus years, starting with scratchy silents, going through trashy teen horror and moving on to modern-day CG blockbusters, all with props, dialogue and sound effects. Then screen your masterpieces online for other would-be moguls. ¥¥¥ —*C.H.*



FATAL FRAME III: THE TORMENTED (*Tecmo*, PS2) Cameras and ghost stories: two Japanese tastes that taste great together. After her fiancé's death a photographer is torn between reality and the House of Sleep, a nightmare world of tortured souls, and must battle ghosts with her camera. Creepy, tragic and not for the jumpy. You'll swear ghosts are in the room with you. Smile. ¥¥¥¥



—*Chris Hudak*

STUBBS THE ZOMBIE (*Aspyr*, Mac, PC, Xbox) As murdered door-to-door salesman Edward "Stubbs" Stubblefield, take your revenge on the 1950s utopian city that reanimated you in this hilarious, brain-eating blast. Assemble an undead army that obeys your commands, bowl your head into crowds and possess people with your crawling severed hand. So many brains, so little time. ¥¥¥¥



—*John Gaudiosi*

gear

[GAMER GIFTS]

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D-LINK DGL-4300 Crush the competition in your favorite online games with a wireless router optimized for gaming. D-Link's DGL-4300 is rated at 108 mbps, and its GameFuel technology prioritizes the gaming data, so your girlfriend's web surfing won't drag down your session. ($150, games.dlink.com) **GAME BOY MICRO** Taking a page from the iPod Nano playbook, the Game Boy Micro, which plays Game Boy Advance titles, is an itsier-bittier version of an old product. Four inches wide, two inches long and .7 inches thick, it weighs just 2.8 ounces, about the same as 80 paper clips. ($100, nintendo.com) **VIEWSONIC VX924** This vivid 19-inch flat-panel LCD display has the fastest refresh time in the industry, with a jaw-dropping three-millisecond response. That means your 3-D shooters (or HDTV programming) won't suffer from the common LCD ghost trails that fast in-game motion can cause. ($500, viewsonic.com) **INTEC UNLIMITED RECHARGEABLE WIRELESS CONTROLLER** Intec's latest for the GameCube, PS2 and Xbox is the first rechargeable 2.4-gigahertz wireless controller you can plug in to charge while you play when the batteries are low. You'll get 60 hours of play time per charge and can zap the battery packs about 500 times before they fade. ($30 to $35, intecgamer.com) **JOYTECH EIGHT-INCH DIGITAL LCD MONITOR** Last year Sony released a slim PS2 about the size of a hardcover book. Its perfect partner is Joytech's eight-inch digital LCD monitor, which screws into the console's back to deliver a no-compromise portable gaming experience. The unit has speakers and headphone jacks and includes a car adapter kit for road-trip play. ($150, joytech.net) —*Marc Saltzman*







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book of the month

[AMERICA ON THE ROPES]

An amazing pictorial history of a monumental American fight

In 1908 Jack Johnson became the first black man to hold the heavyweight title. When he defended that title against James Jeffries two years later, Johnson beat more than a rejuvenated champ; he defeated a racist nation determined to put him in his place. Author Wayne Rozen focuses on the 15 rounds of the fight as well as the circus surrounding it, presenting incredible photographs and cartoons. The cruel caricatures Johnson faced when he picked up the daily newspaper prove that his fight was really for life—and that the fight was rigged. This book is for fans whose passion for Johnson was stoked by Geoffrey C. Ward's biography *Unforgivable Blackness* and Ken Burns's PBS series of the same name. But even incidental boxing fans will find it remarkable. Offering a comprehensive, round-by-round commentary, *America on the Ropes* also details the racist onslaught Johnson withstood throughout his unconventional life. (*Casey*) ¥¥¥¥ —*Rebecca T. Miller*



THE CIVIL WAR EXPERIENCE * Jay Wertz

Historian Wertz's narrative impresses with its devotion to detail. But even better is the stuff that accompanies it: removable facsimiles of Confederate money, campaign maps, posters and diary entries, along with firsthand accounts of day-to-day life recorded on CD. All together they make a pilgrimage to Spotsylvania nearly redundant. (*Presidio*) ¥¥¥ —*A.L.*



BUCKMINSTER FULLER

Michael John Gorman

Bucky Fuller claimed that he worked 50 years in the future, when his ideas would be best understood. In this brilliant view of the visionary's work, Fuller's geodesic domes look familiar, but quite a few of his other designs still seem ahead of our time. (*Skira*) ¥¥¥

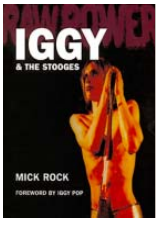
—Leopold Froehlich



RAW POWER * Mick Rock

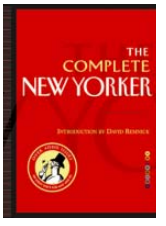
In 1972 Iggy Pop recorded *Raw Power,* a masterpiece. This chronicle shows the proto-punkster as a perpetual-motion machine raging through London. PLAYBOY photographer Mick Rock set his shutter speed high to catch all the antics. (*Omnibus*) ¥¥¥

—Matthew Steigbigel



THE COMPLETE NEW YORKER

The toniest weekly goes digital. Here are 80 years of cartoons, covers and Cheever stories: 4,000 issues on eight DVDs. Flip the pages or search by category—there's even a fine companion book—all for a price ($100) that would confound Sam Walton. (*Random House*) ¥¥¥¥—*Amy Loyd*



EDWARD WESTON * Amy Conger

For this great American photographer, the nude was a subject as expressive and impersonal, as fluid and starkly beautiful as anything found in nature. His portraits legitimized what had previously been left to the leering. These 95 black-and-white photographs demonstrate how Weston pioneered the form. (*Phaidon*) ¥¥¥ —*A.L.*

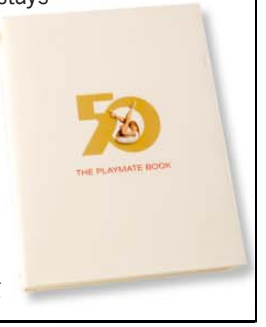


the erotic eye



THE PLAYMATE BOOK: SIX DECADES OF CENTERFOLDS * Gretchen Edgren

At the center of every PLAYBOY is the Centerfold. This 472-page photography book surveys 613 Playmates, from the days of Marilyn Monroe to 2005 Playmate of the Year Tiffany Fallon. As Heraclitus said, "All is flux; nothing stays still." But as *The Playmate Book* demonstrates, the beauty of the feminine form remains a constant. What better way to look back at the past half century? (*Taschen*) ¥¥¥¥ —*L.F.*



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Peak Performer

Is it a helmet? Is it a secretary? It's both

Some guys prefer the slopes to the office. Can you blame them? Trouble is, sometimes you can't do one without the other. Marker's new M3 helmet with Audiorama Deluxe ($245, markerusa.com) has built-in earphones and Bluetooth, so you can listen to MP3s and work the phone wirelessly while you ski. When a call comes in, you hear a beep. Hit a button on the ear pad and say, "Make that check out right to me. Got it?" Click. You're the biggest mogul on the mountain. Marker's Striker goggles ($85) have lenses made of NXT—a new kind of lightweight shatterproof material. Just in case.





Phil Mahre's Top 5 Ski Runs

The Olympic gold medalist and head of the Mahre Training Center at Deer Valley in Utah picks the best runs in North America: **1. Latigo, Beaver Creek, CO** "A perfect cruiser in the morning, when it's freshly groomed corduroy." **2. Hidden Treasure, Deer Valley, UT** "Like a natural half-pipe. Starts steep, then mellows." **3. Chair Run, White Pass, WA** "My favorite when I was a kid. It's under a lift, so you get a good audience." **4. Gunbarrel, Heavenly, CA** "A couple thousand vertical feet of moguls as big as Volkswagens." **5. Roch Run, Aspen, CO** "On a great trail like this, you can ski for eight hours and every run is a new experience."

Rocky Mountain High

DON'T GET US WRONG. We love skiing and snowboarding as much as anyone. But for us the best thing about a day on the slopes is what comes after. The boots pop off, along with some bottle caps. You slip into a hot tub, then into a ski bunny, then into a porterhouse. Lather, rinse, repeat. For optimal high-altitude fun, we recommend a night at the Tempter House in Telluride, Colorado—three floors and 360-degree views (windows everywhere) perched 12,000 feet above sea level. After a day exploring the resort's 1,700 acres of trails, you get chauffeured on a snowmobile straight up the mountain, where your own private mansion in the sky awaits. At your disposal: leather couches, a stocked fridge and bar, a stereo and 36-inch flat-screen TV, Brazilian hardwood floors, a pool table, hot tub, steam shower, two fireplaces and a kitchen that would make Anthony Bourdain weak in the knees. If you feel foggy from the altitude, a couple of hits off the oxygen tank will clear your head. After a night in the king-size featherbed with a view of the La Sal mountain range, you wake to the sound of a snowmobile carting up your breakfast. When you're ready, fresh powder awaits right outside the door. A night goes for the princely sum of $5,000, or drop $20,000 for a weekend with a personal chef, heli-skiing service, a masseuse and a butler. Book at tellurideskiresort.com.

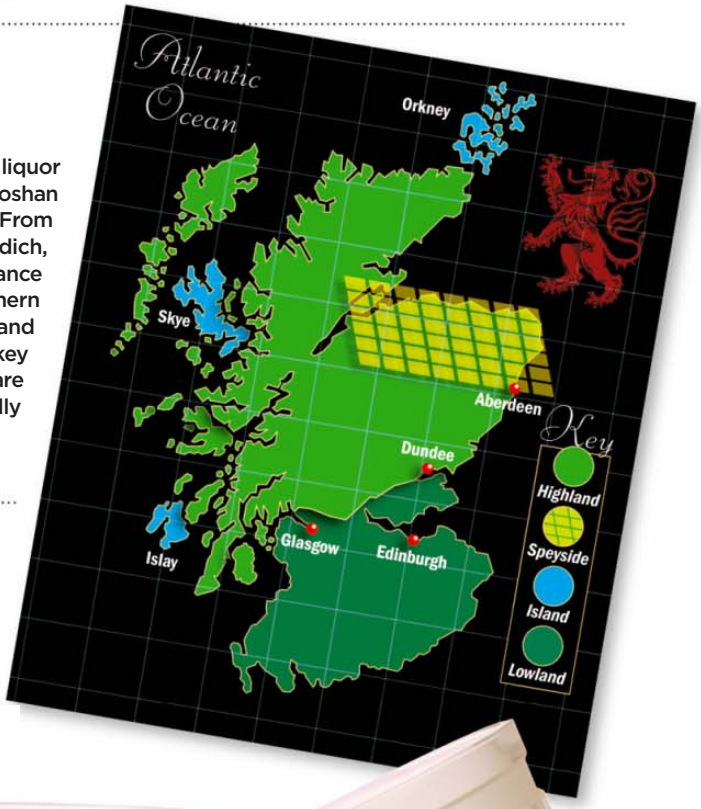


Cash on the Barrel

AROUND THE HOLIDAYS we like to toast to the holy trinity of barley malt, water and yeast. Here are five of our favorite single-malt scotches available in stores now (from left): Highland Park 30 Year Old ($350), from Scotland's northernmost distillery, gracefully balances dark chocolate notes with smoke and spice. The Glenlivet's 15-year-old French Oak Reserve ($55) is like a great girlfriend—mellow, sweet and delicious, perfect for everyday indulgence. Save the Balvenie 1971 Single Cask ($600) for special occasions. This nutty, spicy whiskey—handmade in small batches the old-fashioned way—is in a class by itself. Laphroaig's unique Quarter Cask ($50) has all the traits fans expect from this Islay favorite, plus a little extra vanilla up front. Glenfiddich's fruity 15-year-old Solera Reserve ($48) has a dynamite creamy texture. Talk about a long finish.

Whiskey Nation

IF YOU CAN'T MAKE IT to Scotland this winter, take this itinerary to a liquor store instead. Start in the Lowlands, where the whiskey—notably Auchentoshan and Glenkinchie—is light and smooth and won't overpower your palate. From there head north into Speyside, where you'll find the Macallan, Glenfiddich, Glenlivet, Balvenie and Cragganmore distilleries all within bike-riding distance of each other (wear a helmet). After a sip of Glenmorangie in the northern Highlands you're ready to set sail. The Orkney Islands are home to Scapa and Highland Park. On the isle of Skye you'll find Talisker—the silkiest whiskey on earth. Next you'll arrive on Islay, where the strongest-flavored malts are made—smoky, seaweed-flecked sippers like Laphroaig and Ardbeg. Finally the journey ends in your medicine cabinet with the sweet flavor of Advil.



Glass Half Full

GLASSWARE IS YOUR liquor's wardrobe, so choose it wisely. These etched-crystal 12-ounce tumblers from Salviati—a Venetian company founded back in 1859—do the job for us. Pictured from left: the Juta, Graffiati, Piume and Bassorlievi patterns, available as a set through unicahome.com ($180). In our experience, the better a drink looks, the more we savor it.



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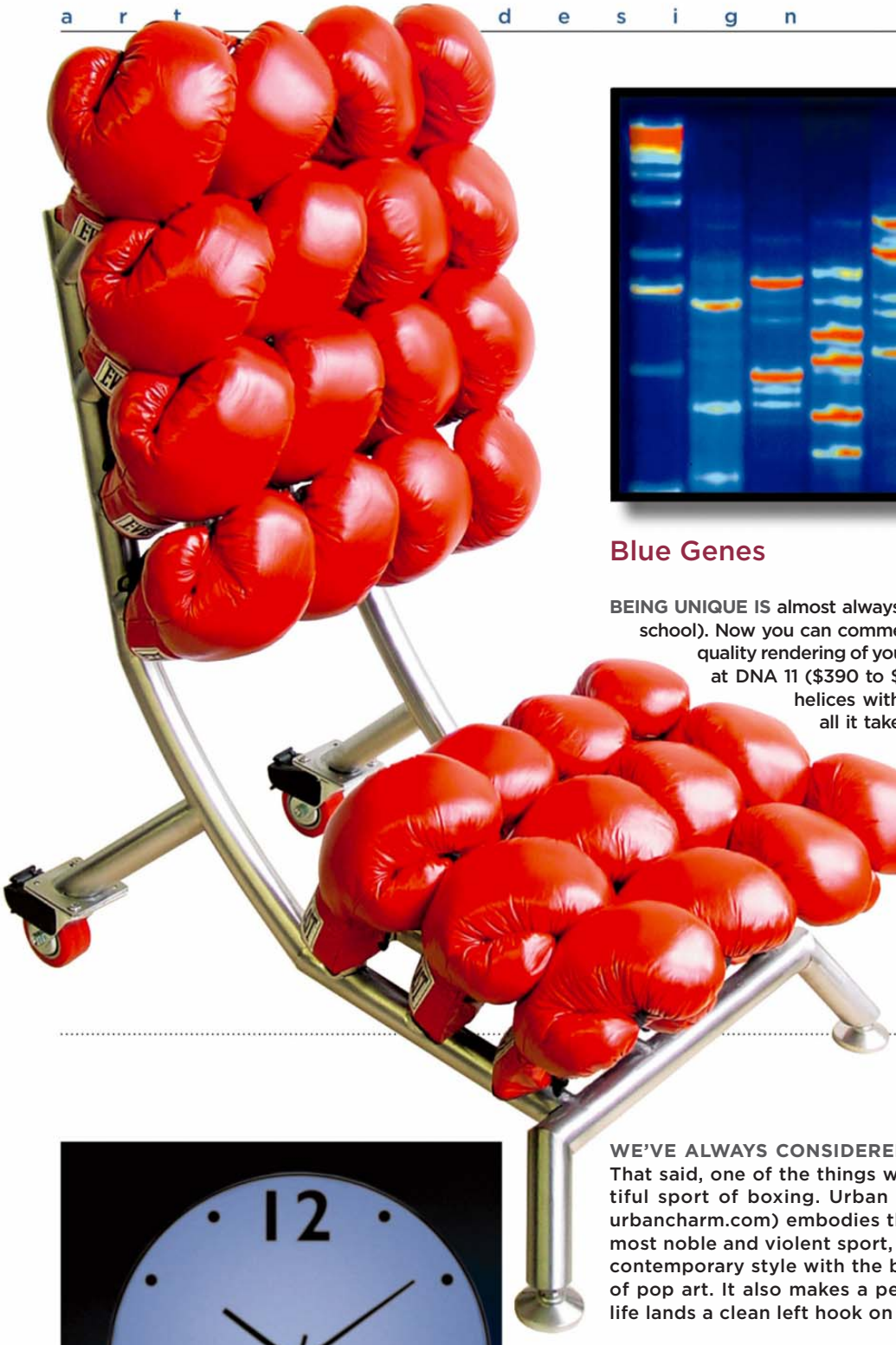


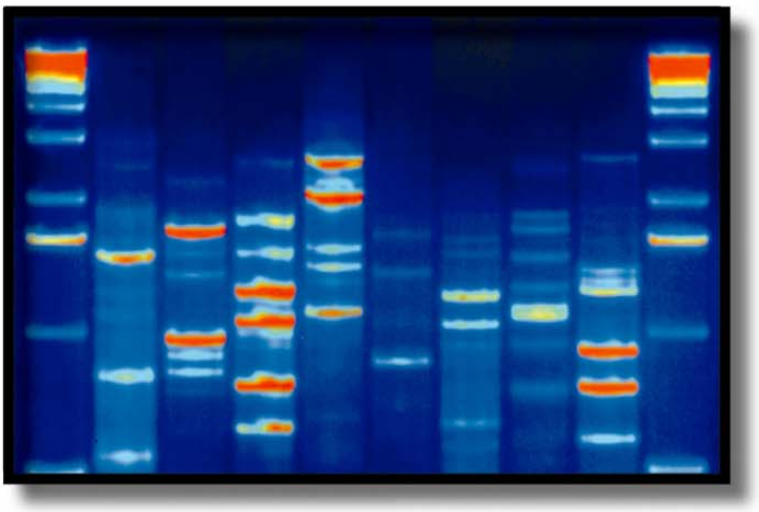
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Feeling Punchy

WE'VE ALWAYS CONSIDERED OURSELVES lovers, not fighters. That said, one of the things we love most is the brutal and beautiful sport of boxing. Urban Charm's Argument Chair ($5,900, urbancharm.com) embodies the contradiction at the heart of our most noble and violent sport, blending the clean abstract lines of contemporary style with the bluntly representational body blows of pop art. It also makes a perfect place to park your butt when life lands a clean left hook on your kisser.



The Clock That Wasn't There

PEOPLE SAY TIME IS MONEY. They are idiots. Money is money. Time is a concept that simultaneously enslaves us and frees us to truly appreciate life's splendor through the bitter reminder that we are finite. Keep track of how much appreciation time you have left with the Maxisweep ($280, gnr8.biz), a gizmo that projects a clock face up to three feet away onto any wall. Bonus: If the conversation lags, you can impress the ladies with some shadow puppetry.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 164.

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The Playboy Advisor

I slept with a guy who said he hadn't had sex in a year. After one stroke he came and said he needed another condom. He put it on, slid inside me, pumped once and came again. Another condom, another stroke and he was done. This "lovemaking" took two minutes, and he never made any effort to please me. The next morning we made out. Without my touching him and while fully clothed, he creamed himself. Again he made no effort to satisfy me. I thought I liked the guy, but now I'm pissed. When he asked me later if I missed him, he showed no sign of embarrassment. He has told our mutual friends that he thinks sex is overrated. Does that mean he doesn't enjoy it either? We are not talking about a teenager. This guy is in his mid-30s and was married for four years. Should I tell him that he has a problem or let some other poor woman suffer?—L.R., Jacksonville, Florida

Your multiorgasmic pre-ejaculator needs a sex-ed class and perhaps medication. Do you want to provide the former? It sounds like no.

What is the most popular golf bet?—K.L., Sarasota, Florida

That would be the Nassau, named for the Nassau Country Club in Glen Cove, New York, where it is said to have originated. It involves three bets. In $20 Nassau, $20 rides on the front nine, the back nine and the 18-hole total. The player or team with the best score on each hole wins a point. To make things interesting, if one side falls two points behind on the front or back, it can request a press, or a new $20 bet, on the remaining holes of the nine. One can also make side bets on who will hit the longest or straightest drive or whether a player will make par from a trap (a sandy), after hitting a tree (a barky) or without hitting the fairway (an Arnie, after Arnold Palmer). The USGA allows wagering among amateurs as long as "the amount of money involved is such that the primary purpose is the playing of the game for enjoyment." There was little enjoyment in the least popular golf bet of all time, between Sir David Moncreiffe and John Whyte-Melville in 1870 at St. Andrews. The club didn't record the score, but the loser agreed to kill himself, and Moncreiffe apparently did.

I broke up with my girlfriend and asked her to move out. However, she made me an offer I could not refuse: three blow jobs a week on request. After a month of that I realized we still had too many issues, including the fact that her life revolves around her cigarette habit. When I insisted she leave, she offered me a blow job every day. I said no, and that was that. She was cute and 12 years younger than I. Am I a fool?—A.K., Toronto, Ontario

No, you are a man who faced down a woman with an oral fixation and the will to use it. We salute your resolve. As you learned, every blow job has a price.



A woman wrote in August to say that she missed her ex-husband's penis. I'll accept her claim that he is eight inches long, but she also says he is seven inches around. What's up with your bullshit detector?—J.M., Charlotte, North Carolina

She was obviously distraught. However, decades ago Kinsey found that the largest self-reported circumference among 5,000 men he surveyed was 6.75 inches. Maybe that guy is still around.

When a woman is getting divorced, at what point is she single again? A woman who has separated from her husband wants to have sex with me, but her divorce isn't final, so I'm not comfortable with it.—G.M., Springfield, Illinois

So in this case, for you, she's not single.

What is the best way to get ahead at work? I see a lot of people who I don't think are as qualified as I am getting promoted, but I can't figure out what they're doing.—S.T., St. Louis, Missouri

They may simply be friendlier than you are. Tim Sanders, author of the best-selling Likeability Factor, says many men don't make themselves emotionally attractive at work, and it hurts them. They don't smile, they don't empathize or express interest in others, they don't read visual cues, and they don't interact except to complete tasks. They believe that as long as they get the job done well, they will get ahead. But reality sucks. As Sanders notes, likability is the tiebreaker. Also, because managers spend more time with people they like, those employees get more feedback. (This may seem obvious, but likable people don't scream, slam phones or doors, refuse to accept responsibility or rely on biting sarcasm.) The encouraging news is that men do respond to emotional cues when they pay more attention to body language. As an exercise, after your next meeting ask yourself how others felt. Most men can master this with practice, in part because, according to psychologist Paul Ekman, people make only seven faces (see timsanders.com/7faces). Sanders also notes that "the most common adjective employees use to describe their favorite bosses is 'genuine.' That involves liking other people. You can't fake that."

My boyfriend and I have been living together for seven months. A few weeks ago I found a tape of him and his ex having sex. I watched a few minutes of it out of curiosity. Three weeks later I decided I wanted to tape us having sex. During the session he kept saying things either to me or the camera that he had said in the tape with his ex. In some instances they were verbatim. Should I be offended, or should I assume he says these things when there's a camera on regardless of whom he's with?—L.A., Orlando, Florida

We prefer fantasies for which we've seen the script and been given a speaking part. If you tape again and he spouts the same lines, you'll need to step in with creative suggestions.

I have been kicking around the idea of marrying my girlfriend of five years. But when I said something to her about getting engaged, she became bridezilla. She is buying bridal magazines and talking nonstop about the wedding. She even sent me information on the specific ring she wants, but it's a little more than I can afford. I need advice on how to deal with her reactions so I don't get scared and back out.—E.E., Gilbert, Arizona

After five years your girlfriend is like a coiled spring. She's ready to get married and is excited about throwing a big party. But you need to work out what will happen after the ceremony. If you can't talk to her about marriage, how can you expect to have one? Take heart in the fact that being married is a better experience than getting married. As for the ring, it should cost more than you can afford so you don't hear about how cheap you are for the rest of your life.

I caught my fiancé in bed with another woman whom he says he met on Match.com. But I also know he is listed on a sugar-daddy site, soliciting women for an "arrangement." He doesn't know I know this. I am waiting to see if he tells me the truth. Our relationship is great, but I am trying to understand why some men are prone to this behavior.—H.H., Newport Beach, California

If you think being engaged to an aspiring sugar daddy—one who advertises, no less—is

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

part of a great relationship, at least make sure you are taken care of first.

How do you select interesting cheeses to serve at a party? I always get safe bets such as Swiss or Gouda, and I have no idea which of the hundreds of cheeses at the local deli might be good.—J.N., Chicago, Illinois

The proprietor of any good cheese shop can lead the way. That's why we called chef Terrance Brennan, who three years ago opened the 10,000-square-foot Artisanal Cheese Center in New York City (artisanalcheese.com). He suggests serving three to five cheeses arranged on a plate from mild to strong, with the mildest at six o'clock. Present as much variety as you can, considering the regions where the cheeses originated, the type of milk used to make them and their textures, flavors and shapes. To get started Brennan suggests Uplands Pleasant Ridge from Wisconsin for a cow's-milk cheese, Montenebro from Spain for a goat's-milk selection and Spenwood, a sheep's-milk cheese made in a small English village. Always include a blue cheese, because it's a crowd-pleaser and a great finisher. Brennan recommends Colston Bassett Stilton from England; we also like Cashel Blue from Ireland. Plan on two to three ounces per person. Artisanalcheese.com has more information on pairing wines. (The Uplands is great with merlot.) In general, if you're serving a red, keep it young, light and fruity. White wines are easier to match; you can't go wrong with a sauvignon blanc.

I have a fetish for feet, thigh-highs and panty hose. My girlfriend is cool with it. I also love to see women on crutches, but she doesn't know about that. Do you think I should tell her? I wouldn't want her to get hurt, but I thought she might role-play. My ex-girlfriend sprained her ankle once. She always wore panty hose or thigh-highs with the air cast, and it drove me nuts.—J.R., Seattle, Washington

Your girlfriend may not be into it, but she won't be surprised. What next?

In June, PLAYBOY's survey of 1,432 adults found that 75 percent of men and 82 percent of women had never cheated on their partners. Have other surveys found similar numbers? If you watch TV, you'd think only one in five doesn't cheat.—K.L., Sarasota, Florida

Researchers from the University of Chicago interviewed 3,342 adults and found that more than 80 percent of women and 65 percent to 85 percent of men said they had slept with only their spouse while married. The researchers concluded, "No matter how sexually active people are before or between marriages, no matter whether they lived with their partners before marriage or whether they are virgins on their wedding day, marriage is such a powerful social institution that, essentially, married people are nearly all faithful." This is reflected in the finding that half of all adult Americans have three or fewer lovers in their lifetime and in the fact that cheating is usually not what leads couples to divorce. They have bigger problems.

I chuckled at your advice in August to open cigars with cutters because they "contribute to the ritual and showmanship of lighting cigars." What a crock of elitist crap. Over the years I have used various cutters (V-cut, guillotine, bore, etc.) but have never found anything better than the one used by millions of smokers: their teeth.—F.U., San Francisco, California

You can bait us, but we're not biting.

A gentleman wrote in August to ask how he should ask out a "charming" waitress. He should keep in mind that all service people are paid to be nice. Because it's hard to distinguish paid nice from actual nice, men (and bisexual women such as myself) should not invest too much energy in what is probably a dead end. Instead, a man should give her a card with his name, number and e-mail and say, "I'd love to talk to you. If you are ever free, let me know." This tells her he's interested but not desperate. One bartender carried my card for eight months. Then one night at two A.M. she called and asked, "Did you mean what I think you meant?" It was the start of a beautiful friendship.—L.G., West Palm Beach, Florida

Thanks for the tip. Can we take your order?

What is a good comeback for when someone says, "Fuck you"? The best I have come up with is "Sorry, you're not my type."—K.F., Detroit, Michigan

That works only when someone says, "Fuck me." From what we've seen, the most common response seems to be to shove the guy in the chest and say, "No, fuck you!" Then he shoves you back, and this continues until you are separated by people yelling, "Whoa! Whoa!" Then everyone goes home to sober up.

I would like to respond to the August question about using a tie clip. A better choice is a tie pin. Slip the tail through the loop on the back, then put the tie pin through the loop and into a buttonhole. This controls the tie but does not detract from it.—R.C., Granite Bay, California

The problem with a tie pin is that it can make you look too perfect. That works against you for two reasons. First, it's usually more fashionable (and difficult) to have what the Italians call sprezzatura, which translates roughly as casual elegance. The Duke of Windsor is said to have been a master of this; he always looked sharp but also a little askew, which is what made him interesting. Second, if your tie is always perfect, when will she have a chance to fix it? We also apparently spoke too soon regarding tie clips. According to fashion consultant Andy Stinson, who works with shirt-and-tie maker Robert Talbott, among others, tie clips made a grassroots resurgence over the summer, following the lead of cuff links and collar bars. "It's part of a trend toward the Anglophile look," Stinson says. "Even the Italians are starting to resemble English country gentlemen. You see men using clips to push the top of their ties so they roll rather than lie flat against the shirt. When you have the coat buttoned, the tie buckles so it looks like a saxophone."

Your advice in August to the reader who wrote about exchanging e-mail with a Russian woman who asked for money was inadequate. My wife, whom I met online, is Russian. I have also lived in Russia. First, no respectable or even semirespectable Russian woman would declare her love for a man she has not met. Second, virtually no single Russian woman between the ages of 18 and 45 can get a tourist visa to enter the U.S. by herself. The sad part is that thousands of wonderful Russian women would make great partners for American men, but scammers give the process a bad name.—C.B., Alexandria, Virginia

A number of sites offer detailed information about meeting Russian women, including Elena Petrova's womenrussia.com (based in Australia), A Foreign Affair (loveme.com, based in Phoenix) and Maksim Introductions (yoshkar-ola.com/e, based in Virginia). Even so, the scams continue. In June a California man received a five-year prison sentence for bilking at least 352 rubes out of $737,000.

The fact that the Russian woman asked for money is not unusual. Few single Russian women can afford a train ticket to Minsk much less a flight to the U.S. But even if she is sincere, this would be only the first of many requests. Rather than bring his *devushka* here, the reader should fly to Russia. If it doesn't work out, he'll be free to roam a country full of Anna Kournikova clones desperate for American boyfriends. (I lived there for two years.) There are certainly worse vacations. Better yet, he could go to Ukraine, where it's easier to get a visa and the women are even more beautiful. A few words of caution: (1) Any American getting seriously involved with an FSU (former Soviet Union) woman should be aware that he may be expected to support her family forever, and (2) you must be careful not to trip over your tongue while strolling on Khreshchatik Avenue in Kiev.—D.S., Tucson, Arizona

In our experience, that street exists in every city. Thanks for sharing.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented on these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or send e-mail by visiting our website at playboyadvisor.com.

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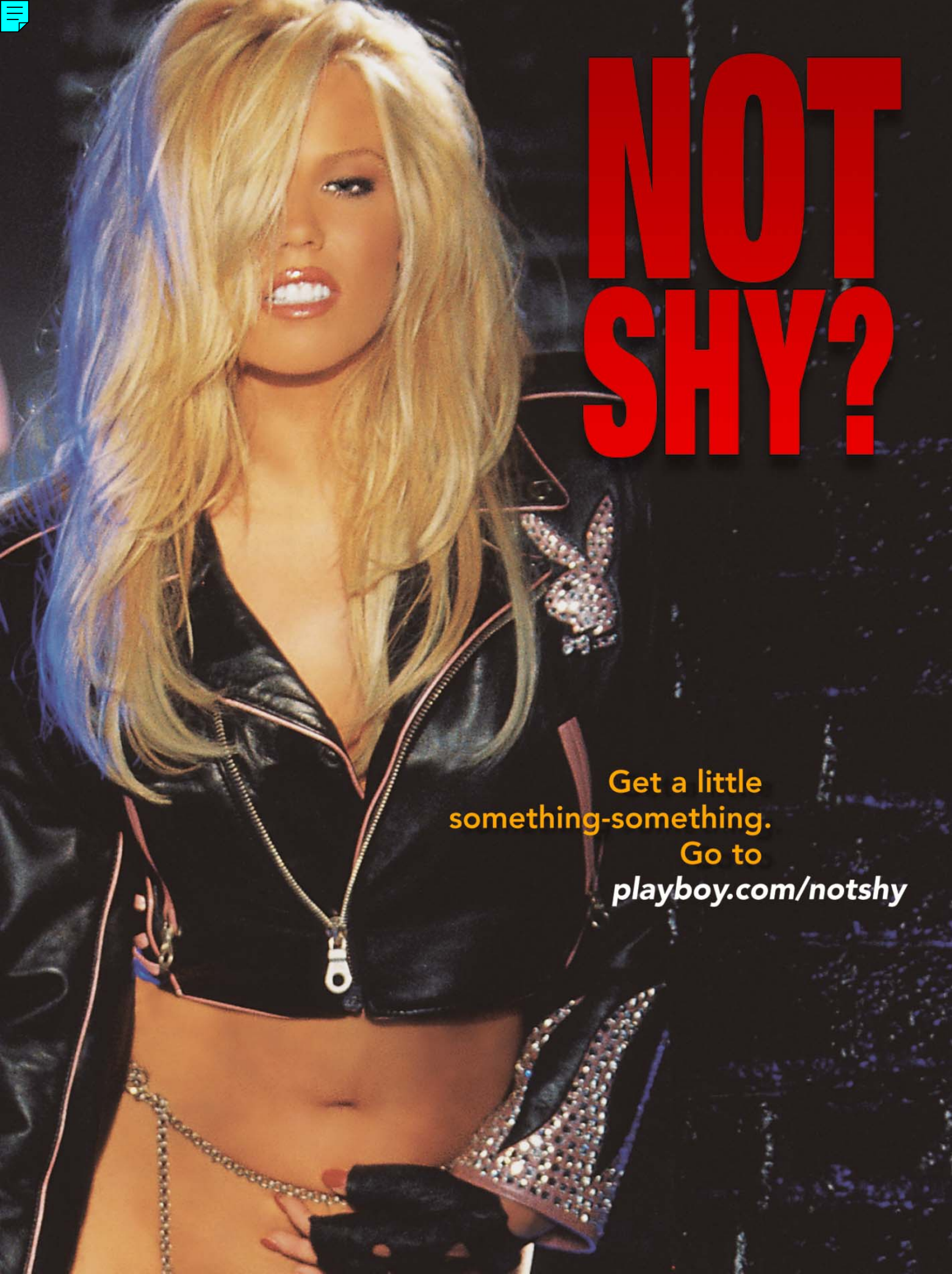


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STAND AND FIRE

A NEW LAW ALLOWS FLORIDIANS TO DEFEND THEMSELVES WITH GUNS ANYTIME, ANYPLACE, ANYWHERE

BY PAT JORDAN

In the spring of this year Florida governor Jeb Bush signed into law the "Stand Your Ground" bill, which took effect in October. A commentator on MSNBC called it the "shoot first and ask questions later" bill, which will allow Floridians to "get away with murder." *The Palm Beach Post* called it the Clint Eastwood bill, a reference to *Dirty Harry*. *The Times* of London called it the kill bill, after the Quentin Tarantino movies, and claimed it gives Floridians a license to kill.

The bill had been debated for less than an hour in both the Florida senate and house of representatives. The house passed it by a vote of 94–20, the senate by 39–0. The bill essentially expands on the castle doctrine, which gave citizens the right to defend themselves without fleeing and with lethal force (i.e., firearms) only when violently attacked in their home or business. In all other instances—on the street, in their car, in a grocery store or restaurant—citizens had to flee from violent attacks. Dennis Baxley, the Republican state representative who sponsored the legislation, said retreating from an attack was "a good way to get shot in the back."

Stand Your Ground goes far beyond the castle doctrine. It decrees that citizens can use lethal force against any unlawful intruder in their home under the presumption that such an intruder is "intent to commit an unlawful act involving force or violence." It also gives a citizen the right to use lethal force whenever physically threatened anywhere that citizen has a legal right to be—on the sidewalk, for example, or in a car, grocery store or restaurant. Such a citizen, the law decrees, "has no duty to retreat and has the right to stand his or her ground and meet force with force, including deadly force if he or she reasonably believes it is necessary to do so to prevent death or great bodily harm to himself or herself or another, or to prevent the commission of a forcible felony." Finally, any person who uses such lawful deadly force can't be arrested, is "immune from prosecution" and, if he or she becomes a defendant in a civil action, will be provided "attorney's fees, court costs, compensation for loss of income and other expenses." Marion Hammer, former NRA president, said, "The new law is on the side of the victim."

The antigun lobby fired back with letters to the editor in the local papers. One citizen wrote, "Someone comes into my business to complain about my service. Shoot 'em." Another warned of "blood in the streets." Democratic representative Ari Abraham Porth of Coral Springs warned that now a Floridian could, without fear of arrest, shoot someone who pushes him out of line in a Publix supermarket. Miami police chief John Timoney warned that Floridians would be shooting each other over road rage, sports disagreements, drunken arguments and Halloween trick-or-treat misunderstandings. House Democrat Irv Slosberg of Boca Raton said, "All this bill will do is sell more guns and possibly turn Florida into the OK Corral."

The same fears were expressed by the antigun lobby in 1987 when Florida passed its concealed-weapons law, which allowed any Floridian who took an authorized firearms course, submitted his or her fingerprints to the FBI and had no felony convictions or history of drug use or mental illness to carry a concealed firearm. Almost 900,000 Floridians have been issued carry permits since 1987. During that period firearm-related incidents decreased.

Gary Kleck, professor of criminology at Florida State University, says he expects neither a spike nor a dip in gun violence, as most Floridians are already well armed because of the concealed-weapons law. Kleck has been studying gun violence throughout the U.S. since the mid-1970s, and his conclusions have startled him. He refers to himself as an "orthodox liberal, Clinton voter and card-carrying member of the ACLU." He originally believed, as most liberals do, that the secret to diminishing gun violence was to keep guns out of the hands of citizens. Then he began to take his surveys. Kleck concluded that well-enforced concealed-carry laws reduce gun violence. That unlawful gun carriers commit most gun crimes. That in most instances, when law-abiding citizens use guns for self-defense, they merely brandish a gun or fire a warning shot to scare off attackers; rarely do they wound or kill an attacker. That less than 20 percent of people who defend themselves with guns suffer injuries, while those who defend themselves without guns suffer injuries more than 50 percent of the time. And finally, that burglars are successful 14 percent of the time in homes where



PETER HOEY

residents have guns and 33 percent of the time in homes where residents don't have guns.

Dennis Baxley, the bill's sponsor, is a 53-year-old Baptist who carries in his wallet a religious hymn that urges him to glorify God by doing his will on earth. He describes himself as a lifelong NRA member who, "strangely enough," doesn't own a gun. He calls Stand Your Ground a "shoot to live" law. Despite his dogmatic conservatism (he once spent $1,200 to rent a theater so lawmakers could see *The Passion of the Christ*) and his often self-righteous hot temper (he accused Democratic lawmakers in the Terry Schiavo case of advocating that "parents should have the right to starve their children to death"), Baxley is well liked among Democrats in Florida.

"This law allows you to meet force with force if someone's trying to kill you, not if they're just yelling at you," Baxley tells me. "It's just a message to thugs. I'm totally convinced that murderers will be thwarted because of this."

Before I get off the phone with Baxley, I tell him about my experience with guns in Florida. When my wife and I moved into a seedy neighborhood in 1992, our cars were repeatedly broken into. We called the police. One officer said to me, "Only an asshole would live in this neighborhood without a gun." That afternoon we went to the Dixie Gun Range, fired off a few hundred rounds, bought two nine-millimeter semiautomatic pistols, took an authorized gun course, were fingerprinted and six weeks later received our concealed-carry permits in the mail. We have carried guns ever since, but only twice have we come close to using them.

One morning my wife got out of her car at the far end of a deserted parking lot in a shopping mall. As she walked toward the mall she saw three rough characters walking toward her. She reached into her handbag and pulled up her gun so they could see it, and they turned and ran.

I almost used my gun once too. I had been arguing with a neighbor over property rights when I went to my car near his house one afternoon. He was planting shrubs in his yard. When he saw me, he raised his shovel over his head and came running at me, screaming. I reached under my shirt for the pistol in my belt and flicked off the safety. But something stopped me from pulling the gun. Instead, I held up my arm to fend off the blow from the shovel. My neighbor stopped just as he reached me and began laughing at the terrified look on my face. If the Stand Your Ground bill had been in effect I would have been justified in shooting him dead.

WE WANT BUSH

YOUNG REPUBLICANS LOOK TO GET LAID AND SCORE WEED. WHAT'S ODD ABOUT THAT?

By MARTY BECKERMAN

The less virtue we have in our society, the more the need for government to control our lives," Senator Rick Santorum (R.–Pa.) tells hundreds of impressionable young adults at the 2005 Conservative Political Action Conference in Washington. Hours later I'm hanging out with two CPAC attendees, Steve and Doug, College Republicans from Ohio, at Coyote Ugly. "If you want to fuck a girl in the ass, you can't ask for it," says Doug. "You have to do it subtle. Get some saliva on your finger when you're fucking her in the pussy and slide it up her asshole, then press gently. She'll love it, and after that she's open to anything."



Doug continues, "You can get into Republican girls' pants, but it's a challenge. You have to lay on the 'How are you doing?' and 'You're so beautiful' shit. Liberal girls are much easier."

Steve (who at one point in the evening yells, "Fuck Rick Santorum—I'm getting laid tonight!") seems to prove this point early the next morning when he climbs into a taxi with three brunettes who say they are members of the George Washington University College Democrats. Steve can't remember the name of his hotel, so the women, who describe themselves as "huge sluts" and confess they "would totally get an abortion," direct the cabbie to their dorm. Doug, meanwhile, collects phone numbers. "So what if I'm a Republican?" he says. "I love sex, and I hate family values. I'm never falling in love."

Steve and Doug are just two of the many students I meet at CPAC and elsewhere who identify themselves as devout Republicans but who still party hard. These so-called *South Park* conservatives (the term is generally credited to blogger Andrew Sullivan) want low taxes and high times: They oppose the drug war, obscenity laws, abstinence education and marriage protection acts but support the president and party with religious fervor. As *South Park* co-creator Matt Stone says, "I hate conservatives, but I really fucking hate liberals."

(That's not to say that every young Republican at CPAC greeted me with open arms. A few delegates and speakers, including Santorum, refused to speak with me. One student cited my credentials from a "smutty porno mag that should be banned." Another told me, "I believe in the Bible, not in having fun.")

The number of College Republican clubs has more than tripled in the past four years, to 1,500, with at least 200,000 members. (College Democrats have remained steady at 900 clubs and 100,000 members.) But the typical conservative college student these days wouldn't be recognized by those who campaigned for Ronald Reagan, says Brian Anderson, author of *South Park Conservatives: The Revolt Against Liberal Media Bias*. "Many right-of-center students participate in the hook-up, drink-till-you-puke campus culture," he says. Anderson describes the group as "hard-assed about fighting terror and abortion but relatively relaxed about homosexuality and very much in favor of free speech." Survey figures bear this out. The number of self-identified environmentalists has fallen 50 percent in 10 years. There have been similar drops in student support for higher taxes and abortion.

Coming to adulthood after 9/11 and obsessed with its national and financial security, this generation has rejected the pacifism and anticapitalism of the

traditional left: Two thirds of teens supported the invasion of Iraq, and young Americans work more jobs and spend more money than ever ($172 billion annually, nearly $50 billion more than during the 1990s). At the same time 80 percent of teens have had intercourse before graduating from high school (as opposed to 42 percent in 1968), and more than half have smoked weed.

Anderson believes the Republican crackdown on indecency and drug use will ultimately hurt the party. "The young antiliberals are creatures of the blogosphere and Comedy Central," he says. "Telling them they can't watch *South Park* or adult movies or listen to Eminem is a quick way of losing them." Jonah Goldberg of *National Review* takes a different view: He describes *South Park* conservatism as a poisonous trend whereby hedonistic kids try to find "parties where there are a lot of chicks who are lesbians until graduation and you can do a lot of drugs." He believes that morality legislation works wonders for the GOP. "The party wins elections based on a lot of values issues," he says. "The youth vote is not vital."



Some see *South Park* conservatism as a backlash against liberal professors. Only 11 percent of professors say they vote Republican, and a 2004 survey found that a third of college students said they had pretended to hold liberal beliefs to get a better grade. "The administrations are full of aging, nostalgia-ridden 1960s baby-boomer liberals, and they're now the establishment," says Goldberg. "The left is cracking in terms of its monopoly on everything hip, funny, trendy or cool."

Goldberg has faith that young Republicans who rebel against party doctrine will return to the fold. "Most libertarians end up becoming more socially conservative once they have a family and mortgage," he says. "Suddenly they hear all the blow job jokes on TV and start thinking, My God, look at what my kid is exposed to."

Beckerman, 22, is author of Retard Nation (Simon & Schuster).

5 WAYS TO FIX NEW ORLEANS

BY MARK FISCHETTI

1. Gate the lake.
New Orleans drowned mainly because Katrina pushed a sea surge into Lake Pontchartrain, overwhelming the city canals. Erecting huge gates in the narrow channel that allows water from the Gulf to flow into the lake would hold back any sea surge, preventing water levels from getting dangerously high. Similar gates are in place in the U.K. and the Netherlands.

2. Beef up the levees.
Most levees are dirt and stone covered with grass or concrete. The levees should be raised, lengthened and broadened to prevent high water from washing over and seeping underneath, which can weaken their foundations.

3. Feed the swamp.
Spring floods from the Mississippi River supply freshwater and sediment to the delta wetlands, creating a buffer that absorbs sea surges and weakens winds. Now that the river is leveed to its tip, the marshland is starving and deteriorating. To revive it, cut several gaps in the levees on the river's south bank (the side that faces away from the city) and secure them with floodgates that can be opened to allow sediment and freshwater to flow into the delta.



4. Open a new shipping lane.
Barrier islands around the delta cut surges. But they too are wasting. To reach ports, ships must enter the river at one of its three southernmost tips. The Army Corps of Engineers dredges those lanes, allowing river sediment to shoot into the deep ocean. If the Corps opened a channel halfway up the river, ships could enter there, the dredging could stop and the tips would fill naturally. This would send sediment west and east to the barrier islands to rebuild them.

5. Form a reconstruction authority.
Who will coordinate the rebuilding efforts? The city and state can't afford it. The Corps has no political jurisdiction. Universities have the best water-flow models. Corporations own the manufacturing facilities and rights-of-way. Congress and the state of Louisiana should create an agency to oversee the effort.

Fischetti is a veteran science writer. His 2001 article in Scientific American, "Drowning New Orleans," predicted the August disaster.

MARGINALIA



FROM A RULING by Justice James Nelson of the Montana Supreme Court, which voted 5–2 to allow police to search for evidence in a suspect's trash. Nelson sided with the majority but expressed his doubts: "My garbage contains my DNA. Like it or not, I live in a society that accepts virtual strip searches at airports, surveillance cameras, discount cards that record my buying habits, spyware on my computer, online access to satellite technology that can image my backyard and microchip RFIDs implanted in the family dog and soon to be integrated into my groceries, credit cards, cash and underwear. I know that the notes from the visit to my doctor may be transcribed in some overseas country under an outsourcing contract by a person who couldn't care less about my privacy. I know that there are all sorts of businesses that have records of what medications I take. I know that my insurance companies and employer know more about me than does my mother. Absent the next extinction event or civil libertarians taking charge of the government (the former being more likely than the latter), the best we can do is try to keep Uncle Sam on a short leash."



FROM A FORM created by Parents Against Bad Books in Schools (pabbis.com): "Does the book contain any sexual content? If yes, check the type(s): Kissing, Breast descriptions, Breast touching, Sex organ contact, Consensual, Non-consensual, Outside marriage, Within marriage, Sexual assault, Rape, Gang rape, Violence exciting someone sexually, Sadomasochist, Masturbation, Homosexual, Erections, Wet dreams, Bestiality, Pedophilia, Necrophilia, Oral sex, Anal sex, Other (describe). For each type indicate level of vividness/graphicness using this general guide: Basic (B): large breasts; Graphic (G): large, voluptuous bouncing breasts; Very Graphic (VG): large, voluptuous bouncing breasts with hard nipples; Extremely Graphic (EG): large, voluptuous bouncing breasts with hard nipples covered with glistening sweat and bite marks."

FROM COMMENTS by the Reverend Gene Robinson, the first openly gay bishop in the Episcopal Church: "Interestingly enough, in this day of traditional family values, this man who we follow was single, as far as we know, traveled with a bunch of men, had a disciple who was known as 'the one whom Jesus loved' and said, 'My family is not my mother and father; my family is those



(continued on page 57)

READER RESPONSE

STILL LUCKY TO LOSE

Arthur Schlesinger claims that if the Democrats had won in 2004, "abortion would remain a matter of choice, and stem-cell research and same-sex marriage would be matters for the states" ("Lucky to Lose," August). So why shouldn't abortion also be a matter for the states? Bill Clinton was a draft dodger, but the Dems insisted he could handle national security. By 2004, however, they were saying



Sore losers.

George Bush was AWOL so we shouldn't vote for him. PLAYBOY should get with the times before it falls in with the rest of the mistrusted liberal media.

Hilda Mitchell
Livingston, Texas

For a historian, Schlesinger seems to have forgotten that there is value in remembering history. If countries other than France and England had reacted to Hitler's early power grabs, we might have avoided World War II. It does not take much to imagine Saddam Hussein and his two sons with weapons of mass destruction bought with oil money. By remaining steadfast in Iraq, we may prevent the carnage of another world war.

Larry Zini
Huntsville, Utah

Schlesinger inspired me to create TexasLiberals.com. We thought Clinton got it bad because of a blow job. It would have been open season on Kerry.

Jeff Flowers
Houston, Texas

I am so tired of whiny Democrats. If you want to live in a country that can be taken over by 10 guys with machine guns, move to Canada.

Tom Seifert
Cut Bank, Montana

The Republicans have been able to stack the deck by creating mandates that must be supported by cities and states forced to choose between raising taxes (evil) and cutting services (heartless). Since major cities are predominantly Democratic, as are many statehouses, the prospects for what Schlesinger would consider poetic and social justice for the Republicans are much poorer than he believes.

Larry McClellan
Portland, Oregon

Schlesinger's essay is hubristic, i.e. wanton and excessive, in two ways: (1) He suggests Kerry did not have the ability to do the job. He shares that judgment with most voters. (2) He runs the risk of canonizing Bush if the president finds a solution to Iraq. Your myopic professor is right when he says that Truman and LBJ were rejected after their first full term. But both presidents were succeeded by men who cleaned up their messes and got reelected in landslides. It's too bad Schlesinger could not foresee this happening with Senator Kerry.

W.A. Broderick
Tampa, Florida

THE LABOR STRUGGLE

In "Back to the 1930s?" (September), Ishmael Reed writes that General Motors "is the largest health provider in the country as a result of struggles waged by the UAW." He fails to mention that GM is near financial ruin because of its retiree medical costs.

Brendan Phelan
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

PHONE-SEX CLAIM

I enjoyed your piece on employment lawsuits ("Labor Pains," September). I have been representing employers in this area for more than 35 years and since 1993 have compiled an annual list of the wackiest cases. My favorite so far is the Florida phone-sex operator who in 1999 received worker's compensation after being injured on the job. She said she had repetitive-motion injury in both hands from masturbating as often as seven times a day while speaking with clients. She received benefits of $267 a week plus $30,000 for medical bills. She gave her name as Jane Doe, but it might well have been Amber Dextrous.

Gerald Skoning
Seyfarth Shaw LLP
Chicago, Illinois

DANCING FOR THE MAN

In her report on the employment status of exotic dancers in San Francisco ("Will Strip for Benefits," September), Rachel Shteir implies that the women feel they are being exploited because they do not receive paychecks. But even if these dancers were treated as employees, their take-home pay would likely be zero. As an attorney who represents gentlemen's clubs in San Francisco (and who is cited in Shteir's piece), let me explain why that is. The state requires an employee who earns more than $20 a month in tips to have her employer withhold the taxes due on that income from her hourly wages. From my observations in litigation, the vast majority of dancers make enough in tips that their wages do not cover the taxes they owe. In that case, not only are their paychecks zero, but the dancers must pay the club to cover the taxes due or have them rolled over to their next paycheck, which will also be zero.

Brad Shafer
Lansing, Michigan

Taxes aside, many dancers feel clubs want it both ways: They want to control them as if they were employees but pay them as independent contractors. In August the California labor commissioner ordered a Harbor City

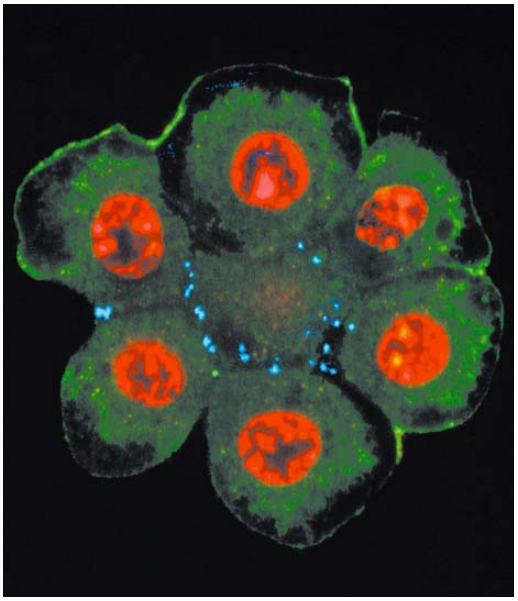


If strippers are unhappy, someone will pay.

club to pay two dancers who worked regular eight-hour shifts a total of $50,000 in back wages and stage-fee refunds. One of the women told the Long Beach Press-Telegram, "We had to dance, clean mirrors, clean tables, serve drinks and food and clean up after the club closed and weren't getting paid anything except tips, which we had to share with practically everyone." The club's new owner says he has reformed its system.

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10019.

NEWSFRONT



Can You Kill an Embryo?

As part of their efforts to ban stem-cell research, antiabortion activists have set their sights on in vitro fertilization. In this process a handful of a woman's eggs are fertilized, and a doctor implants one or two. The other embryos are frozen for future attempts (an estimated 400,000 embryos are in storage, some dating to the 1970s). About three percent of these embryos are used for medical purposes (including stem-cell research), and two percent are destroyed. But some pro-lifers argue that each embryo is the equivalent of a human life, and President Bush appears to have taken up the cause. Four years ago he referred to embryos as having the "potential for life." But this year he began calling embryos "real human lives" and scolded parents who "turn them over for research that destroys them." The president and other abortion opponents are now beating the drum for couples using IVF to "adopt" existing embryos.

Just Between You and Me...

LONDON—Two years after an "ardent nationalist" began making regular calls to his local Labor MP to express his dislike for "wogs, Pakis and black bastards," a prosecutor charged him with violating a 1984 law that prohibits using "grossly offensive" language on the phone. However, an appeals court ruled that the man's expletive-laced rants didn't meet that standard unless a minority heard them, and the minister and staff members all are white.

What Your Printer Knows

Companies such as Canon, Toshiba and Xerox have joined with the Secret Service to track documents created on color printers or copiers to their source. Many models encode their serial number into each document they produce; the feds can then ask distributors to identify who bought the machine. "It's a trail back to you, like a license plate," a Xerox researcher told *PC World*. The Secret Service believes the codes, which are invisible to the naked eye, will help catch counterfeiters, but the Electronic Frontier Foundation says the technology raises privacy concerns. To learn more about the encoding, it is asking visitors to eff.org to submit test pages from color printers and copiers. Privacy advocates argue that consumers should at least be notified when their printer contains an encoder.

Waste Not, Want Not

KIGALI, RWANDA—Rwandan prisons contain about 10 times the number of inmates they were designed to hold. That creates energy and sanitation problems. The Kigali Institute of Science and Technology came up with a solution: At the five largest prisons it built underground huts where inmates' excrement is converted into methane gas (known as biogas) that can be used for cooking and to power lights. The centuries-old process also produces an odorless fertilizer for the prisons' farms. The government is now adding biogas generators to public schools; at Kamonye Primary, student waste produces cooking gas for three hours a day. The process is also used in Nepal to power homes and in Sweden to fuel trains.

The Taxman Cometh

ORLANDO—The Holy Land Experience theme park includes re-creations of ancient Jerusalem, Herod's Temple, a street market, a bedouin tent and the caves where the Dead Sea Scrolls were found. It also has a scriptorium filled with religious artifacts. Its owners say they are operating a ministry and shouldn't have to pay property taxes; the county appraiser says he knows of no other "church" that charges a $29.99 admission fee and operates a gift shop. A federal judge ruled this year for the owners of the 15-acre park, saying they don't have to pay $786,343 in back taxes because their primary purpose is to save souls. Two weeks later the park's founder resigned after its board said it needed someone with more business savvy to run the operation.



MARGINALIA

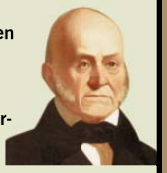
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who do the will of God.' Those who would posit the nuclear family as the be-all and end-all of God's creation probably don't find that much in the Gospels to support it." A spokesman for the bishop later said, "Jesus was a nontraditional person who broke all the rules and hung out with the wrong people. Anything else that people infer from the bishop's comments is speculation."

FROM PHOTOS taken earlier this year inside a Chicago gas station. When a clerk told an armed robber that the station's cash was stored in the ceiling, he looked directly into the security camera and responded, "What are you talking about? There's no money up there."



FROM A COLUMN by Fawaz Turki of ArabView.com: "For Americans, an intimate acquaintance with Islam will be enriching not only for national security but for intellectual reasons. Perhaps they will realize that *jihad* (struggle by an individual or community to transcend the limitations of the self through spiritual discipline) does not translate as 'holy war,' that *Allahu Akbar* (a call by a Muslim in a moment of crisis or of wonderment at the objective world, to assert that God is greater than the challenges at hand) does not mean 'God is great,' and that a *shahid* (a patriot who dies defending his holy cause) is not a martyr, a term unique to Christian iconography. But what of the unutterable monotony of the debate by Arab critics about the Euro-American world? How many think tanks on America are there in the Arab world? How many universities have American Studies? How many researchers have written about the U.S. with a focus on facts untainted by 1950s rhetoric about imperialists behind every lamppost?"



FROM A SPEECH given in 1821 by Secretary of State John Quincy Adams: "America has abstained from interference in the concerns of others, even when conflict has been for principles to which she clings as to the last vital drop that visits the heart. She goes not abroad in search of monsters to destroy. She well knows that by once enlisting under other banners than her own, were they even the banners of foreign independence, she would involve herself beyond the power of extrication in all the wars of interest and intrigue, of individual avarice, envy and ambition. The fundamental maxims of her policy would change from liberty to force."

GOD AND WASHINGTON

IN 1890 THE GREAT AGNOSTIC LEADER EXPLAINED WHY RELIGION AND POLITICS DON'T MIX

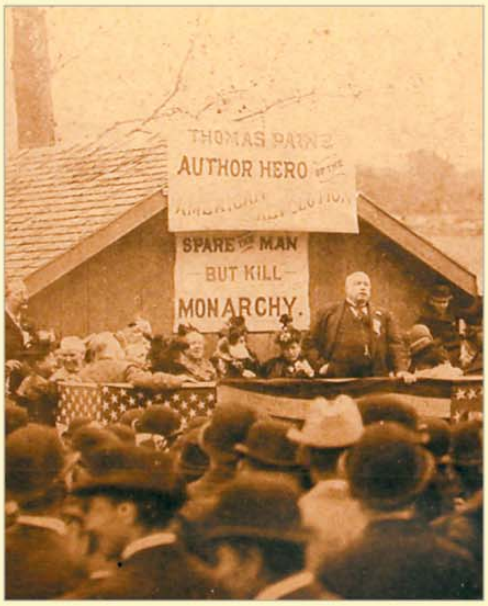
By Robert Ingersoll

In 1776 our fathers declared that "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." It was a notice to the church that mankind would govern and protect itself. The Constitution marked out the limitations of discretion so that in the excitement of passion men shall not go beyond the point designated in the calm moment of reason.

Suppose, then, that we now amend the Constitution and acknowledge the supremacy of God. What becomes of the supremacy of the people? How is this amendment to be enforced? All persons elected to office must swear to support the Constitution. A god in the Constitution will not interfere with the oaths or affirmations of hypocrites. Such a provision would only exclude honest and conscientious unbelievers. Intelligent people know that no one knows whether there is a god or not. The existence of such a being is merely a matter of opinion.

Men who believe in the liberty of man, who are willing to die for the honor of their country, will be excluded from taking any part in the administration of its affairs. Such a provision would place the country under the feet of priests. To recognize a deity in the organic law of our country would be the destruction of religious liberty. The god in the Constitution would have to be protected.

Our government is secular. It derives its power from the consent of man. It is a government with which God has nothing whatever to do, and all forms and customs inconsistent with the fundamental fact that the people are the source of authority should be abandoned. There should be no oaths: No man should be sworn to tell the truth, and in no court should there be any appeal to any supreme being. Governors and presidents should not issue religious proclamations. They should not call upon the people to thank God. It is no part of their official duty, and it is beyond the horizon of their authority.

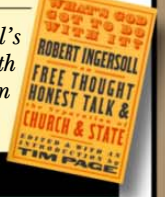


The only known photo of Robert Ingersoll lecturing, at a Thomas Paine event in New Rochelle, New York.

For many years priests have attempted to give to our government a religious form. Zealots have succeeded in putting the legend upon our money, IN GOD WE TRUST; we have chaplains in the Army and Navy; and legislative proceedings are usually opened with prayer. All this is contrary to the genius of the Republic. Religion is an individual matter, and each soul should be left free to form its own opinions and to judge of its accountability to a supposed supreme being. Government is founded upon force, and force should never interfere with the religious opinions of men.

There has been in this country a divorce of church and state. But the ultratheologian is not satisfied with this. He wishes a recognition of his god as the source of authority, to the end that the church may become the supreme power. He wishes to destroy the liberty of the people.

A new collection of Ingersoll's work, What's God Got to Do With It?, edited by Tim Page, has been published by Steerforth Press.



A CHRISTMAS SERMON (1891)

The good part of Christmas is not always Christian; it is generally pagan—that is to say, human, natural.

Christianity did not come with tidings of great joy but with a message of eternal grief. It came with the threat of everlasting torture on its lips. It meant war on earth and perdition hereafter.

It taught some good things—the beauty of love and kindness in man. But as a torchbearer, as a bringer of joy, it has been a failure. It has given infinite consequences to the acts of finite beings, crushing the soul with a responsibility too great for mortals to bear. It has filled the future with fear and flame and made God the keeper of an eternal penitentiary, destined to be the home of nearly all the sons of men.

Long before Christ was born the Sun God triumphed over the powers of darkness. About the time that we call Christmas the days begin perceptibly to lengthen. Our barbarian ancestors were worshippers of the sun, and they celebrated his victory over the hosts of night. Such a festival was natural and beautiful. The most natural of all religions is the worship of the sun. Christianity adopted this festival. It borrowed from the pagans the best it has.

I believe in Christmas and in every day that has been set apart for joy. We in America have too much work and not enough play. We are too much like the English.

I think it was Heinrich Heine who said that he thought a blaspheming Frenchman was a more pleasing object to God than a praying Englishman. We take our joys too sadly. I am in favor of all the good free days—the more the better.

Christmas is a good day to forgive and forget—a good day to throw away prejudices and hatreds—a good day to fill your heart and your house, and the hearts and houses of others, with sunshine.





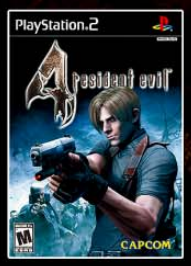

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M
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB
Blood and Gore
Intense Violence
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PIERCE BROSNAN

A candid conversation with the man who played Bond about life after 007, reinventing himself in Hollywood and how hardship changes you

Pierce Brosnan was recently informed that his martinis will no longer be shaken or stirred because the holders of the James Bond franchise want a new and younger 007. And yet, sipping champagne at his Hawaiian home overlooking the Pacific, Brosnan, hardly a codger at 52, acts as if having been released from Bondage was the best thing that ever happened to him. No wonder: He has a regular spot on various magazines' lists of the era's sexiest and best-looking people, and his latest performance—in the dark comedy The Matador—has won acclaim at Sundance and the Toronto Film Festival. This is his opportunity to reinvent himself, and he claims he's taking advantage of it.

Best known as everyone's favorite post–Sean Connery Bond, Brosnan has a diverse set of films to his credit, ranging from Mars Attacks! to Dante's Peak to After the Sunset. Through his film production company, Irish DreamTime, launched in 1996, he also developed, produced and co-starred in the 1999 remake of The Thomas Crown Affair, with Rene Russo, and Laws of Attraction, with Julianne Moore, in 2004.

An only child, Brosnan grew up near Dublin. His father, a carpenter, abandoned him and his mother when Brosnan was an infant. His mother moved to England to study nursing, leaving her baby with her parents, both of whom died when Brosnan was six years old. He then lived with a succession of family members and friends and attended a harsh and punitive Catholic school until, at 11, he was reunited with his mother in London. There he was an indifferent student until he entered the Drama Centre and found his calling.

Brosnan jumped to the big screen in 1980 with small roles in The Long Good Friday and The Mirror Crack'd. Moving to Hollywood in 1982, he landed what became a five-season stint on television as the slick private eye Remington Steele. In 1986, with Steele going strong, public opinion polls about potential James Bonds put Brosnan ahead of such other stars as Tom Selleck, Jeremy Irons and Mel Gibson. But Brosnan was contractually stuck on TV. It took nine years, but the public finally got what it wanted when Brosnan was cast as 007 in 1995's GoldenEye. His four Bond films went on to earn nearly $1.5 billion.

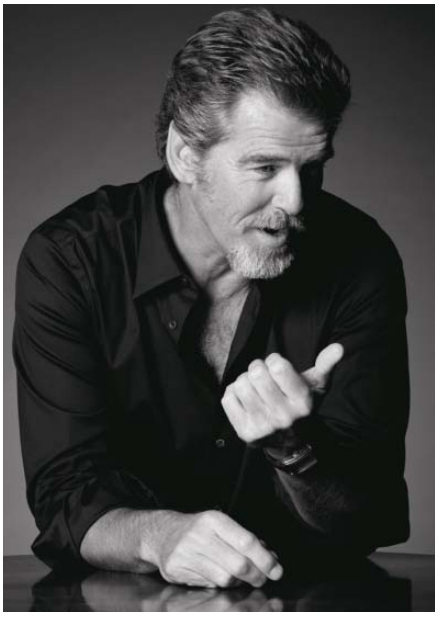
In 1980 he married Cassandra Harris, an Australian. From a previous marriage, Harris had two young children, whom Brosnan adopted, and the couple had one son together. Harris died of cancer in 1991 with her husband at her bedside. In 2001 Brosnan married Keely Shaye Smith, an environmentalist and former actress, with whom he has two sons.

We sent Contributing Editor ***Stephen Rebello,*** *who last interviewed Ewan McGregor for* PLAYBOY, *to sit down with Brosnan at his estate on Kauai's north shore. His report: "Besides his wife, Brosnan was surrounded by a group of gorgeous female friends and staff—he calls them the mermaids—who discreetly buzzed around the place, making sure there was plenty of food and champagne. You can't walk away unimpressed, and I don't mean just by the gracious house and lush grounds. Brosnan is absurdly good-looking and comes off as a bright, decent guy who has reached a place in his life where his work and his psyche are opening up in exciting ways. He is unassuming and friendly and very much aware of the great challenges ahead of him. After a decade of politically correct Bond movies, he seems extremely happy to have reclaimed his balls."*

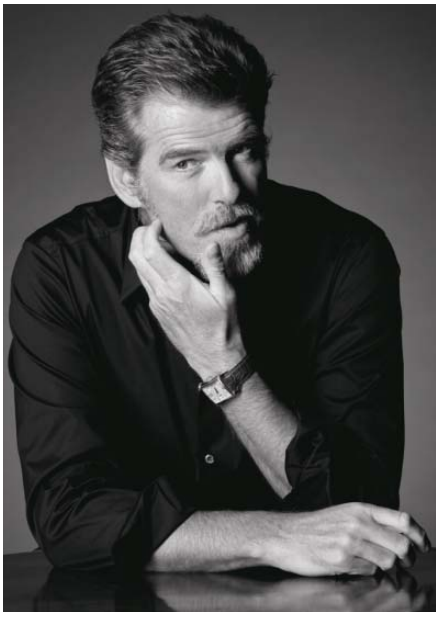
PLAYBOY: Were you ready to step down as James Bond?

BROSNAN: It would have been a trip to do another one. I prepared myself to do it. I psyched myself. But they have set sail. They made their decision. They want to reinvent it and make it a period piece. They want to get a younger guy.

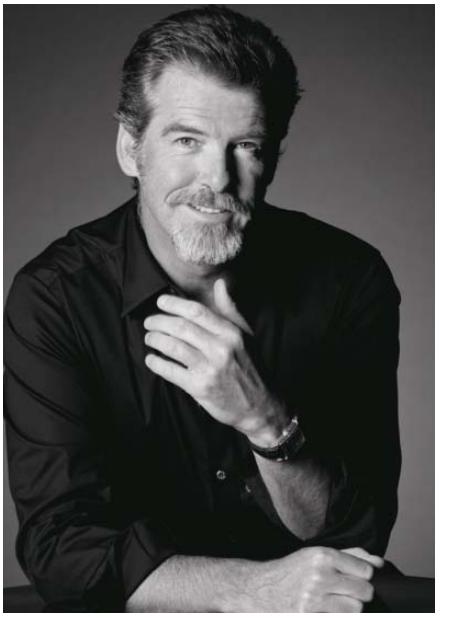
PLAYBOY: How does it feel to be told that you're too old?



"It would have been a trip to do another Bond. I prepared myself to do it. I psyched myself. But they have set sail. They made their decision. They want to reinvent it and make it a period piece. They want to get a younger guy."



"Teri Hatcher didn't slap me. I didn't slap her. The incident was blown out of proportion. She was late to the set because she was newly pregnant. I didn't know that until the end of the day. By that time I'd shot my mouth off."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GREG GORMAN

"It's great to say, 'Fuck you, asshole. Fuck you, who wouldn't give me a job. Fuck you, who thought I was some wuss. Fuck you, who thought I was a pretty boy. Fuck you, who thought anything of me without even knowing me.'"

BROSNAN: It was kind of shocking to have ageism come on me when I was just getting started. It's shocking to be told that you're too old, that you're past your sell-by date.

PLAYBOY: Do we detect some bitterness?

BROSNAN: It's bloody frustrating that the fuckers pulled out the rug when they did. It was like, "Come on, we're family here. You talk about being a family. You knew my late wife; you know my family now. Yet I get a call from my agents at five in the afternoon in the Bahamas, and I hear that you've shut down negotiations because you don't know how, where or which way to go and that you'll call me next Friday?" What can I say? It's cold, it's juvenile, and it shouldn't be done like that, not after 10 years and four films.

PLAYBOY: After the initial shock did you feel a sense of relief?

BROSNAN: Later, yes, I had a wonderful feeling of liberation: "*Ahhhh.* I'm free of it." I'll always be known as Bond, but now I don't have the responsibility of being an ambassador for a small country ruled by a character.

PLAYBOY: How do you assess your Bond films?

BROSNAN: All the movies made money. Creatively, maybe, they could have been stronger, but they were Bond movies, and they advanced a certain degree out of the doldrums where they had been. They were tricky to do. I never really felt as though I nailed it. As soon as they put me into the suit and tie and gave me those lines of dialogue, I felt restricted. It was like the same old same old. I was doing Roger Moore doing Sean Connery doing George Lazenby. I felt as if I were doing a period piece that had been dusted off. They never really took the risks they should have.

PLAYBOY: Do you regret joining the series just when Bond became politically correct and all the sex and rowdy fun was toned down?

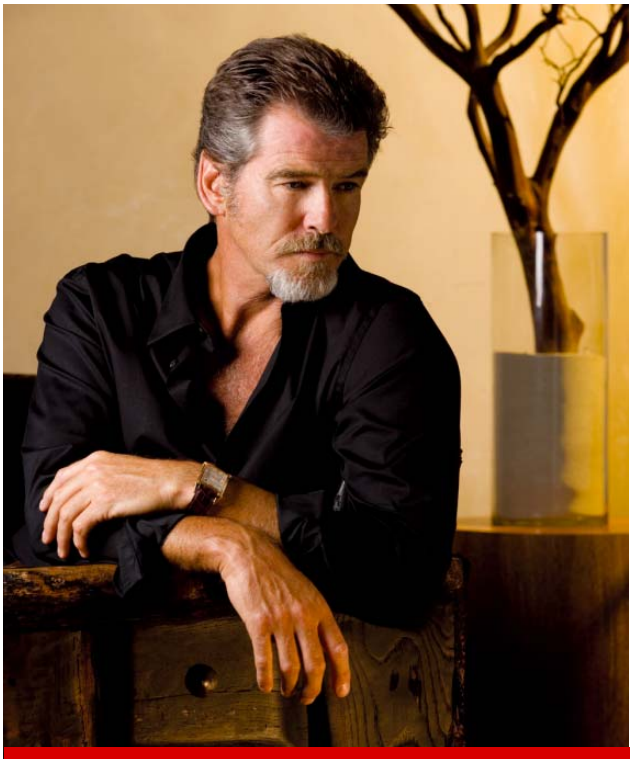
BROSNAN: It was sad to pick up the reins and then have these restrictions. It would have been great to light up and smoke cigarettes, for instance. It would have been great to have the killing a little bit more real and not wussed down. My boys watch the movies on DVD, so I see them from time to time. I see myself with nowhere to go, and it's all rather bland.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree that there were missed opportunities for sex, such as with Halle Berry in *Die Another Day*?

BROSNAN: It would have been great to have sex scenes that were right on the button. I remember doing a sex scene with Halle—I mean frolicking in the bed—and there was director Lee Tamahori right under the sheets with us like some mad Kiwi, saying, "All right, now, where are you going to put your hands? Where are you going to grab her?" I said excitedly, "Is this how you're going to shoot it? Are you going to bring the camera in under the sheets?" If only, man, if only. The way we ended up doing it was almost like the old days in Hollywood: kissing the girl but still having your feet on the floor.

PLAYBOY: Who, for you, is the Bond girl who got away?

BROSNAN: Monica Bellucci is a ravishing beauty—a gorgeous, gorgeous woman. She screen-tested to be a Bond girl a while back, and the fools said no. Teri Hatcher stole the day instead. Uma Thurman is another magnificent beauty and a fine actress. We've come around to talking about a sequel to *The Thomas Crown Affair.* Again it's a love story and a romance, but this time it's not going to be with Rene Russo. So we've been thinking about women, and there are just stunning women out there.



Some Irish go from sexual repression to violence and drink, while some go to great heights.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned Teri Hatcher. Purportedly you clashed physically with her during the making of *Tomorrow Never Dies.* What happened?

BROSNAN: The Teri Hatcher incident was blown out of proportion. She was late to the set because she was newly pregnant. I didn't know that until the end of the day.

PLAYBOY: Did you slap her, or did she slap you? Apparently there were hearty cheers from the crew.

BROSNAN: She didn't slap me. I didn't slap her. I was vexed because I had a call time of six or seven A.M., and we didn't do any work until three or four in the afternoon. No one told me her situation until afterward. By that time I'd already shot my mouth off and cussed and moaned and groaned. That's all it was, a storm in a teacup.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been tough to deal with on the set?

BROSNAN: I don't think so. Not consistently. I have my days, and as I get older I have more days. You bark or you snap at times. But ultimately I've tried to please, which is one of my downfalls and weaknesses. I try to please them, to be liked, accepted. I've never had unpleasantness with anyone. I don't allow it to happen. I'd rather nip it in the bud. That stuff usually comes from insecurity. You just let it rage, burn out. And you kill it with kindness, talk to it, try to understand it, then leave it alone.

PLAYBOY: How about George Lazenby, who played 007 in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*? He once said about you, "If he walked into a room, I doubt anyone would look up. But this is the 1990s, and women want a man who shows his feminine side. Pierce definitely has that."

BROSNAN: George is just an angry, old, pissed-off guy. He was never an actor but some pissed-off Aussie who doesn't know how to show his feminine side. I met him, and he's got that kind of brittle edge to him. People want to take swipes. I have no idea why.

PLAYBOY: Whom would you choose as the next 007?

BROSNAN: Clive Owen would have been a very strong contender. He's a good actor, but why would he want to do it? He has a glorious career going. He's done some very fine work and survived *King Arthur.*

PLAYBOY: In your new movie, *The Matador,* you play a hilariously troubled hit man who hooks up with a beaten-down businessman in a Mexico City bar. In some ways, do you view the character as an antidote to James Bond?

BROSNAN: When the fuckers try to hem you in with Bond, it's great to come back with *The Matador.* It's great to say, "Fuck you, asshole. Fuck you, who wouldn't give me a job. Fuck you, who thought I was some wuss. Fuck you, who thought I was a pretty boy. Fuck you, who thought anything of me without even knowing me or giving me the chance. Fuck you." But if you go around with all that inside you all the


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time, you end up completely mangled, so you have to let it go.

PLAYBOY: In the movie you strut around swilling beer in nothing but a Speedo and boots. You look like a rock star gone to hell. You're funny but also desperate and sad.

BROSNAN: This script just made me howl because it's so over-the-top outrageous. The way I'm perceived, the box I find myself in—the corner into which I've painted myself—made it seem like a great idea. The character is a sad fuckup of a fellow who has just shagged his way through life. He loves to blow the shit out of people and is paid good money to do it. But he's just a lonely guy and a great vulgarian.

PLAYBOY: In one scene, you borrow nail polish from a woman you've just had sex with and paint your toenails black. How strange was that?

BROSNAN: I just thought it was a great image. It's never explained. Does he do that all the time, or has he done it before? He's slightly mental. The writing was so clever and snappy. It was great because it wasn't tailored to me. If you have too many things tailored to you, you don't have any room to grow as an actor. You just play it safe the whole time instead of playing a character.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever worry that you were going too far with it?

BROSNAN: I actually got cold feet about the whole thing and said, "I can't do it. It's just too out there," because of the sexuality and some of the stuff that would be coming out of my mouth. I like the ambiguity of not knowing which way he swings. He likes the whole world—pussy, blow jobs, animals, you name it—but some of the references in the script made me think, You know, you don't want to turn the audience off. You want them to have sympathy for this character. So we toned it down.

PLAYBOY: Even toned down, you're probably going to freak out your fans who think of you only as the debonair Bond.

BROSNAN: [*Laughs*] Yeah. And I grew this strange kind of Village People mustache and had this buzzed haircut. When I did the scene walking through the hotel in a Speedo and boots, with the gut hanging out, the skinny legs and ass, smoking a cigarette and drinking a Heineken, it was like, "Fuck you, Brosnan. Fuck you to everything." When you get to play like that in a piece like this, it's not as if you're bulletproof or anything, but I have nothing to lose by doing it.

PLAYBOY: You not only act in this movie but also your company produced it. Are you worried about how big an audience it will attract?

BROSNAN: I would like to see this film be a glorious poke in the eye to certain parties and to be a success and to have other glorious roles follow in its wake. If *Fantastic Four* and superhero movies are what people go to see, maybe it won't

A BOND TO REMEMBER

Can the next 007 top Brosnan's best moments?

Best Action Sequence



GoldenEye (1995) After escaping from his captors, Bond tails a general and ends up in a vehicle-storage area, in danger of losing his prey and his life to assassins. With nary an Aston Martin in sight, he steals a tank and sets off through St. Petersburg, then deliberately parks it in the path of a train packed with ICBMs. *Ka-boom!* **Why it rocks:** A steely-eyed Bond wreaks utter havoc while dressed to kill.

Best Showdown With Villain



Tomorrow Never Dies (1997) By the time the obligatory shoot-out with the villain (Jonathan Pryce) comes, we can't wait for Brosnan to ice him, which he does with aplomb and a giant drill. This leaves 007 just enough time to rescue his Chinese counterpart (Michelle Yeoh), who's chained and dangling over the water. **Why it rocks:** We never tire of seeing Bond trounce supercilious punks bent on world domination.

Best Way to Avoid Death



GoldenEye (1995) Bond tracks down a once trusted colleague, now a spy gone bad (Sean Bean), and slips into the turncoat's secret headquarters. His break-in is discovered, and guns start blazing. When a burst of gunfire explodes near 007's patent-leather hair, he moves his head out of the way as if dodging a pesky mosquito and continues to tinker with a bomb. **Why it rocks:** It's coolness personified.

Best Sparring Partner



Tomorrow Never Dies (1997) Sexy, catlike scene stealer Michelle Yeoh matches Bond quip for quip as the Chinese secret agent Wai Lin. She is a martial arts ace, a great motorcycle rider and very nice to look at. When Yeoh is allowed to whirl, high-kick or scale a building, she sends the movie into orbit. **Why it rocks:** Yeoh reinvented the Bond girl, making the sexy appendage into the sexy essential.

Best Death Scene



The World Is Not Enough (1999) "You wouldn't kill me. You'd miss me," boasts sultry heiress Elektra (Sophie Marceau) when confronted by a betrayed Bond, who has been her protector and lover. Bond has no choice but to squeeze the trigger and blow her away. **Why it rocks:** Brosnan makes the hit—"I never miss," he says—but he does it with a touch of pathos, leaving us shaken and stirred.

Best All-Around Scene



Tomorrow Never Dies (1997) Bond moodily sits alone in his hotel, waiting for a visit from the villain. Downing a shot of Smirnoff Red, he coolly attaches a silencer to his Walther. After a brief visit from the heroine (Teri Hatcher), Bond gulps another shot and hurls the glass to the floor. **Why it rocks:** It's an all too rare dose of Ian Fleming—straight, no chaser and no gimmicks. —*Stephen Rebello*



be in that league. But I think there's an audience out there for this—grown-ups who want to listen to good, twisted dialogue and watch nuance. The ones who are switched on and have their finger on the pulse will get it and will love seeing me revel in it. It would also be nice if we and others make our money back. But *The Matador* is a delightful jolt. I was able to give a performance that hasn't been requested of me all that often. I look a certain way and stand, walk and sound a certain way. I always saw myself as a character actor, but early on somebody told me I was a leading man. I believed him and went that route. But having been trained as an actor to play character, I was led to believe that I had more than one character in me.

PLAYBOY: Your performance in the movie makes us wonder where the edgy, funny, twisted madman has been hiding all these years.

BROSNAN: Yeah, I'm generally pretty guarded and cautious—too much so at times. I think it comes mostly from sitting on fear. You become cautious at times, and sometimes you stop believing in yourself. I've looked at it from that perspective. I've also looked at it from the perspective of pure laziness, that I've kind of gotten by and had the luck of the Irish. A lot of it, though, is probably from having dealt with that little knuckle of fear in my life since my childhood.

PLAYBOY: Were you a cool kid, or were you mocked and teased?

BROSNAN: Oh, let's not start talking about the mockery. I had my share of mockery, that's for sure. That's a painful one. I didn't really have it until I went from Ireland to London. I had grown up with my mother in the Irish countryside on the river Boyne, which back in the early 1950s was quite lush and remote and tranquil. In London, when I rejoined my mother in 1964 after she'd gone away to school, suddenly I was the true fish out of water. I was the token Paddy in this large school in Putney, South London. It was the first sting, the first whiplash of being in a strange land.

PLAYBOY: Was the sting mostly verbal, or did it get physical?

BROSNAN: It started verbally because of my not knowing the language in some respects and also with the deep realization that I was lacking education. I couldn't read or write at the age of 11 when I came from Ireland. I was really backward. I had been in England only a week, and the first morning, my mother dropped me off at this enormous comprehensive school of 2,000 kids with all the grades massed together. I had to stand up in class and name my section. Mine was called 30-A. When I stood up, with my Irish accent I said, "Tirty-A." There were peals of laughter. Then the young chap who sat beside me proceeded to call me Irish because he couldn't or didn't want to say Pierce.

PLAYBOY: Did the nickname Irish stick?

BROSNAN: That and Spastic, a name I also got my first day in school. When the day ended and my mother asked, "How was it?" I said, "They laughed at me when I said 'Tirty-A.' She had to tell me how to pronounce it *th*. And I told her I had a new nickname, Spastic, and I hadn't even known what it meant.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever fight back?

BROSNAN: By the end of the first week or so I had my first crush on a girl. She liked me back, but nothing happened. One day the guy who called me Spastic started to mock this girl. I beat the snot out of him. I ended up going to the housemaster and getting caned. It got me accepted into the clan. So my education was not the greatest. It was mainly about mockery, fighting and using humor to find my way out. The name Irish became an emblem I wore. I thought, Well, I am Irish, and I'm the only Irish kid in this school. So that was that.

PLAYBOY: What other survival tools did you use?

BROSNAN: A lot of self-deprecating humor. I took what could have been an ugly moment—maybe having to get into a fight—and found a release valve with humor. I also mastered the art of dissembling, disguising who you are and learning how to blend in. I picked up the Cockney accent fairly quickly to survive.

PLAYBOY: Your father left when you were an infant. Next, your young mother left for London, and you stayed with your grandparents in Ireland. When they died you were raised by various relatives. It can't have been all that easy.

BROSNAN: When in the past I've talked about my childhood, people have made it sound extremely bleak and desolate. Written on the page, it is. But within it I had a wonderful sense of myself and being on my own adventure, because I knew I was definitely on my own.

PLAYBOY: What was the impact of being left on your own at such a young age?

BROSNAN: That's hard to talk about. I think there was so much pain and loneliness that I learned to always cut it off pretty quick and bury it. So it's hard to talk about. Certain images come. I don't remember my father, Tom. He left early, bless his heart. I think he had a problem with drinking, because my mother spoke of such things. He was painted in very dark tones, but it was all hush-hush. You never knew what was going on. I mean, even if somebody was having a baby back then, it was always spelled out *b-a-b-y*. It was as Neanderthal as that. There wasn't much consistency in my life. There was no plateau of comfort, no consistency or trusting of love.

PLAYBOY: What impact did that have?

BROSNAN: For me it was always a question of survival.

PLAYBOY: After your father abandoned you, did you get angry at your mother when she left too?

BROSNAN: My mother suffered greatly from it. We've made so much peace and had so much good love since then. It took great courage on her behalf to leave, because they

would talk down to you publicly from the church pulpits in those days. The 1950s were a brutal time in southern Ireland to be a young woman 20 years of age and have a baby and no husband. The church had a mighty throttlehold on people and their emotions. It was all built on ugly, disgusting fear that came from the most beautiful words of Jesus and the Bible.

PLAYBOY: In the early 1960s you went to a Catholic boys' school in Navan, Ireland run by Christian Brothers.

BROSNAN: I could never understand getting the shit kicked out of me while trying to say the "Our Father" just because some Christian Brother had a bee in his bonnet that day. I watched another kid who came late to school get thumped up against the door. These men were deeply frustrated. They were sexually repressed—buttoned down, hammered and shackled. Yet other people speak highly of them. I never had any bad sexual encounters. I was never molested. I never knew of any boys who were molested, so I cannot speak of such grave ills against the innocent.

PLAYBOY: Given that repressive environment, when did you first discover sex?

BROSNAN: Some Irish go from that sexual repression to violence and drink, while some go to great heights. I left Ireland when I was 11, and at that point I had hardly any sexual understanding of life. I was innocent. Nobody even spoke of where babies come from. I never saw any sexuality at all because I was living with my grandparents and an aunt and uncle, and that was all behind closed doors. I learned it all when I went to England. Before that it never crossed my mind. When you're fearful in life, when you have a childhood like that, when you have such a transient lifestyle at such a young age and a loss—an abandonment or, better word, separation—it closes down a huge part of your growth rhythms, including your sexual awareness. I think it makes sense that it represses the libido, which at that tender age should be blossoming mischievously, curiously and with wild abandon. Once I discovered my dick, however, it was the best thing ever. I have my geography teacher to thank. She wore these beautiful cashmere sweaters and tight skirts. She had blonde bobbed hair, a beautiful ass, a beautiful tummy and nice curved thighs. I wasn't quite sure where they all came together, what that meant or what it looked like, so unfortunately it was nothing more than fantasies. But the fantasies were colorful. She brought out the happy smile on my young face, she and Barbara Windsor, the blonde who starred in the *Carry On* movies in the 1960s. Barbara Windsor's tits—I've always had a soft spot in my heart for them. Ah, yes, Barbara's boobies.

PLAYBOY: Did they remain your templates for sexy women?

BROSNAN: That geography teacher did it, really—the tall blonde.

PLAYBOY: Did any other famous blondes attract you?

BROSNAN: Jessica Lange. I've always been extremely attracted to her. I just love the way she moves, and she's got a fine body and an even greater talent. I've also always loved brown-eyed girls, like in the Van Morrison song.

PLAYBOY: Did you dress and talk like cool guys from the movies in those days?

BROSNAN: Actually the first movie I saw was a James Bond, *Goldfinger,* in 1964. Before that there wasn't enough money for me to go to the movies. Even then, movies didn't really kick in for me until around *Bonnie and Clyde* in 1967, so it was Warren Beatty, Clint Eastwood and Steve McQueen. The heat went up a bit then in the culture. That whole era was coming to its apex. I became a mod but a mod without a Vespa. I couldn't afford one. I had a bicycle, but you can't go around dressed like a mod and ride a bicycle.

PLAYBOY: When did you have your first sexual experience?

BROSNAN: I was 16 or 17. Up until that point I'd had a girlfriend. Carol was her name—my first love. She was in South London. With her it was just kissing and fondling, discovering breasts and



speaking of love on her doorstep and upstairs in her bedroom while her parents were shopping. There was no loss of virginity, just a broken heart and an innocent romance. At that point I used to think sperm had legs—they could crawl up your thigh. With Carol it never went beyond that because there was a dreadful fear of a *b-a-b-y,* which put the fear of God in me.

PLAYBOY: When did you know that you wanted to act?

BROSNAN: I had no idea what I was going to do. My first real job in London after I left school at 15 or 16 was as a trainee commercial artist. I just thought being an artist was a groovy thing to do. Through art I could delve into any pain and put down my anger, frustration and seething resentment of the fuckers who had tried to buckle me up and shackle me down. I finally got a job in a tiny studio in Putney. I had a shit education but managed to bullshit my way into this studio for some reason. They had about five artists. I got £10 a week to water the spider plants, make the tea and draw straight lines. They called me Pierce. I was no longer called Irish. When I became a trainee commercial artist, I wanted to do album covers. The music scene had just popped. I'd get to go to the Lyceum and see Pink Floyd in concert and then go back to a buddy's house. We'd get an old projector, put some oil paint on it, make a little mandala on the wall and play our own kind of show. We'd lie down and smoke a bit of hash.

PLAYBOY: When did you first try acting?

BROSNAN: My mother remarried a great man, William Carmichael, who is my father to this day. I was 15 or 16, living with my parents, and I had this job and some money, and I began to find books and literature. One day I was making a cup of tea for all the guys at work. I was talking to one of them, a guy from the photo studio upstairs. He mentioned the Oval House, an experimental theater where he was doing workshops. Two days later I went. I wasn't going there to be an actor, but I loved movies and I knew this was a place where I could talk about movies, photography, the Super 8 stuff. I had long hair, an earring, a little goatee and a big army coat, which was groovy at the time. I joined this workshop in which we all lay down on the floor and hummed, then got up and wandered around the room with our eyes closed feeling one another's faces and bodies. Well, fuck me, man. If this is acting, I'll take some of this. You know, there were beautiful girls. You'd think, I'd like to go over there and have a grope with her.

PLAYBOY: Did the groping continue outside of class?

BROSNAN: I met wonderful girls there—ballet dancers, actresses. The first girl I slept with was this gorgeous, voluptuous girl, Harriet. She was Botero-esque. She thought I was like a lightning bolt in her world, and I liked being a lightning bolt. I took it and ran with it for all it was worth. But mostly I was focused on my career. The plays we did were very experimental. Once I realized I enjoyed acting, I thought I'd better get an education in it. I thought I had better learn technique, to figure out what was behind the book covers. At 18 or 19 I auditioned for all the big drama schools. I mean, I was a lightning bolt. Harriet said so. At my first audition I was so lightning-boltish that I literally fell off the stage from nerves. For my next audition, at Drama Centre, I went with a bit more humility and got in with a scholarship. I was just glad someone had accepted me, that someone wanted me. During my three years of drama school I met one girl, fell in love with her and was with her the whole time.

PLAYBOY: How did your mother and stepfather take to your acting ambitions?

BROSNAN: They were very open and supportive. My dad, a quiet and dignified man, a true Scotsman and a strong workingman, was a bit worried that I might turn gay or that I was trying to tell him I was gay. I said, "No, Dad, I just want to be an actor. It's a job, a passion." If my mother and father had said no, I would have done it anyway.

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PLAYBOY: Did you ever consider any other way of making a living?

BROSNAN: Because my grades were so dreadful, art and English were it, really. I thought about going into the army for a while. I thought about becoming a cop. I actually went through the cop exam, but luckily my math was abysmal. Otherwise I would have been a British bobby.

PLAYBOY: After graduating, one of your earliest opportunities came in 1977 when Tennessee Williams picked you for the West End premiere production of his play *The Red Devil Battery Sign.* Did you get to know Williams?

BROSNAN: We hung out a little bit, got drunk together. It didn't take much to get Tennessee drunk in those days because there weren't the innards there to hold on to the booze. He'd already lived high off the hog. He was a real gent, stylish. He had that Southern drawl, the straw hat. He sent me a telegram on the first night that read, "Thank God for you, my dear boy. Love, Tennessee Williams." That was a good beginning, to have had these little affirmations that you have the talent.

PLAYBOY: How secure are you about your talent?

BROSNAN: I've always questioned whether I have any talent at all. How good is it? Where is it? How big is it? When am I going to see it?

PLAYBOY: What brought you to the U.S.?

BROSNAN: I got married in 1980. It was Cassandra, my late wife, who said, "Let's do it. Let's go out there." I wanted to but didn't know how the hell we were going to get there. We had bought a house in Wimbledon, which I still have. She came up with this idea that you could get a second mortgage on the central heating system, so we borrowed £2,000 and hopped on one of those cheap flights that Freddie Laker used to run. You brought your own sandwiches. It was sort of like the way it is now on airlines, only now it's much less hospitable.

PLAYBOY: Did it take you a long time to find work in Hollywood?

BROSNAN: The first interview I went to that first day, driving across Laurel Canyon in my rented lime-green Pacer with a torn seat cushion, was for *Remington Steele,* and I got the job.

PLAYBOY: Were you hoping for a TV series?

BROSNAN: I came to California dreaming of working with Martin Scorsese, of working with the down-and-dirty experimental types, but they gave me *Remington Steele,* and I couldn't look a gift horse in the mouth. It quickly became apparent that I was on this TV treadmill and that it was a monstrous machine.

PLAYBOY: Between *Remington Steele* and your landing the Bond franchise, Cassandra lost her four-year battle with ovarian cancer in 1991. You were by her side. Did your experience give you any special insight into the recent Terri Schiavo case?

BROSNAN: The Schiavo case got an extreme amount of attention—painfully and embarrassingly and not in a very dignified fashion. I dealt with those issues on a very personal level with my wife. She went on dialysis at the end. The dialysis was brutal. Finally I said, "Stop it." It wasn't like she was on life support for weeks or anything like that, but it was a last-ditch effort on my behalf to bring her back from the coma she was in. You want to get them back just to say good-bye, but I realized we'd already said our good-byes. Dialysis at that time of her life was redundant. So at the end it was very peaceful. "Okay, we're going through this door." People should be allowed to die when their bodies are wracked by disease.

PLAYBOY: The loss must have been devastating for you and your three children. Did you ever feel so bad that you wanted to die?

BROSNAN: Never, because I had children, who push and spur you on. Nothing in life prepares you for going through a long illness that ends in death. Nothing gives you the vocabulary to deal with that grief or those emotions. You just have to

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go slowly. I didn't always do that. I went into relationships that were purely based on lust and the need for sexual contact. It becomes rather vacuous and empty, meaningless. Then you work your way through that.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet Keely, whom you married in 2001?

BROSNAN: When Keely met me, I was a fairly sad affair, still in my widowerhood and in that world of relationships and sexual encounters that would just turn my head inside out after having been with one partner for many years. When I met Keely I wasn't looking. She literally walked around the corner into my life. I thank the day that she did. She had her hands full with this man she met and had fallen in love with. She had to deal with a family still in pain from the death of its wife and mother. But what we had together was very strong. Our relationship just gets stronger and sweeter. It was not always easy. There were a few times when I was fairly pigheaded and Irish. Luckily I saved myself, and luckily she didn't throw in the towel and say, "I can't be dealing with this." At the beginning of the relationship I thought I was the wise one who was showing her the world: "Come here, you beautiful, gorgeous girl. This is the way it's done—my way." I was a total buffoon. I don't know how she tolerated me. She's handled herself with the greatest degree of grace and dignity and has always allowed me to be myself.

PLAYBOY: How does she cope with being married to *People*'s Sexiest Man Alive?

BROSNAN: I think Keely deals with it with the same sense of humor I have. We don't talk about it, but when I saw the photograph on the magazine cover, I looked like some kind of Irish barman or a pig farmer from Donegal.

PLAYBOY: Has the Sexiest Pig Farmer Alive ever considered plastic surgery?

BROSNAN: Oh, that's bullshit, man. Unless you've got something that's really hanging you up badly, I don't think you should touch what God gave you. If your eyes are hanging down and you can't see where you're going or your schnoz is getting in the way, a little corrective surgery, sure. But to make yourself more beautiful? The vanity stuff? I don't think it's a good idea.

PLAYBOY: In 2000 your son Sean, who is 22 now, nearly lost his life in a car accident for which the driver was charged with drunk driving. Your late wife's two children, whom you adopted, have also had problems. Charlotte, 34, has been in rehab for cocaine addiction, and Christopher, 32, who has also been jailed and had rehab stays, was arrested this past June on suspected heroin possession. What toll has all this taken on you? What's your view of Charlotte's and Christopher's problems?

BROSNAN: Addiction appears to be a disease with genetic roots. Charlotte and Christopher's father died from alcoholism, and sadly they seem to have that in their genetics. Charlotte is certainly off running her life now. She's a mother and has been in recovery for nearly three years. Christopher is still very lost. Shockingly so. I have no idea—well, I know where he is, but he's having a hard life. I can only have strong faith and believe he will recover. He has tested everybody in this family but none more so than himself. He knows how to get out. He doesn't want to.

PLAYBOY: How have you coped?

BROSNAN: It's painful because you shut down. You never completely cut them off, but I have cut Christopher off. I had to say, "Go. Get busy living, or get busy dying." For all his waywardness and addiction I adore Christopher and just want him well and healthy. He's the most charismatic young man, with all the grace and charm of his father. Last week I heard he found recovery again. But he's toiled with this disease now for a number of years. He has my prayers.

PLAYBOY: Your father apparently had a drinking problem. Have you?

Nothing in life prepares you for going through a long illness that ends in death. Nothing gives you the vocabulary to deal with that grief or those emotions.

BROSNAN: I'm all right. I seem to have gotten by. I like my wine and my beer, but I have moderation. I have a sense of discipline about it.

PLAYBOY: You became an American citizen last year. Why?

BROSNAN: Having lived in this country for 23 years, I have a great love of America. It embraced me, and I've been very lucky here. Well, I thought, if not now, when will I become a citizen? I have an American wife, three American sons; it's time to raise the hand. I'll probably be buried in this soil. I want to have a vote. It's as simple as that.

PLAYBOY: You're closely allied with the Natural Resources Defense Council. Why that group?

BROSNAN: The NRDC is a body of lawyers who go in and do battle with corporations and fight for the rights of the planet, the waterways and the oceans. Right now we're fighting to save the last one percent of the old growth of the forests. We've been up to Sacramento and held a press conference asking people to think a little longer and a little more deeply about what we're going to do once we've cut down these great redwoods and sequoias forever. We're opposing the lumber guys, but California state senator Don Perata, our ally, has a strong voice and powerful reasoning. We just might win it.

PLAYBOY: Now that you won't be returning to James Bond, what movies are on the horizon?

BROSNAN: We're going to start shooting an intimate thriller, *Butterfly on a Wheel,* at the end of the year. I'm playing what appears to be this evil son of a bitch—another warped character. Somehow my career is like this carpet that's just unfurled before me. I follow it; I don't try to push it around or direct it. Once you have a taste of something like *The Matador,* once that box is opened, you want to find the next role that's going to be as audacious or freeing. I'll probably have to go find that role for myself. I want to have my cake and eat it. I want to be part of this world of movies and making films, but I also want to have a private life away from it that lets me keep my sanity and my sense of appreciation of life. Thus far my life has been a dream with great wallops of reality every now and then.

PLAYBOY: What does your home in Hawaii represent in your life?

BROSNAN: It represents hard work, first and foremost, and a decade of having done Bond. It also represents a certain lifestyle that grounds me as an actor. I can get away and recover from it all. This is a very powerful part of the world. I love throwing parties here. The girls here are incredible fire dancers. On some nights we have beautiful girls out here on that lawn with the big moon shining behind them.

PLAYBOY: Very James Bond.

BROSNAN: I'm a sensualist. I would be lost without the ability to look at life in a sensuous way or having sensuality around me. I love the beauty of the world around me, the beauty and power of both men and women. I like music, movies, art, poetry. I like the good things in life. They don't have to be worth millions. They can be the simple things—good food, wine, the simple sensuality of life.

PLAYBOY: And sex?

BROSNAN: Sex is quite necessary. Sometimes it's great, sometimes not so great. Sometimes we don't meet the mark, maybe, but it's all part of being human

PLAYBOY: Now that the interview is over, what happens next? Do the girls start fire dancing in the moonlight?

BROSNAN: As you can see, there are lovely ladies all around the house—the mermaids. When you leave, I will say to them, "Come in here and take your clothes off, girls." My wife said I could do that, and I don't want to disappoint her.

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PAINTING BY PHIL HALE

A CHRISTMAS STORY

THREE QUARTERS OF THE WAY TO HELL



FICTION BY
T.C. BOYLE

HE WAS WASHED-UP. SHE WAS WORN-OUT. BUT WHEN THEY SANG, IT CAME FROM THE SOUL

Snow he could take, but this wasn't snow; it was sleet. There was at least an inch of it in the gutters and clamped atop the cars, and the sidewalks had been worked into a kind of pocked gray paste that was hell on his shoes—and not just the shine but the leather itself. He was thinking of last winter—or was it the winter before that?—and a pair of black-and-whites he'd worn onstage, really sharp, and how they'd got ruined in slop just like this. He'd been with a girl who'd waited through three sets for him that night, and her face was lost to him, and her name too, but she had a contour on her—that much he remembered—and by the time they left she was pretty well lit and she pranced into the street outside the club and lifted her face to the sky. Why don't we walk? she sang out in a pure high voice as if she wanted everybody in New York to hear her. It's so glorious, isn't it? Can't you feel it? And he was lit himself, and instead of taking her by the wrist and flagging down a cab he found himself lurching up the street with her, one arm thrown over her shoulder to pull her to him and feel the delicious, discontinuous bump of her hip against his. Within half a block his cigarette had gone out and his face was as wet as if he'd been sprayed with a squirt gun; by the time they turned the corner his shoes were gone, and there was nothing either he or the solemn *paisan* at the shoe repair could do to work the white semicircular scars out of the uppers.

He dodged a puddle, sidestepped two big-armed old ladies staring at a Christmas display as if they'd just gotten off the bus from Oshkosh and pinched the last drag out of the butt of his cigarette, which hissed as he flicked it into the gutter. For a minute, staring down the length of Fifth Avenue as it faded into the beating gloom like something out of an Eskimo's nightmare, he thought of hailing a cab. But there were no cabs, not in weather like this, and the reason he was walking the 30-odd blocks to the studio in the first place, he reminded himself bitterly, was because he didn't have money to waste on anything so frivolous as carfare. He lifted his feet gingerly and turned into the blow, cursing.

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It was cold in the apartment—the landlady was a miser and a witch and she wouldn't have turned on the heat for two free tickets to Florida—and Darlene felt her body quake and revolt against the chill as she stood before the mirror plucking her eyebrows after a lukewarm shower.

She couldn't muster much enthusiasm for the session. It was grim outside, the windows like old gray sheets tacked to the walls, and she just couldn't feature bundling up and going out into the storm. But then it was grimmer inside—peeling wallpaper, two bulbs out in the vanity, a lingering sweetish odor of that stuff the landlady used on the roaches—and she never missed a date, not to mention the fact that she needed the money. She was in her slip—she couldn't find her robe, though she suspected it was balled up somewhere in the depths of the laundry basket, and there was another trial she had to get through, the machine in the laundry room inoperative for two weeks now. Her upper arms were prickled with gooseflesh. There was a red blotch just to the left of her nose, tracing the indentation of the bone there. The eye above it, staring back at her like the swollen blown-up eye of a goldfish at the pet store, was bloodshot. Bloodshot. And what was she going to do about that?

On top of it all, she still wasn't feeling right. The guy she'd been seeing, the guy she'd been saving up to go to Florida with for a week at Christmas—Eddie, second trumpet with Mitch Miller—had given her a dose, and her backside was still sore from where the doctor had put the needle in. The way her head ached—and her joints, her right shoulder especially, which burned now as she positioned the tweezers above the arch of her eyebrow—she began to wonder if there'd actually been penicillin in that needle. Maybe it was just water. Maybe the doctor was pinching on his overhead. Or maybe the strain of gonorrhea she'd picked up—that Eddie had picked up in

HE COULDN'T HELP LOOKING AT HER ANKLES, HER LEGS, THE WAY THE COAT PARTED TO REVEAL THE FLESH THERE.

Detroit or Cleveland or Buffalo—wouldn't respond to it. That's what the doctor had told her, anyway—there was a new strain going around. His hands were warm, the dab of alcohol catching her like a quick cool breeze. Just a little sting, he said, as if she were nine years old. There. Now that's better, isn't it?

No, she'd wanted to say, it's not better, it's never better and never will be because the world stinks and the clap stinks and so do needles and prissy nurses and sour-faced condescending M.D.s and all the rest of it too, but she just opened up her smile and said, "Yeah."

She was tired of every dress in the closet. Or no, not just tired—sick to death of them. All of them. The hangers clacked like miniature freight cars as she rattled through them twice, shivering in her slip and nylons, her feet all but frozen to the linoleum. Christ, she said to herself, Jesus Christ, what the hell difference does it make? And she reached angrily for a red crepe de chine with a plunging neckline she hadn't worn in a year and pulled it over her head and smoothed it across her hips, figuring it would provide about as much protection from the cold as a swimsuit. She'd just have to keep the cloth coat buttoned up to her throat, and though it was ugly as sin, she'd wear the red-and-green checked scarf her mother had knitted her.… What she really needed—what she deserved, and what Eddie or somebody should give her and give her soon—was a fur.

A gust threw pellets of ice against the windowpane. For a moment she held the picture of herself in a fur—and not some chintzy mink stole but a full-length silver fox—and then it dissolved. A fur. Yeah, sure. She wasn't exactly holding her breath.

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The hallway smelled like shit—literally—and as he stomped the slush off his shoes and bent to wipe the uppers with the paper towels he'd nicked from the men's room at Benjie's, where he'd stopped to fortify himself with two rye whiskeys and a short beer, he wondered what exactly went on on the ground floor when they weren't recording. Or maybe when they were. Neff would press just about anything anybody wanted to put out, whether it was boogie-woogie, race records or that rock-and-roll crap, and who knew how many junkies and pill heads came in and out of the place so stewed they couldn't bother to find the bathroom? He took off his hat, set it on the extinct radiator and ran both hands through his hair. There was a slice of broken glass in a picture frame on the wall, and that at least gave him back his reflection, though it was shadowy and indistinct, as if he'd already given up the ghost. For a moment there, patting his hair back into place while he stared down the dim tunnels of his eyes, he had a fleeting intimation of his own mortality—he was 38 and not getting any younger, his father 10 years dead and his mother fading fast; before long it would be just him and his sister and one old wraithlike spinster aunt, Aunt Marta, left on this earth, and then he'd be an old man in baggy pants staring at the gum spots on the sidewalk—but suddenly the door opened behind him and he turned around on a girl in a cloth coat and he was immortal all over again.

"Oh, hi, Johnny," she said, and then she gave the door a look and leaned back into it to slam it shut. "God, it's brutal out there."

At first he didn't recognize her. That sort of thing happened to him more and more lately, it seemed, and he told himself he had to cut back on the booze—and reefer; reefer was the worst, sponging your brain clean so you couldn't recognize your own face in the mirror. He'd come into some joint—a bar, a club, his manager's office—and there'd be somebody there he hadn't expected, somebody transposed from some other scene altogether, and he'd have to fumble around the greeting and give himself a minute or two to reel his brain back in. "Darlene," he said now, "Darlene Delmar. Wow. I haven't seen you in what, years? Or months, anyway, right?"

She was wearing sunglasses though it was as dark as night outside, and there was some sort of welt or blemish under the left lens, right at the cheekbone. She gave him a thin smile. "Six months ago, Cincinnati. On what was that station? W-something."

"Oh, yeah," he said, faking it, "yeah. Good times, huh? But how you been keeping?"

A rueful smile. A shrug. He could smell her perfume, a faint fleeting whiff of flowers blooming in a green field under a sun that brought the sweat out on the back of your neck, spring, summer, Florida, but the odor of the streets drove it down. "As well as can be expected, I guess. If I could get more work—like in a warmer climate, you know what I mean?" She shook out her hair, stamped her feet to knock the slush off her heels, and he couldn't help looking at her ankles, her legs, the way the coat parted to reveal the flesh there.

"It's been tough all over," he said, just to say something.

"My manager—I've got a new manager, did I tell you that? Or how could I, since I haven't seen you in six months…?" She trailed off, gave a little laugh, then dug into her purse for her cigarettes. "Anyway, he says things'll look up after the New Year, definitely. He was talking about maybe sending me out to L.A. Or Vegas, maybe."

He was trying to remember what he'd heard about her—somebody had knocked her up and she'd had a backroom abortion and there'd been complications. Or no, that wasn't her, that was the girl who'd made a big splash two years back with that novelty record, the blonde; what was her name? Then it came to him, a picture he'd been holding awhile, a night at a party somewhere and him walking in to get his coat and she was doing two guys at once: Darlene, Darlene Delmar. "Yeah," he said, "yeah, that'd be swell. L.A.'s the place. I mean palm trees, the ocean.…"

She didn't answer. She'd cupped her hands to light the cigarette—which he should have lit for *(continued on page 172)*



"I can't decide what to give you for Christmas...!"

THE STRANGE, STILL MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF MARILYN MONROE

New evidence has once again turned the death of America's most famous sex symbol into a front-page story. What has been revealed and what is still unknown about the final days and hours of Marilyn Monroe

A SPECIAL PLAYBOY REPORT

The night Marilyn Monroe died, the whole world, it seems, was listening.

She had been living in her new house on Fifth Helena Drive in Brentwood for only five months, but the phones were tapped, and every room was bugged, including the bathroom. The attic, it would later be revealed, was stuffed with sophisticated electronic listening equipment.

It was August 1962, and Monroe was at a pivotal moment in her career; her movies were tremendous box office hits, and she commanded one of the highest salaries in Hollywood. At 36, Monroe enjoyed a level of fame unknown even among film stars, though she remained a troubled and lonely woman. To help her through her days, she had developed a predilection for sedatives and a growing co-dependence on her psychotherapist.

Monroe sought love from the world's most famous and powerful men. Frank Sinatra wooed her; Arthur Miller and Joe DiMaggio married her. She traveled with the Rat Pack, and that connection, with her beauty and desirability, gained her entrance to the highest levels of power in America, the social whirl around Robert and John F. Kennedy.

It was a badly kept secret in Hollywood and Washington that Monroe had been involved in sexual relationships with both Kennedy brothers, and that is what drew the wiretappers and surveillance experts to her new home. Most of the handiwork at Fifth Helena Drive had been done by the infamous Hollywood private detective Fred Otash, who said he was called to her home the night she died. Otash claimed actor Peter Lawford, a Rat Pack crony and the actress's liaison to the Kennedy family, hired him to go to Monroe's and sweep the place.

Otash knew what that meant; the detective had previously wired both Lawford's beach house and Monroe's Brentwood home at the behest of Jimmy Hoffa, the powerful boss of the Teamsters union, who was looking for dirt on the Kennedys. And that was just the tip of it. FBI head J. Edgar Hoover, who loathed the Kennedys, had Monroe's house bugged under the pretense that her conversations with the attorney general could constitute a national-security breach. The CIA, it has been reported, also had the house bugged. Later, Otash, who died in 1992, revealed that Monroe had also hired him, to tap her own phones.

How could so many people be monitoring Monroe's every move in that sweet little hacienda-style home without our knowing with certainty what happened in the final hours of her life? Hers is now one of the world's most investigated lives and deaths in history, the subject of two police inquiries, numerous biographies and countless documentaries. Despite the intense scrutiny, unanswered questions and conflicting accounts remain about Monroe's last days and hours.

And new revelations continue to surface. On August 5, 2005, the 43rd anniversary of her death, Monroe—who

By Lisa DePaulo



PHOTOGRAPH BY BERT STERN







would have been 79—again made headlines. The *Los Angeles Times* reported that former Los Angeles County prosecutor John Miner, who was present at the actress's postmortem, had in his possession transcripts of tape recordings Monroe made shortly before her death. On the front page of the *Times,* Miner, now 87, testified that these transcripts, taken together with Monroe's autopsy, showed in no uncertain terms that she did not commit suicide. Miner had given the transcripts to author Matthew Smith, who published parts of them in the 2003 book *Marilyn's Last Words;* Miner later talked to PLAYBOY about the inadequate police investigations, his take on the missing lab evidence and his theory of how she died.

In addition, in a series of exclusive interviews with Monroe's and DiMaggio's friends and family, PLAYBOY has discovered new information about the actress's final days that supports Miner's theory. This includes details from three sources that Monroe and DiMaggio planned to remarry on August 8, 1962, which became the day of her funeral, and that DiMaggio was the friend who advised Monroe to keep the detailed notes that became known as the "red diary," which disappeared from her room the night she died. DiMaggio, it turned out, told friends he went searching for the diary the day after Monroe died, but according to a knowledgeable source it ended up in the hands of a Kennedy family friend.

More details about Monroe and her last hours were revealed in interviews with DiMaggio's niece June, a close friend of Marilee, as June called her. Joe DiMaggio never spoke publicly about his ex-wife's death, but friends of the baseball great have furnished poignant new details from the very private legend that cast further doubt on the accepted version of events.


DAILY NEWS
NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER
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MARILYN DEAD
THE MONROE SAGA: 7 PAGES OF STORIES AND PICTURES

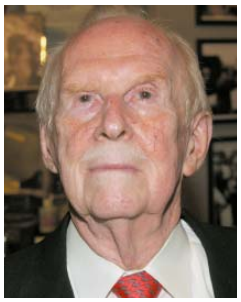
The official determination of Monroe's cause of death was suicide. Or rather, "probable suicide." Even Thomas Noguchi, the famed coroner, hedged his bets when signing his report. At the time it seemed a safe guess. For years Monroe was becoming increasingly addicted to sleeping pills and booze. Her relationships with men were a constant drama. She had no family to speak of, she never knew for sure who her father was, and her mother was confined to a mental hospital. She had tried suicide before—including, if you believe some reports, the weekend before she died, when she was ensconced in Frank Sinatra's Cal-Neva Lodge. And everyone knew of the breakdown after her marriage to Arthur Miller fell apart—just 18 months before her death—that landed her in the Payne Whitney psychiatric hospital in New York. Even DiMaggio, who was in love with her until the day he died, told friends she could quickly go from being on top of the world to being despondent. As psychological profiles go, Monroe's is a match for suicide.

And then there was the cover-up. There seems to be no doubt that the house was cleaned up, that possessions vanished and that possibly even the death scene was altered. The home was not secured until well after 4:35 A.M., when the first officer arrived at the scene, which had already been compromised by the presence of Monroe's housekeeper, Eunice Murray (who was doing laundry at that time of the morning and initially said Monroe was dead or dying at about midnight); lawyer Milton Rudin; Monroe's therapist, Dr. Ralph Greenson; her physician, Dr. Hyman Engelberg; and press agent Arthur Jacobs and his employee Pat Newcomb. Neither Rudin, Jacobs or Newcomb was contacted for follow-up questioning. Even en route to the morgue, Monroe's body was briefly diverted to the Westwood Village Mortuary. Former LAPD chief Thomas Reddin later criticized the secrecy and the incomplete nature of the investigation. But all of that could just as likely fit the suicide *(continued on page 82)*

Final months of a film goddess: (Previous page and pages 80–81) In June 1962, six weeks before her death, Monroe posed for photographer Bert Stern in Los Angeles; these photos are from that last session. (This page, from top) A still photo taken on the set of *Something's Got to Give,* her last film. With Robert and John F. Kennedy in New York City, May 19, 1962, after she sang "Happy Birthday" to the president at a Democratic rally. In February 1962 Monroe held a news conference at the Hilton hotel in Mexico City while on vacation and before starting work on *Something's Got to Give.* (Above) The New York *Daily News* front page, August 6, 1962.

"SOMEBODY KILLED HER"

John Miner, the Los Angeles County deputy district attorney who attended Marilyn Monroe's autopsy, talks about missing lab evidence, botched police work and the political pressure to label the actress's death a suicide. By Stephen Rebello



On August 5, 2005 former Los Angeles County prosecutor John Miner disclosed that he possessed transcripts of private, secret audiotapes Marilyn Monroe had recorded for her trusted psychiatrist, Dr. Ralph Greenson, several weeks before she died. Highly skeptical that the 36-year-old screen goddess had killed herself with barbiturates, Miner first came to his conclusions after witnessing Monroe's 1962 autopsy, conducted by then Los Angeles deputy medical examiner Dr. Thomas Noguchi. Greenson later invited Miner, who at the time was head of the DA's medical-legal section, to listen to Monroe's tapes on the condition that the doctor-patient confidentiality agreement be respected in perpetuity.

Greenson died in 1979 and is believed to have destroyed the tapes, which makes Miner the only living person who claims to have heard the recordings. Miner describes his transcripts, which he made hours after Greenson played the tapes for him, as "nearly verbatim." If that's true, Monroe, a woman who has ignited pop culture's collective unconscious for more than 50 years, now finally reveals herself in her own "voice" during her final days. She talks frankly about her ex-husbands, about John and Robert Kennedy, about her body as she reaches middle age, about her first orgasms, about why she won't marry Frank Sinatra, about her one-night stand with Joan Crawford and about her tremendous need to be validated as more than the moviegoing world's once and future embodiment of carnality.

Now 87, Miner, whose other famous cases include the investigation of Robert Kennedy's assassin, Sirhan Sirhan, here reveals more about what he saw during the autopsy and the resolution he hopes to provoke by bringing forward his controversial material.

PLAYBOY: What led to your becoming deputy district attorney for the county of Los Angeles in 1962 and participating in Monroe's autopsy?

MINER: I grew up in Shaker Heights, Ohio and came to Los Angeles in 1945 after getting discharged from the service. A very close friend who was working for Cecil B. DeMille got me a job with a formidable title but not a formidable salary as director of public relations for the DeMille Foundation. After a few years DeMille did me a favor by firing me, saying, "Public relations people are whores. Go to school." I went to UCLA and majored in zoology. After some time in Europe and Alaska I came back, went to law school at UCLA and at the same time took courses as a grad student in the medical school. After law school I spent a year in private practice, then took the test for deputy DA and sort of lucked out by placing first and getting the job. I could see that the DA's office needed a lawyer with a good understanding of medical issues in difficult lawsuits and in homicide, child custody and domestic violence cases. The DA at the time, William McKesson, let me create what was called the medical-legal section, which I modestly volunteered to head.

PLAYBOY: How aware were you of Monroe in 1962?

MINER: I never was a great moviegoer. *Some Like It Hot* and *The Prince and the Showgirl* were the only pictures of hers I saw before her death. Didn't she also make a film about—I'm not sure I have the title right—*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*?

PLAYBOY: That's right. How did you like her? *(continued on page 186)*











Crime-scene investigation, Hollywood, 1962: (Clockwise from top left) Former L.A. deputy district attorney John Miner, who says his tape transcripts prove Monroe was murdered. The actress's bedside table on the day of her death, August 5, 1962; witnesses say the scene was staged to support a finding of suicide. Monroe's bedroom, now a crime scene, as viewed from her yard. Police search the premises as Eunice Murray, Monroe's housekeeper and companion, stands in the doorway. Murray (bottom left) was placed in Monroe's orbit by the actress's therapist, Dr. Ralph Greenson (bottom right), whose recordings are the basis for Miner's transcripts (see next page).

MARILYN UNCENSORED

Dear Doctor, you have given me everything. Because of you I can now feel what I never felt before. I can come by myself and with somebody else. So now I am a whole woman (pun intended, like Shakespeare). Now I have control—control of myself, control of my life.

What can I give you? Not money—I know that from me that means nothing to you. Not my body—I know your professional ethics and faithfulness to your wonderful wife make that impossible. What I am going to give you is my idea that will revolutionize psychoanalysis.

Isn't it true that the key to analysis is free association? Marilyn Monroe associates. You, my doctor, by understanding and interpreting what goes on in my mind, get to my unconscious, which makes it possible for you to treat my neuroses and for me to overcome them. But when you tell me to relax and say whatever I am thinking, I blank out and have nothing to say; that's what you and Dr. Freud call resistance. So we talk about other things, and I answer your questions as best I can. You are the only person in the world I have never told a lie and never will.

Oh yes, dreams. I know they are important. But you want me to free associate about the dream elements. I have the same blanking out—more resistance for you and Dr. Freud to complain about.

I read his *Introductory Lectures*. God, what a genius. He makes it so understandable. And he is so right. Didn't he say himself that Shakespeare and Dostoyevsky had a better understanding of psychology than all the scientists put together? Damn it, they do.

You told me to read Molly Bloom's mental meanderings—I can use words, can't I?—to get a feeling for free association. When I did, I got my great idea.

As I read it, something bothered me. Here is Joyce writing what a woman thinks to herself. Can he really know her innermost thoughts? But after I read the whole book, I could better understand that Joyce



In her own words Marilyn Monroe speaks of former husbands, lovers of both genders, Sinatra, Shakespeare, Freud, the Kennedys, orgasms and her dreams for the future

is an artist who could penetrate the souls of people, male or female. It really doesn't matter that Joyce didn't have tits or a cunt or never felt a menstrual cramp. Wait a minute. As you must have guessed, I am free associating, and you are going to hear a lot of bad language. Because of my respect for you I've never been able to say the words I'm really thinking during our sessions. But now I am going to say whatever I think, no matter what it is.

I can do that because of my idea, which, if you'll be patient, I'll tell you about.

That's funny. I ask you to be patient, but I am your patient. Yet to be patient and to be a patient makes a kind of Shakespearean sense, doesn't it?

Back to Joyce. To me Leopold Bloom is a central character. He is the despised Irish Jew married to an Irish Catholic woman. Through those two characters, Joyce develops much of what he wants to say. Do you agree that the scene where Bloom is looking at the little girl on the swing is the most erotic in the book?

I keep getting sidetracked. Well, that's what free association is.

Okay, my idea! To start with, there is the doctor and the patient. I don't like the word *analysand*. It makes it seem as though treating a sick mind is different from treating a sick body. However, you and Dr. Freud say the mind is part of the body. That makes the person getting treated a patient.

I'll bet Gertrude Stein would say a patient is a patient is a patient. See, free association can be fun.

Anyway, you are in a doctor's office, and the doctor says, "I want you to say whatever you are thinking, no matter what it is." And you can't think of a damn thing. How many times after a session would I go home and cry because I thought it was my fault?

While reading Molly's blathering, the idea came to me: Get a tape recorder, put a tape in, turn it on and say whatever you are thinking,

(continued on page 197)



PHOTOGRAPH BY LEIF-ERIK NYGÅRDS

MARILYN

(continued from page 78)

theory as the foul-play one. In those days studios controlled stars' images in life and death, and if Monroe had secrets, plenty of secrets, powerful people would have wanted to get rid of any trace of what she knew. Or recorded. Or wrote down.

We are left with a haunting photograph of her—lying naked on her stomach on her bed, partially wrapped in white sheets, with a phone receiver dangling from her hand, her face in a pillow, her hair a gorgeous mess of platinum blonde—taken on the morning of August 5, 1962. The phone cord leads out of the room; on the bedside table are pill bottles. This is what the Los Angeles Police Department found when called to the scene at 4:35 A.M. by Greenson. He was on the premises with Engelberg, who had pronounced Monroe dead at four A.M. from an overdose of barbiturates.

The transcripts contained bombshells: Marilyn was trying to dump Robert Kennedy, she was getting her career and personal life together, and her newfound strength threatened the powerful men in her life.

But even this photograph, part of the official scenario, has been contradicted, questioned and refuted for half a century. Was the night table really bare, as some witnesses reported, and then later covered with empty pill bottles? Did the water glass magically appear later? Was her body really found that way? And why was the housekeeper doing laundry at 4:30 in the morning?

John Miner has never disputed that Monroe died from an overdose of Nembutal, the highly addictive sleep aid of the time. But he claims that no evidence from her autopsy proved she swallowed 30 to 40 pills that night. His interpretation of Noguchi's analysis of her stomach contents and the condition of her organs led him to conclude she did not swallow those pills. Nor was there any evidence that she or someone else had injected the drugs; no needle marks were found on her body. That left a surprising theory: death by enema.

Miner's hypothesis—backed by some forensics experts, disputed by others—is that sometime on the night of August 4, 1962, Monroe was given a dose of chloral hydrate, a sleeping pill that would knock her out cold, and then was administered an enema filled with a toxic Nembutal solution that poisoned her liver and killed her within an hour.

But murder by enema? Actually, it has been done. Last February a Texas woman was indicted for negligent homicide for giving her husband a sherry enema that caused fatal alcohol poisoning. But more important, anyone who knew Monroe knew that she, like other female stars of her time, including Mae West and Joan Crawford, was fond of enemas. They were routinely used in Hollywood to purify the body of toxins, as a means to youthful skin and in some instances as an erotic thrill. To the question of whether Monroe could have administered the lethal enema herself, Miner says the potency of the drug makes that impossible; she would have passed out. (See *"Somebody Killed Her,"* page 79.)

Miner's main disclosure has less to do with forensics and everything to do with the most riveting subject: Monroe's state of mind in her final days. In addition to serving as a deputy DA in Los Angeles at the time, Miner happened to be a social acquaintance of Greenson's. After Monroe's death and after seeing her cold body dissected on a slab in the morgue, Miner paid Greenson a visit. What he heard that day in 1962 from Monroe's well-known and highly regarded (but also controversial) shrink was explosive: hours of tape-recorded ramblings Monroe made in the days and weeks leading up to her death. (It has been established that she bought a reel-to-reel tape recorder in mid-July.)

Miner would wait four decades to divulge all the details of what he heard, in part because he promised the therapist he would never reveal the recordings' contents. But over the years aspersions were cast on Greenson, whom Miner greatly admired, and Miner asked his widow if he could finally come forward with what he knew. There are, to be fair, a few red flags about Miner's 40-year-old memories. Miner admits that when Greenson played him the Monroe tapes he neither recorded what he heard nor took notes but ran home and re-created from memory everything he'd heard. Because of that, what is purported to be Monroe's exact words should of course be tempered with the understanding that few humans could possibly re-create the precise wording from memory, even if the voice was Monroe's. (Greenson apparently destroyed the tapes before his death in 1979. See our excerpt, *Marilyn Uncensored,* which begins on page 80.)

Here was evidence, Miner claimed, that Monroe was not suicidal in the days preceding her death. His bombshells included the news that she was trying to dump Robert Kennedy (not the other way around), that she was *(continued on page 192)*

BODY AND SOUL

Marilyn Monroe's adoring multitudes imagined that all she thought about was sex, but that was true only of the characters she played. And Marilee, as I called her, confided in me that she didn't even like making love.

Since Marilyn was always welcome in our home, I always kept a terry cloth robe for her to lounge in after a shower, along with a clean T-shirt and pair of her own jeans for her to change into. One time when she arrived I saw an extra sadness on her face. I didn't want to pry but sensed that it was after one of the times she'd been forced to succumb to the wishes of one of those degenerates who ran the studio.

Marilyn couldn't afford emotions when she had to sleep with wrinkled old men to survive in the business. She had to protect herself by virtually turning them off during those times—as if she were playing a part in order to remove herself from the horror of the situation. When these highly placed, high-priced moguls owned her body and soul, she couldn't afford a life of her own. There were times, she told me, when she came home exhausted from a day's shoot and some powerful old geezer would telephone and her skin would crawl.

After some of the horrors of her studio sex she would come over and stay in our shower for an hour or more. She wanted to wash away the terrible experience she'd had to endure. Then she'd sit down to dinner and ask for second helpings. I think she wanted, consciously or not, to gain enough weight that maybe they'd leave her alone.

Once when I asked Marilyn, "Did you have an orgasm?" she simply asked back, "What's that?" And she wasn't being funny!

My mother, Lee, was very close to Marilyn. Once I told her that Marilyn was so sexy and that I wished I could be more like her. This time Mother got angry, and it slipped out: "Poor Marilyn hates sex," she told me. "Because she's a sex symbol, they think she's in bed with everyone."

Actually, she wasn't fond of sex even with Joe, though she did love him. She felt only an obligation as his wife—at least at the beginning. But I think through his patience and affection she did learn how to enjoy the beauties of lovemaking.

Excerpted from *Marilyn, Joe and Me,* by June DiMaggio, as told to Mary Jane Popp, copyright December 2005, Authentic Creations Inc., Atlanta, Georgia. Special thanks to Robert W. Otto, president and CEO of Marilyn Monroe Exhibits LLC, for his assistance.



"I'll be a bit late, dear. Dancer threw a shoe over Greenland."





It's four days to the Super Bowl, crunch time for the brokers who hustle the sweetest seats for the biggest event at the highest stakes: Twenty-five thousand tickets at a two-grand markup equals $50 million in profits—but not everyone comes out a winner

The TICKET MASTERS

By JONATHAN LITTMAN

The black Dodge Ram weaves through traffic at 85 miles an hour like a tailback following a block. Destination: Jacksonville, Florida. The Little General taps his can of Skoal against the steering wheel, a silver Rolex glinting on his wrist. Junior, in faded jeans and mirrored shades, his blond hair cropped with a wave, rides shotgun.

"Hello Moto! Hello Moto!" their phones chirp in unison. The brothers do a double take and burst out laughing. They haven't seen each other in a while and can't believe they've picked the same ring for their brand-spanking-new cells. Which makes it kind of silly, since their $700 Razrs ring practically on the minute.

Crammed in back are three big suitcases, jackets, shirts and two leather shoulder bags with $165,000 in cash and another $70,000 in tickets. No guns. At least none I've been told about.

It's Wednesday afternoon of Super Bowl week. The brothers are ticket brokers, hustlers. This is the first leg of their triple crown—the Super Bowl, followed by college basketball's Final Four and the Masters. You want to be there, they deliver the ticket. Every experience has its price, and the final price of this experience is constantly in flux. Wireless notepad open on his lap, Junior scans ticket prices on TraderDaily.com. Prices seem to be creeping up, but then again he isn't sure the numbers are real—yet. It's a futures exchange. As in the stock market or the Chicago exchange, you can make a killing or get killed. In past years the brothers have made out handsomely on the world's biggest football game. Four out of five Super Bowls, they raked it in. But the older brother, the Little General in this operation, has no idea how this one will turn out. He has plenty of orders for seats priced from $1,800 to $2,300, paid in advance with credit cards and corporate checks by some of his best clients. The $165,000 in cash is to buy the tickets in Jacksonville from fellow brokers and hustlers. "We're in a little trouble on the get-ins," he explained the night before about the lowest-priced seats. "Our cream orders should be fine. Those prices are coming down." It's all a calculated gamble. His main hedge is that he has insisted on late delivery times—mostly Saturday and Sunday—which give him a little more leeway to turn a profit.

There are other risks. As we near Jacksonville, the General takes a call from a broker who sent a runner there to "dig tickets." The runner—and the cash—have gone missing.

"How much cash did he have?" asks the General. "Six figures?"

"Almost."

"Did you check the police and hospitals?"

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERTO PARADA

"Yeah."

"All right. If you need us to do anything, let us know. We'll keep our fingers crossed."

The General hangs up. "I hate bad stories," he says. "That's a bad story."

"That's a very scary story," Junior says. "Maybe he's got a gambling problem."

"Or someone could have rolled him," says the General, spitting into his cup.

The brothers need to deliver 110 Super Bowl tickets. The countdown begins; kickoff is in four days.

The brothers fall silent on that thought. It's too late in the day to squirrel away their $165,000 in a Jacksonville safe-deposit box. And tonight, with hordes of thieves, hookers, gangsters, pickpockets and all manner of con artists descending on this backwater city for our nation's biggest sports extravaganza, we're not exactly staying at Fort Knox. It's February 2, day one of the Super Bowl ticket hustle. The brothers need to buy and deliver about 110 tickets. The countdown begins; kickoff is in just four days.

•

I first meet the Little General in the bedlam of his hometown NBA team's coliseum after a victory at the buzzer. The Little General is not tall. Although he hails from the Midwest, he has a Southern-patrician demeanor about him, and he's square-jawed with bright eyes and a broad grin. Junior is the head turner in the family, with a natural lip snarl and a wicked sense of humor. I know the duo's other brother, a top hedge-fund manager who lives thousands of miles away. At a Christmas party the eldest brother told me about how he'd grown up scalping tickets—and how both his younger brothers followed in his footsteps and never gave up the hustle. And why would they? Brokers at the General's level make $300,000 to $500,000 a year, largely by buying in advance and then reselling blocks of tickets for NBA and college football games. That is their day job, one that leaves ample time for leisure or the vice of their choice. The Super Bowl is where they throw the dice, making or losing as much as $80,000 in a single week.

The Little General is a man who lives by his cell phone, so in the middle of our first few phone conversations he would drop off to do tickets. Once, after an unusually long interruption, he came back on the line. "That was kind of a weird one," he said. He'd just completed the sale of two tickets to Bush's inaugural ball. His attorney friend is buddies with a congressman. Then again, I once called the General on a weekday morning, and he asked me to hold on; I heard muffled voices and then "Get up, get up, get up, get up—*get in the hole!*" The General's daytime office is his golf club. Except for five madcap days at the Super Bowl and the whirlwind, back-to-back weeks of the Final Four and the Masters, the General mostly works on his swing.

The night of my arrival at the NBA coliseum, we have spoken for just a few minutes when he invites me to join him at his Tuesday-night poker game. On the way out he shares a kiss with the cute waitress. His new Ram is parked out front, a stone's throw from the arena. We cruise a residential neighborhood, and the site of tonight's game might as well have a neon sign on it—two lipstick-red doors with portholes that look as if they were torn from a nightclub. Inside is a felt-covered poker table crowded by eight raucous men. A girl bursting out of her bikini top gives the General his first shot of vodka—with her cleavage. She lowers her breasts to serve up my first refreshment, too.

"I was afraid you might be a bookworm," the Little General says and smiles. "You'll be fine."

The General offers a preview of some of the characters we'll be meeting in the next few days. "Most of the time they won't even know who you are," he says. "I might even say you're the bagman."

THE DEAL

The General is considered a midsize licensed broker. He takes far more risk than smaller brokers who lack the resources or constitution to take dozens or hundreds of advance orders for major events like the Super Bowl. The General's clients are salesmen, businessmen, lawyers and, indirectly, major corporations. His tickets come from some of those same clients, as well as a network of street hustlers and scalpers. In the food chain above the General sit the major national brokers with annual revenue ranging from tens of millions of dollars to $100 million, firms like RazorGator Tickets, Encore Tickets and Ticket City. Recently TicketsNow and StubHub have emerged as big online players.

Some Super Bowl facts: The NFL presold more than 78,000 tickets to the game, though it does not want to say exactly how many or precisely to whom. "It's a private business," says Brian McCarthy of the NFL. "It's not a secretive thing. It's just a business practice."

The NFL sells 13,000 tickets at $600 each and approximately 65,000 at $500, adding up to ticket sales of more than $40 million. If the Super Bowl were a dud, that would be the end of it. But of course it's a massively popular spectacle. Tens of thousands of the some 78,000 tickets are resold through brokers and scalpers to corporations and individuals. The NFL says it "really has no idea" how many tickets are resold, though it eagerly acknowledges that "tickets sold at $500 or $600 are probably woefully underpriced."

Upon winning the AFC Championship in Pittsburgh, the Patriots took possession of 17.5 percent of the Super Bowl tickets, which are held by the NFL in a vault. The math confused me at first. The NFL states that "no tickets are given away. Everyone pays for them." That means owners, players, corporations and fans. So on January 23, or soon after, the Patriots had to pay the NFL for nearly 14,000 tickets—in other words, the team coughed up more than $7 million.

That sounds like a $7 million penalty for making it to the Super Bowl, unless you dig a little deeper. Two thousand tickets would easily take care of each team's players and staff, as well as a number of bigwigs. What do the teams do with their other 12,000 tickets? Neither the Patriots nor the Eagles would comment. Nor would any of the other major entities who pay for NFL ticket allotments—Budweiser, Fox, CBS and Ford. Typical was the response of a Pepsi-Cola spokeswoman, who said, "We don't share information about when we receive tickets and how many we receive."

Despite the official silence, the brokers I interviewed estimate that roughly 25 percent to 30 percent of the allotments—nearly 25,000 tickets—enter what's called the secondary market. The opening market price for those tickets ranged from $1,900 to $6,000. If you take an average final-resale range of $2,500 to $2,600, you come up with a $2,000 average markup. Multiply that by 25,000 tickets and you get $50 million in profit for those who sell and resell those secondary tickets. That's an estimate of how much NFL teams, players, sponsors, brokers, scalpers and fans can make on the difference between a ticket's face value and its street value. In other words, the lucky souls who get NFL allotments—the chance to pay $500 to $600 for strips of cardboard—can easily triple or quadruple their money.

Who gets the tickets depends on who you are. As George Orwell wrote in *Animal Farm,* "All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others." When it comes to the Super Bowl, the most equal animals are the owners of the two participating teams, who receive a combined 35 percent. The host city's team gets five percent, and the networks, official *(continued on page 176)*



"I remember when you were this high."

SEX IN CINEMA

2005

PASSION, ARDOR, FUN, FOOLISHNESS—IN THIS YEAR'S FILMS, THE WORLD'S MOST INTRIGUING SUBJECT WAS SELDOM OUT OF SIGHT OR MIND

BY STEPHEN REBELLO

THINK of it as a minor insurrection: In a year when Hollywood tent-pole movies were enjoying their predictable, if unpredictably short, tenures atop the weekly box-office charts, in rolled *Wedding Crashers.* Not long ago such a merry sex romp might have trimmed its bawdiness and wedged itself into a PG-13 rating to attract throbbing adolescents. Instead, Owen Wilson, Vince Vaughn et al. took an R and unleashed their inner hounds. Moviegoers rejoiced; tired of masked men and special effects, they seemed glad to see some flesh and blood.

There were other, more serious risk-takers this year, most notably Atom Egoyan's *Where the Truth Lies,* in which an ambitious journalist exposes the kinky inclinations of a Martin and Lewis–type comedy team. Pushing the envelope as well were Michael Winterbottom's *9 Songs,* which shows full-on sex by actors Margo Stilley and Kieran O'Brien; European art-house items *Ma Mère,* with S&M-tinged mom-son incest, and *Anatomy of Hell,* Catherine Breillat's examination of gynophobia; and homegrown films such as *The Woodsman,* about a recently paroled child molester, and *Pretty Persuasion,* in which a high school student accuses a teacher of sexual harassment. The sexiest films, though, were those in which simple pulchritude was vividly displayed. Think of *Mr. & Mrs. Smith,* with the charismatic Angelina Jolie and Brad Pitt; *Alfie,* with Jude Law and Sienna Miller (left); or the fun film noir *Sin City,* which alluringly showcases Carla Gugino, Brittany Murphy and especially Jessica Alba as a lasso-swinging pole dancer. Yahoo!



The Hostess With the Mostest

In *Wedding Crashers* (above), 50-and-fabulous Jane Seymour makes a play for Owen Wilson before he can move on her daughter. Looks like Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman, now offers sexual healing.

She Stoops to Conquer

The one truly epic thing about Oliver Stone's *Alexander* (below left) is the spectacle of Rosario Dawson as Colin Farrell's barbarian bride. That and Farrell's epically awful Crocodile Hunter dye job.

You Can Leave Your Hat On

Charlize Theron has her *Head in the Clouds* (below right) as a 1930s heiress fond of madcap milk baths with co-star and real-life squeeze Stuart Townsend, who later ditches her to fight the Spanish civil war.







No Suit Unskimped

The Dukes of Hazzard (above) turned out to be a pretty witless affair, but Jessica Simpson's outfits (sized teeny, weeny and why bother?) prove that brevity is the soul of profundity.

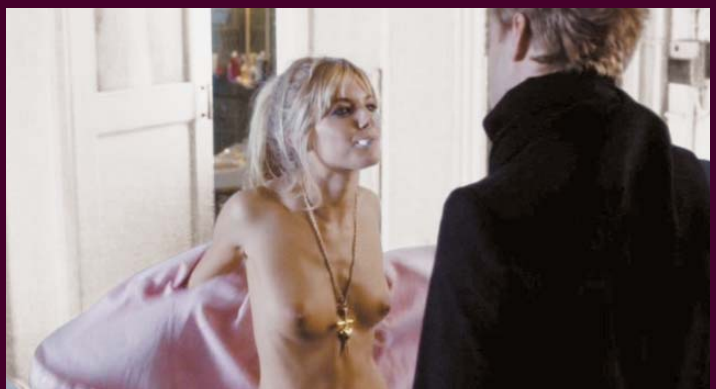
But Can She Read *Pat the Bunny*?

In *Alfie* (below left), Sienna Miller—channeling Julie Christie circa *Darling*—appears to have sufficient charm to keep any man happy. Any man, that is, who doesn't employ a nanny.

Asian Persuasion

In *Memoirs of a Geisha* (below right), destitute beauty Ziyi Zhang gets sold into a lifetime of bewitching rich clients. Here she shows how to please a man by apparently washing a sock.









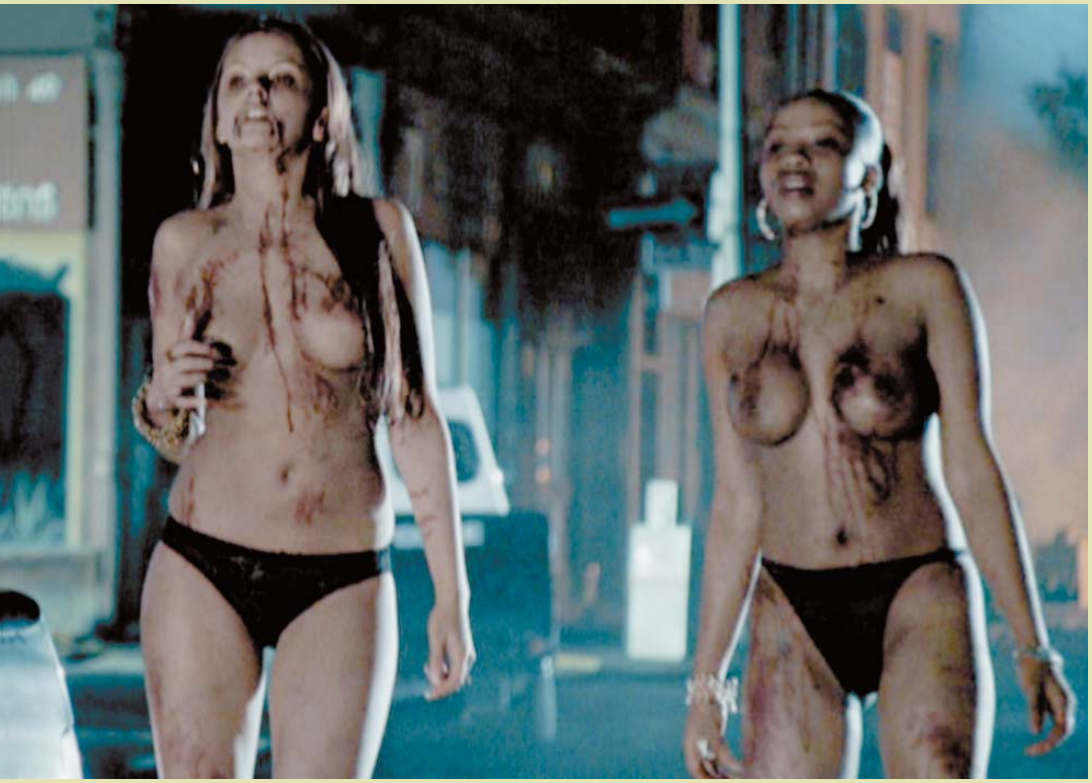


Two's a Crowd

In *Girl Play* (above) real-life lovers Robin Greenspan (right) and Lacie Harmon (left) play actresses who hook up while playing lovers onstage. So actresses who are lovers play actresses who are lovers playing lovers. Dizzy?

Deadly Weapons

Carla Gugino plays a topless lesbian parole officer in *Sin City* (above), Robert Rodriguez and Frank Miller's film noir about rabid killers, iffy lawmen and fiercely wicked dames. We know—we had you at "topless lesbian parole officer."



The Naked and the Undead

It's a comfort knowing that even Venice Grant and Ana Danilina, bloodthirsty zombies on a rampage in *Resident Evil: Apocalypse* (left), still find time to shop at Victoria's Secret.

Songs Sung Blue

Michael Winterbottom's *9 Songs* (below left) features Margo Stilley and Kieran O'Brien doing little except going to rock concerts, philosophizing and having lots of sex. Note: It's explicit philosophizing.

See Anything You Like?

In *A Love Song for Bobby Long* (below), would-be writer Gabriel Macht isn't happy his new landlady is a sullen teenage twerp. But since she's an underdressed Scarlett Johansson, he's willing to cut her some slack.











Take Notes
Students, here's the procedure: (1) Take a chick to see a chick flick like *The Notebook* (above). (2) See the chick in the chick flick flip. (3) After the movie, begin the evening's real entertainment. Repeat as needed.

A Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother
In *Ma Mère* (above right), Isabelle Huppert teaches her son about threesomes and other experimental behavior. Surely this isn't what the PTA meant about more parental involvement.

Dental Delight
In *Thumbsucker* (below), guru-orthodontist Keanu Reeves turns 17-year-old Lou Pucci into a stud muffin. Here Pucci instructs Sarah Bing, Olivia D. Brown and Sarah Iverson in oral care.







If the Trailer's Rocking...

In Wim Wenders's *Don't Come Knocking* (above), cowboy movie star Sam Shepard wonders whether his life is worth redeeming and why nobody can stay awake when he starts talking about it.

Trojan Mojo

Legend says that Helen of Troy had a face that launched a thousand ships, but Diane Kruger's butt in *Troy* (below) certainly seems cute enough to set Orlando Bloom's dinghy afloat.

Assassin Wrasslin'

In *Mr. & Mrs. Smith* (above), Brad Pitt is wondering if he can get Angelina Jolie to stop thinking about the gun on her thigh for a minute and start concentrating on the pistol in his pocket.



Not Exactly Self-Evident

In *Anatomy of Hell* (below left) iconoclastic director Catherine Breillat aims to shed a harsh light on the way men react to vaginas. Judging from our reaction to this picture of Amira Casar, Breillat has her work cut out for her.

He Posted This Picture on His Web

Start with a bit of bondage, then add a splash of water to an apparently bra-bereft Kirsten Dunst (below). The result? A sight to inspire anyone, let alone the hero of *Spider-Man 2,* to rescue this beauty from Doc Ock.









"I Promise—This Is Exactly How Dr. Seuss Worked"

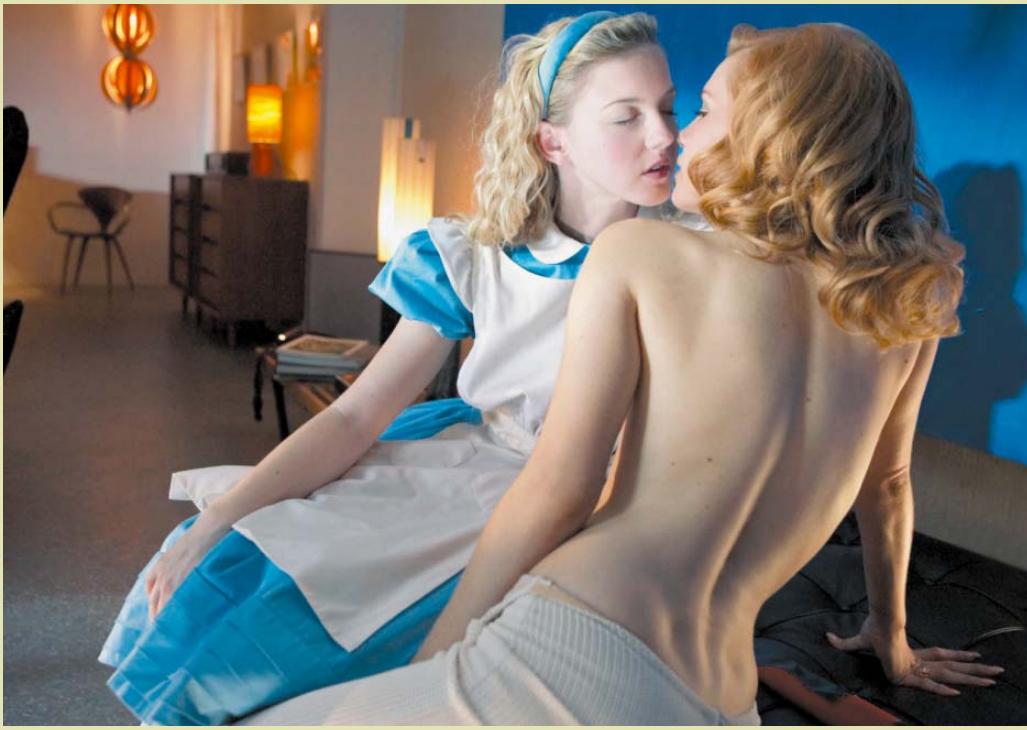
In *The Door in the Floor* (above), life-drawing model Mimi Rogers puts it all out there for eccentric kids' author-illustrator Jeff Bridges. What did she think he was working on, *Horton Hears a Hooter*?

The Tricky Truth

In *Where the Truth Lies,* wacky comedian Kevin Bacon pairs with silky singer Colin Firth to share fame, drugs and chambermaid Rachel Blanchard (above right), while reporter Alison Lohman (right) learns that canoodling in Wonderland leads to blackmail.

Hit Me, Baby, One More Time

Burned-out international hit man and world-class hell-raiser Pierce Brosnan contemplates the aftermath of his latest kiss-kiss, bang-bang misadventure in Mexico in the maliciously funny *Matador* (below).









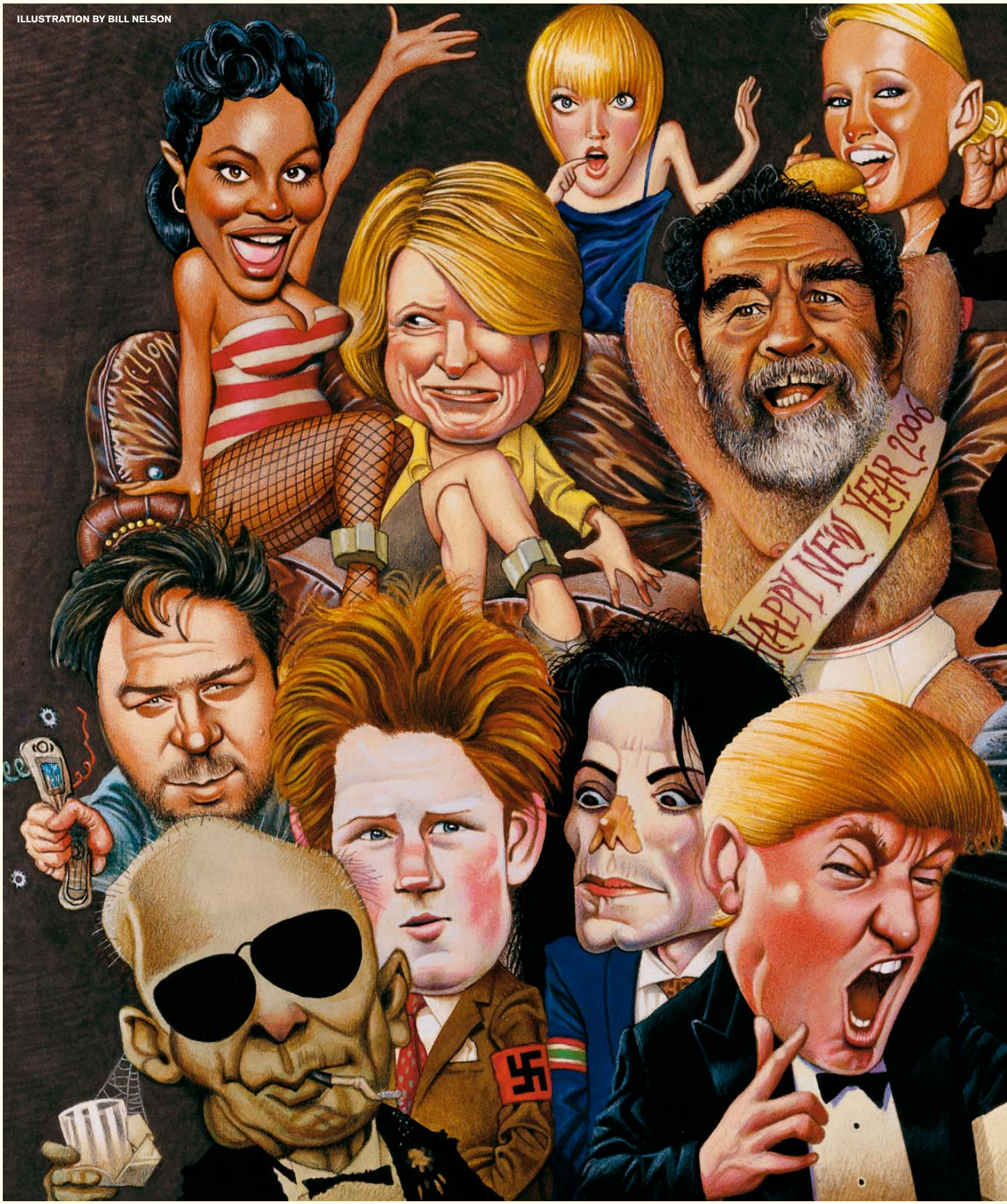
Closer but No Cigar
Under a pink wig or naturally coiffed, Natalie Portman so easily ignited desire in Clive Owen in *Closer* (above left) that both got Oscar nominations. Fidelity, possessiveness and winning proved harder to manage.

Shocking Therapy
While her nasty psychiatrist husband slaves away in *Asylum* (above right), lonely Natasha Richardson prescribes a very personal treatment for the passionate, if homicidal, patient Marton Csokas.

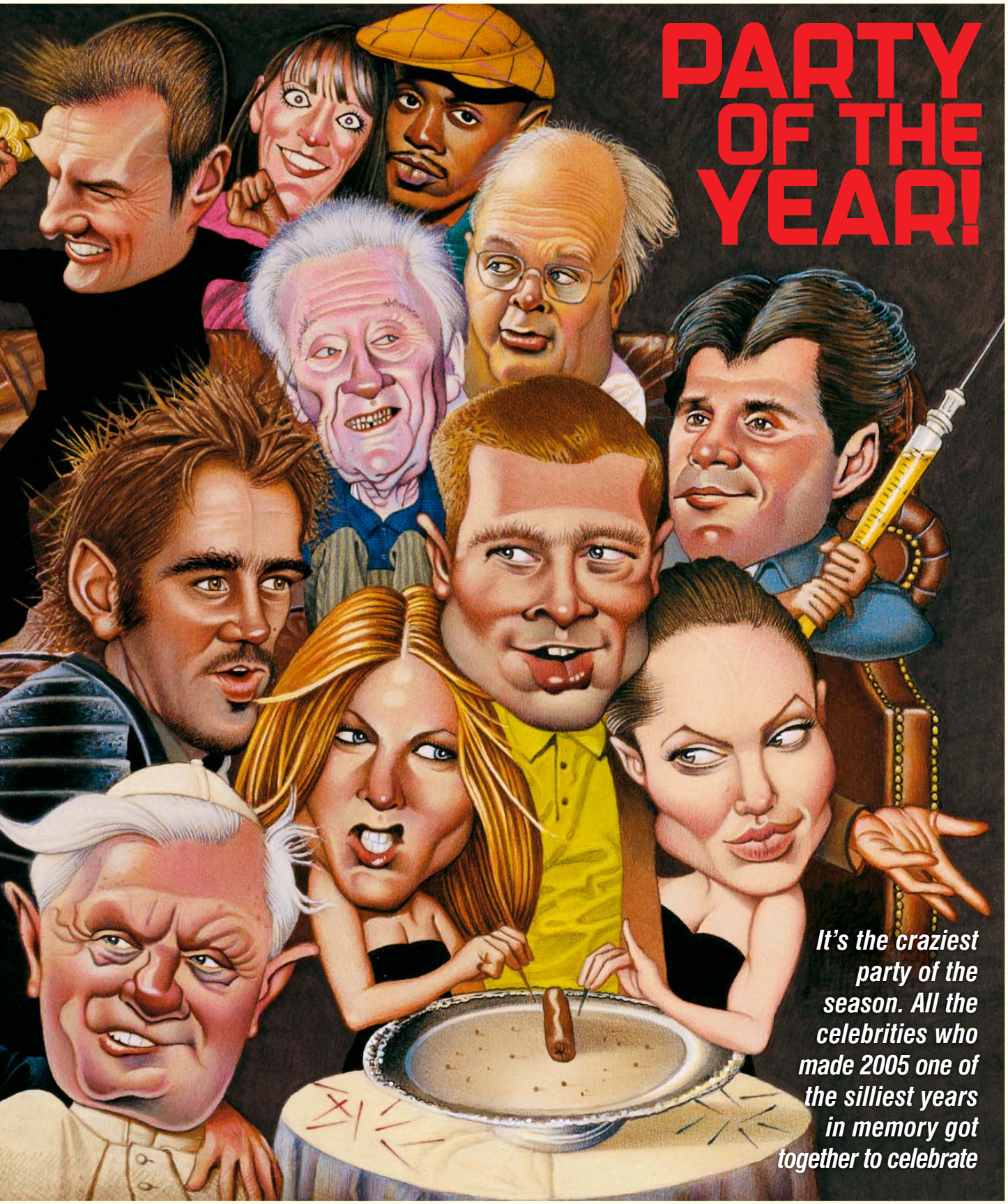
A Roll With Stone
Former funnyman Bill Murray has become our most melancholic actor. In *Broken Flowers* (below) he plays a man in a funk so deep that even a romp with Sharon Stone can't reignite his basic instinct.



ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON



Counterclockwise from top center: 8:05 P.M. Paris Hilton, worshipping her Carl's Jr. cheeseburger, wonders where half of Lindsay Lohan went. 8:34 P.M. Martha Stewart discusses ankle-bracelet couture with fresh jailbird Lil' Kim. 9:13 P.M. Russell Crowe looks for a mate to play cell phone catch. 9:42 P.M. Hunter! Man, who left you here? 9:53 P.M. Exoneree of the year Michael Jackson compares kooky armbands with freelance humorist Prince Harry. 10:22 P.M. Donald Trump advises Pope Benedict XVI to say, "You're damned." 10:41 P.M. Homemade-video star Colin



Farrell discusses hair dye with Brad Pitt while Jennifer Aniston and Angelina Jolie vie for the last cocktail wienie. 10:59 P.M. "Show me your fastball, Russ!" shouts steroids pitchman Jose Canseco. 11:17 P.M. Recently revealed Deep Throat Mark Felt swaps leaking tips with press-whisperer-in-chief Karl Rove. 11:31 P.M. Runaway bride Jennifer Wilbanks dashes for the door with runaway comedian Dave Chappelle. 11:59 P.M. Tom Cruise jumps on the sofa one more time to remind us that he really, really loves—Hey, it's the spirit of 2006! Baby Saddam, you look great!



20Q

BY LAWRENCE GROBEL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LORI STOLL

AL PACINO

HE'S PLAYED MICHAEL CORLEONE AND TONY MONTANA. HE KNOWS WHERE THE BODIES ARE BURIED

Q1

PLAYBOY: You're considered one of the best actors of your generation. And yet some people might say——

PACINO: I know, I haven't made a good film since *Dog Day Afternoon*. Somebody at a press conference once asked me, "Do you think you'll ever be as good as you were in *Dog Day*?" And I said flatly, "No." That answered that.

Q2

PLAYBOY: That's 30 years ago. Fans of *Scarface* may disagree.

PACINO: Well, that's one in 30 years. How's that for a batting average? [*laughs*]

Q3

PLAYBOY: Come on, we don't have to remind you of what you've done. You even won an Oscar for 1992's *Scent of a Woman*.

PACINO: I'm horsing around here. I don't think I could compare my films. It's a matter of evolving and changing, going one way, then sideways, then up, then down. It's what we do. Everybody who has achieved a certain amount of success as an actor has certain seminal pictures.

Q4

PLAYBOY: So if you could select five or six of your works to put in a time capsule, which would they be?

PACINO: To show who I was? I would have to go back and painstakingly look at every one of the films I've made and discuss it with some people and come up with some conclusions. Just off the top I'd say *Godfather I* and *II, Scarface, Serpico, Looking for Richard* and *Dick Tracy*.

Q5

PLAYBOY: How do you account for the lasting impact your *Scarface* character seems to have had? Tony Montana is on T-shirts, sweatshirts, headbands, posters. Rap singers such as Snoop Dogg and baseball players such as David Ortiz have called it their favorite film.

PACINO: *Scarface* somehow captured people's imagination. It has all the ingredients of the movies of old, the guy bucking the odds. It's such a visceral picture—you either go with it or you don't. I must say that I did find I had galvanized my energy when I did that character. Everything sort of came together for me. *Scarface* was vilified, for the most part, when it came out. It was more of an underground movie. But here it is, almost 25 years later, and it's still surviving with tremendous gusto. That's why you have to stay with a thing if you feel it.

Q6

PLAYBOY: When you go to parties, are you ever asked to imitate Tony?

PACINO: It depends on the party. And since I haven't been to a party in 47 years, I can say only that I've dreamed I've been to a party where people asked me.

Q7

PLAYBOY: The generation before yours produced three actors that others emulated: Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift and James Dean. Your generation's three are you, Robert De Niro and Jack Nicholson. Who belongs in the generation that has followed yours?

PACINO: Sean Penn, Johnny Depp and Russell Crowe. They should be in *The Brothers Karamazov* together.

Q8

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised Penn wanted to get out of acting some years ago?

PACINO: Sometimes you go through these phases. He has a real gift for directing, too, and writing. Part of it is his need to be in control of things. When you're an actor you have to be able to let go of that control. I think he's come to terms with that. He's a great actor in movies. Look at Bobby De Niro—he waited a long time to direct, and he made a wonderful movie with *A Bronx Tale*. Now he's directing another one, a spy movie with Matt Damon. The point is, he's quite capable of directing.

Q9

PLAYBOY: Why aren't you?

PACINO: I don't know why. There's a misconception about directors. They're people who can bring you into a story in a certain way and tell the story directorially. Warren Beatty can do it. He's a sensational actor, but he's also a great director.

Robert Redford can do it. He speaks in a language only a director can speak. I don't see the world that way. I wouldn't know how to do it, nor would I care to. Only on occasion did I know I could direct—as with *Looking for Richard,* which was an extension of my vision of something I wanted to say. Sometimes I'm very inarticulate unless I'm emotional. I can't speak in a cold, clear, meticulous way. I'm not good at that. That's not the case with acting, because I've been doing it my whole life. Acting comes more naturally to me. Or it used to. I don't know—now bullshitting comes more naturally to me.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Yet you have a boxed set of three independent films coming out soon on DVD. You directed two of them—*Chinese Coffee* and *Looking for Richard*—and you were heavily involved with the third, *The Local Stigmatic*. Why did it take so long for you to release them?
PACINO: I'll tell you the truth: I don't know what the hell I was doing by not letting them out. Why didn't I? Frankly, I don't know why.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned that since some of these works have never been shown in theaters they may be interpreted as failures?
PACINO: The truth is, they could have been released. Distributors wanted to release them. But Fox Searchlight Pictures and I came to the conclusion that it was better for the films to be released on DVD. It's like putting out a paperback instead of a hardback. Our world has changed; DVDs have become more acceptable now. When we consider the film, we have to consider what we've got and not pretend it's something else. We're not pretending these movies are going to compete with other movies in theaters.

Q12

PLAYBOY: Would you say *The Local Stigmatic,* a violent, dense film about two Cockney lowlifes, is a good date film?
PACINO: [*Laughs*] If you happen to be a resident of a mental institution and you get breaks periodically. It's only 52 minutes long. Maybe if you take your nurse or psychiatrist.

Q13

PLAYBOY: And what about *Chinese Coffee,* a grim story about two older artists whose lives haven't turned out as expected?
PACINO: Well, if you weren't a resident of an institution, you'd be joining one shortly after seeing both of those films together. I just hope people get through them without falling asleep or turning them off. Basically these are pieces of material that I enjoyed, that I liked when I read them. There's something about getting a reaction to a work that stimulates you. You want to share it with someone. That was the principle of it. Who am I to hold on to this stuff when a lot of work I've done is already out there, open for scrutiny, and these aren't nearly in the same class as some of those things? So I thought, What the hell, I might as well release them. What can happen? If people like the set and it becomes a collector's item—or if they don't and it doesn't—I made the effort.

Q14

PLAYBOY: When you read reviews, whether good or bad, do you ignore them?
PACINO: Positive ones can be as harmful as negative ones. When I was a young actor I hoped to go unnoticed. I hoped only that they would say I was adequate, which I thought was better than being told I was lousy. When I was in a play called *Awake and Sing!* at the Charles Playhouse in Boston, we were backstage while the play was going on. An actor was reading something and banging his fist, saying, "Wow! Fantastic!" I came around the corner and said, "What's going on?" And he said, "Oh, nothing." He got a little nervous. He then said, "Just a great notice." I said, "Oh yeah?" And I started reading it, and it was a fantastic, glowing notice—until the last paragraph, where it said, "With the one exception of Al Pacino. If you could tolerate him…." As I was reading it I heard my cue to go onstage. [*laughs*] And I started laughing. I thought it was funny. I was 25. I'd love to be at that stage again, when I could laugh at the magnificent timing of it all.

Q15

PLAYBOY: *Two for the Money,* starring you and Matthew McConaughey, came out shortly before your DVD collection. How do you decide which to promote?
PACINO: I do try to help out a movie that cost a certain amount of money to make. But *Two for the Money* has a different audience than the DVDs of my small films, so how I promote each is different. The DVDs will have to find outlets—I could see myself on *Charlie Rose* or perhaps *Larry King* talking about them. On *Charlie Rose* I could just stare and let him do the talking. I'm not big on being on television.

Q16

PLAYBOY: Why don't you like the talk show circuit?
PACINO: I don't think I function very well on camera. Maybe I just haven't done talk shows enough. I grew up when actors didn't do that sort of thing, and today they do. I'm a little behind on adjusting to it. But here we are talking about my DVDs, and I've become a promoter. Next thing we'll be promoting the heavyweight championship between me and Dustin Hoffman. Did you know that Alexander Cohen, the great impresario, had an idea many years ago to go to a boxing ring in Madison Square Garden and have me and Dustin put on the gloves? I wonder if he ever mentioned that to Dustin, because he mentioned it to me. All I said was, "Can we do it without gloves?" People have these ideas. I swear to you, that was his idea.

Q17

PLAYBOY: *Godfather I* and *II* are at the top of most lists of great American films. What's the problem with *The Godfather Part III*?
PACINO: You know what the problem with that film is? The real problem? Nobody wants to see Michael have retribution and feel guilty. That's not who he is. In the other scripts, in Michael's mind he is avenging his family and saving them. Michael never thinks of himself as a gangster—not as a child, not while he is one and not afterward. That is not the image he has of himself. He's not a part of the *GoodFellas* thing. Michael has this code; he lives by something that makes audiences respond. But once he goes away from that and starts crying over coffins, making confessions and feeling remorse, it isn't right. I applaud Francis Coppola for trying to get to that, but Michael is so frozen in that image. There is in him a deep feeling of having betrayed his mother by killing his brother. That was a mistake. And we are ruled by these mistakes in life as time goes on. He was wrong. Like in *Scarface* when Tony kills Manny—that is wrong, and he pays for it. And in his way, Michael pays for it.

Q18

PLAYBOY: In retrospect, what should Michael have done with his brother Fredo?
PACINO: Banned him, exiled him in some way. He was harmless. That part of Michael is off, just as when he denies the mother of his children. How could you do a thing like that? You hurt the children. That's what makes it powerful. But where do you go from there?

Q19

PLAYBOY: The American Cinematheque recently honored you with a lifetime achievement award. Are you getting to a time in your life when such honors make you feel as though you belong in a museum?
PACINO: I love it. [*laughs*] Do I feel I belong in a museum? I feel like I am a museum.

Q20

PLAYBOY: You and De Niro were recently named the two greatest actors over 50. How does that affect your hat size?
PACINO: I'm just hoping that when we reach 102, he and I will be the best actors over 102.



"I'll give you a free lap dance if you'll let me tell you what I want for Christmas while I'm doing it."

VLADIMIR NABOKOV

FIFTY YEARS AGO *LOLITA* WAS PUBLISHED IN PARIS TO GREAT CONTROVERSY. AND IT'S LIKELY THE NOVEL WOULD SEEM EVEN MORE SHOCKING IF IT MADE ITS DEBUT TODAY. WE ASK 13 WRITERS TO REFLECT ON THE ENDURING SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS AMERICAN MASTERPIECE

Lolita

50 YEARS LATER



JOYCE CAROL OATES

AUTHOR OF *THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES*

Like all classics, *Lolita* is a special case. An occasion for enormous controversy at the time of its publication in 1955, the novel has acquired over the decades—like such scandalous predecessors as James Joyce's *Ulysses* and D.H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—the patina of the classic. More people have heard of it and have an opinion about it than have read it. Individuals with virtually no interest in literature—particularly the fussily self-referential, relentlessly ornate Nabokovian manner—know who Lolita was, or is, or imagine that they do. Humbert Humbert, narrator of *Lolita, or the Confession of a White Widowed Male* and the hapless lover of the 12-year-old American schoolgirl, provides a definition of the Lolita prototype:

"Between the age limits of nine and 14 there occur maidens who, to certain bewitched travelers, twice or many times older than they, reveal their true nature, which is not human but nymphic (that is, demoniac); and these chosen creatures I propose to designate as *nymphets*."

Is Humbert a pedophile? In fact, he gives little evidence of being attracted to girls as young as nine, fortunately. His erotic attractions are for older girls, who arouse his ardor as "little nymphs," or nymphets, and seem to mimic adult sexuality while retaining a childlike innocence. Nabokov makes clear by way of Humbert's background that the nymphet prototype precedes the actual girl. Humbert had been in love as a prepubescent boy with a girl named Annabel, whom the slangy, vulgar, so very American Lolita later embodies. We are meant to think that Humbert's (perverse, criminal) predilection for prepubescent girls is his fate and not his choice. Famously, Humbert confides in the reader, as to a panel of jurors, his most shocking revelation:

"Frigid gentlewomen of the jury! I had thought that months, perhaps years, would elapse before I dared to reveal myself to Dolores Haze; but by 6:00 she was wide awake, and by 6:15 we were technically lovers. I am going to tell you something very strange: It was she who seduced me."

Humbert experiences his predicament as hopeless, the conflicts of his appetites so beyond remedy that he has no recourse but to turn to comedy for solace. *Lolita* is richly stocked with "realistic" details, for Nabokov had a sharp, shrewd eye, especially for human failings. But in essence *Lolita* is blackly surreal comedy. Humbert is a comic character, forever trying to explain himself and excuse himself yet in the next breath incriminating himself further. After he becomes Lolita's lover and is legally her stepfather, he tries to seduce her into being a kind of accomplice of his in incorrigible sex-deviant fashion:

"In whatever town we stopped I would inquire, in my polite European way, anent the whereabouts of…local schools. I would park at a strategic point, with my vagrant schoolgirl beside me in the car, to watch the children leave school—always a pretty sight. This sort of thing began to bore my so easily bored Lolita.… She would insult me and my desire to have her caress me while [schoolgirls] passed by in the sun."

Even in this outrageous confession Humbert tries to seduce the reader into sympathizing with him: Deviancy isn't a choice but a fate. *Lolita* is a brilliantly nuanced portrait of a sex addict in thrall to his addiction even when the addiction has been and can be satisfied by someone close at hand; for always there is a yearning for the new, the not yet attained, the anonymous schoolgirls passing Humbert's car—bodies of "immortal daemons" disguised as female children who seem, for the moment, to have eclipsed Humbert's lust for Lolita.

In his archly self-defensive afterword to the 1977 edition, Nabokov speaks scornfully of those who attempt to read *Lolita* for its pornographic potential. One can argue that there is at *Lolita*'s core a soft-core (and sentimental) pornographic romance, but few readers intent upon pornography will have the patience to make their way through the author's byzantine prose. (Reading *Lolita* for its erotic content is akin to reading Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* for its horror content.) Scandalous in its time, *Lolita* has transcended the circumstances of its early controversy as it has transcended the circumstances of its time and place: late 1940s and early 1950s "repressed" America. Along with *Pale Fire,* Nabokov's more ambitious novel of 1962, *Lolita* is a feat of literary legerdemain, a shimmering cascade of brilliant passages set like jewels in elegant tapestry. It is surely one of the most convincing portrayals in literature of, if not the human condition per se, the (fated) condition of the obsessive.

JANE SMILEY

AUTHOR OF *THE AGE OF GRIEF*

In 1973 I left my husband for a motorcycle-riding guitar player I met in a bar. We lived in a two-room cabin without plumbing, and for some six months we lingered in an extended erotic dream that involved plenty of time on the motorcycle at high speeds. It also involved plenty of time in bed during daylight hours, and in the course of the summer we read *Lolita* aloud to one another. He was not literary and I was not sophisticated in my tastes (*Pride and Prejudice* was more up my alley), but we loved *Lolita,* sentence by sentence, and we were firmly, unironically in sympathy with Humbert, who, we thought, was like we were, eager for lots of sex and damn the consequences.



Vladimir Nabokov circa 1975. "Writing has always been a torture and a pastime."

We also liked the idea of our ignorant selves partaking of the holiest book—not only, supposedly, the sexiest one but also the smartest one. And *Lolita* worked for us. I was surprised and gratified at how the guitar player understood and appreciated Nabokov's style, and he was surprised and gratified at how the bespectacled English major enjoyed Humbert's fetishistic flights of desire. It was the only book we read.

I have since read *Lolita* in cooler circumstances. I see it now more skeptically, as Humbert's ever-elaborating but in the end unconvincing self-justification. Where I once saw eloquent description I now see remorse. In those days I didn't have much sympathy for teenage girls, and now I do. The pleasure I take in *Lolita,* despite Jeremy Irons and James Mason, has diminished and gotten more abstract. Humbert is a particular sort of man and Lolita a specific sort of girl, not at all like my current partner and me. But 32 years ago they were us and we were them, exploring an American landscape of desire, and Nabokov seemed a shadowy, father-like figure whose main purpose was to give us all permission to do whatever we wanted.

JASON EPSTEIN
NABOKOV'S EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

I last saw Nabokov in August 1973 in Paris on a Sunday. I had just come up from the south to take a plane the next day for New York. In those days I was addicted to cigars. The Meurice, where I was staying on the rue de Rivoli, had none. So I walked around the corner to the Ritz, where I knew there would be a humidor. The bar was empty on that hot summer morning except for two women and a man at a table at the far end of the room. I thought I recognized one of the women, with her snowy white hair and



***Lolita* has sold more than 50 million copies.**

well-cut black dress, but the man, whose back was toward me and to whom the women were listening intently, seemed an unlikely companion, in his short-sleeve Hawaiian shirt and with his Midwestern twang booming across the room. Then I noticed the Oxbridge inflection and realized that the woman was indeed my friend Véra Nabokov, sitting with her famous husband, Vladimir. The other woman, I would soon learn, was Vladimir's French translator. I had not seen or spoken to the Nabokovs for two, maybe three, years. I had been strongly opposed to the Vietnam war. Vladimir was all for it, hoping like so many émigrés for a kind of reverse domino effect that would lead to the collapse of Communism everywhere so that he could at last return to his beloved St. Petersburg and reclaim his family property. The Nabokovs were deeply rooted in Russian history. Vladimir's father had been a leading liberal member of the Duma and was assassinated in the 1920s by czarist thugs in Berlin. I had known Vladimir for some 20 years and had been his publisher for a while and a trustee of his estate. We were friends until Vietnam, and then wordlessly our friendship ended. I understood. For Vladimir the road to the Nevsky Prospect began in Saigon. Hence his defiant impersonation of a noisy American hawk in the otherwise empty Ritz bar that Sunday morning.

That evening Vladimir, Véra, my friend the journalist Christine Ockrent and I had dinner at the Ritz. I proposed a toast to the Nabokovs as fellow Americans in exile. With the money from *Lolita* they were now living in a hotel in Montreux, in grand Russian émigré style. Hoping to confound me, Vladimir then proposed a toast to Richard Nixon. "Oh please, Volodya," Véra pleaded, anticipating a scene. But there was no scene. I toasted our president. Later we embraced and said good-bye. I never saw the Nabokovs again. Vladimir died four years later in Switzerland.

Our friendship began on Thanksgiving weekend, 1954. My wife Barbara and I were visiting Edmund Wilson and his semi-Russian, semi-German wife Elena (a salad of mixed genes, Nabokov called her) in their old sea captain's house in Wellfleet on Cape Cod, its white shingles worn to a silky smoothness in the pale November sun. On Sunday, as we were preparing to leave, Wilson asked me to join him in his study, where he withdrew two black snap binders from a shelf. He handed them to me and said, "This is a novel by my friend Volodya Nabokov. It's repulsive." He suggested that I read it nevertheless and, if I liked it and wanted to show it to my colleagues at Doubleday, where I worked at the time, that I not reveal the author's name without speaking to Nabokov first. I knew he had used the pseudonym Sirin for some of his earlier novels but was puzzled that he wanted to use it again. What could Nabokov have written that evoked Wilson's disgust and called for such diffidence on his own part?

I had read and admired Nabokov's early novels (*Sebastian Knight, Bend Sinister, Laughter in the Dark*) in English translation but was unprepared for the lyrical genius and mad humor of *Lolita*. I showed the manuscript to Ken McCormick, Doubleday's chief editor at the time, without revealing the author's name. He liked it as much as I did but was worried. So was I. Doubleday had just spent thousands of dollars defending Wilson's own rather steamy novel *Memoirs of Hecate County,* only to lose in the Supreme Court. Doubleday president Douglas Black had proclaimed himself a champion of free speech for his defense of Wilson ("It's not my right to publish but your right to read," he would say at the slightest provocation), but when McCormick and I handed him *Lolita* he refused even to touch it, much less read it. He was a nasty fellow, short-tempered especially when drunk (as he often was after lunch), and he was not going to spend another Doubleday penny defending my right to read. Everyone was terrified of him. With the wind blowing full in my face from Black's office, I tried another tack and told Nabokov of my plan, which he approved. In 1952 I had launched at Doubleday the Anchor series, the first line of so-called quality paperbacks published in the U.S. It was an immediate success, and by 1955 I had added *The Anchor Review,* a semiannual periodical, to the series. Since I was solely responsible for the editorial content of Anchor Books, I published a large excerpt from *Lolita* in the *Review* without asking permission from my employers. The censors remained in their caves, but Black still refused to read the book. Meanwhile Nabokov and I had become friends, and I was delighted to be able to publish *Pnin,* which is still my favorite among his novels. Eventually Putnam published *Lolita,* and I left Doubleday.

Barbara and I visited Vladimir and Véra often in their rented houses in Ithaca. Perhaps because they couldn't afford a house of their own, or more likely because Vladimir didn't want to root himself in the U.S. even temporarily, they occupied the houses of professors on sabbatical, a different one every year. One such visit to Ithaca, soon after the American publication of *Lolita,* I remember vividly. The Nabokovs were living in the home of a German professor whose parlor was festooned with cuckoo clocks, beer steins and antlers. No sooner were we seated amid this Bavarian kitsch than Véra emerged from her bedroom with what looked like a large jewel case. When she opened it we saw a long-barreled pistol, the kind celebrated in the *Dirty Harry* films. "Now I won't have to use this," she said with a broad smile, taking from her purse a small derringer and letting it fall back in. Véra was famous at Cornell for taking a seat at the rear of Vladimir's lecture room, ostensibly to take notes, but with the scar of her father-in-law's assassination still livid, she was also riding shotgun.

Once when our son Jacob was an infant in his crib, the Nabokovs, visiting us in New York, entered Jacob's room for the obligatory inspection. Véra's comments were predictable and correct, but Vladimir turned to Véra and said, "Look, a blue blanket, just like Dmitri's," as if the Nabokovs' son, Dmitri, were still an infant in his crib and not a young man well over six feet, studying to be a basso profundo. For weeks I wondered about

this strange remark. Only later when I foolishly asked Vladimir how he came to write *Lolita*—and later still when he insisted perversely that *Eugene Onegin* (he called it Eugene One Gin) could not be translated into English verse, though a serviceable Penguin translation had recently appeared—did I begin to sense the obsession behind his reference to his son's blue blanket, as if Dmitri, notwithstanding his great stature and powerful voice, were as yet unformed, his future held in reserve for the eventual return of the Nabokovs to St. Petersburg.

In response to my impertinent question about the origins of *Lolita,* he explained that he, Véra and Dmitri (who was then in his early teens) were returning to Ithaca from a summer's butterfly hunting in Colorado and had decided to spend the night in Ohio and go on the next day to Cornell. Because the motels were booked, they ended up, he said, in a Methodist manse as paying guests of the preacher and his wife. At dinner that evening Dmitri could not be found and after much searching was discovered in the arms of the preacher's 12-year-old daughter. From this episode, Vladimir told me, he traced his interest in the predatory American female and began the anthropological studies (including, improbably, notes of overheard conversations surreptitiously taken, on three-by-five-inch cards, from his seat on the school bus) that resulted in *Lolita*. This little fiction was his elegant way of telling me to mind my business, but it also suggested that he would tie himself and Dmitri to the mast rather than submit to the American siren song. When he later insisted, irrationally, it seemed to me, that *Onegin* could not be translated as verse, the pattern became unmistakable. It was not simply Pushkin's poem that could not be put into English, it was Nabokov's person that could not be translated into another culture, and he would like the same to be true of Dmitri, whom he would protect against entangling New World alliances. This is not to say that Nabokov could not assume appropriate disguises as required: a jovial American college professor, a brilliant English stylist, to say nothing of a boisterous Midwestern patriot in a Hawaiian shirt. But the real Vladimir was a displaced Russian, longing for the lost ancestral land of his childhood and early youth, who believed naively that our miserable Vietnam war could help take him to that enchanted place. Vladimir did not live to see the collapse of the Bolshevik empire. Perhaps it's just as well.

ADRIAN LYNE

DIRECTOR OF *LOLITA* (1997)

I tried to make a movie that reflected this extraordinary novel, although of course the moment you start trying to do that, you're doomed to failure. I didn't want to redo Stanley Kubrick's movie, because—however much you like it—I didn't think it had a lot to do with the novel. It was a movie about Peter Sellers playing Dr. Quilty. It was a movie about Quilty rather than Humbert, and I felt Quilty should be a shadowy figure. You're not sure he really exists. He may just be a figment of Humbert's paranoia.

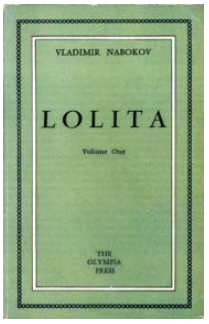
I originally read the book when I was 18 or 19, for all the wrong reasons. When I read it again 15 years ago, I found it extraordinary, excruciatingly funny. It's ghastly what the man does, but it's really a love story. There's that passage at the end of the book, the moment Humbert sees Lolita, "with her ruined looks and her adult, ropeveined narrow hands and her goose-flesh white arms, and her shallow ears, and her unkempt armpits, there she was (my Lolita!), hopelessly worn at 17, with that baby, dreaming already in her of becoming a big shot and retiring around 2020 A.D.—and I looked and looked at her, and knew as clearly as I know I am to die, that I loved her more than anything I had ever seen or imagined on earth, or hoped for anywhere else." It doesn't get any better than that. That's pretty much why I wanted to do it.

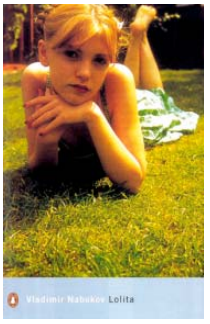
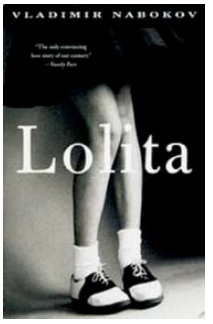
DMITRI NABOKOV

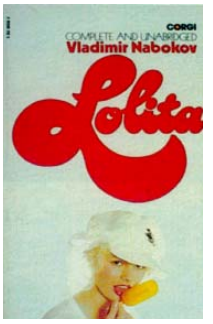
SON AND TRANSLATOR OF VLADIMIR NABOKOV

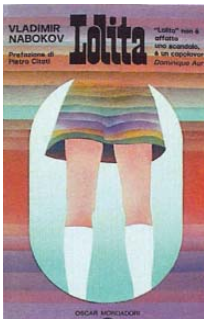
Lolita was officially born 50 years ago. I, who would later be dubbed Lolito in the Italian press, had just finished Harvard and moved into a modest apartment a snowball's throw from my former residence in Lowell House. It was to this new address that my father sent me the first edition of the novel, lovingly inscribed. I found it hard to express in words the aesthetic bliss, the chill in my spine, elicited by this inspired melding of the poetic, the playful and the poignant. I wrote him an ecstatic letter that he treasured for many years—much longer, alas, than I was able to treasure the book. The letter vanished in some meander of our travels. The fate of the two-volume book was more complex. While participating in a Nabokov festival at Cornell in 1983, I happened to learn that my inscribed copy was in the possession of a graduate student who had bought it from a sidewalk vendor for $2 after it had been stolen, in the 1960s, from a New York cellar. The student knew perfectly well that I was present at the festival and in fact, as I was told later, proudly showed the *(continued on page 156)*

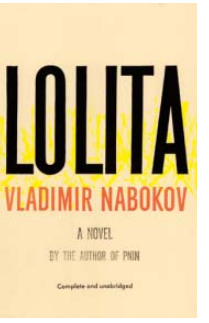
"I DO NOT THINK *LOLITA* IS A FILTHY BOOK. IT IS THE ENGROSSING, ANGUISHED STORY OF A MAN OF TASTE AND CULTURE WHO CAN LOVE ONLY LITTLE GIRLS." —DOROTHY PARKER, 1958









"One would be even more encouraged if the book were not so thoroughly bad, bad as a work of art and morally bad." —Kingsley Amis, 1959



Our Miss December, Christine Smith, keeps a soft spot in her heart for all creatures great and small



MUST LOVE DOGS

You don't have to be Doctor Dolittle to date Miss December, but you should be open to some ardent petting. "If a guy doesn't like animals, it won't work," says Christine. "I've had dogs that just did not like somebody and basically chased him out the door. I had another 140-pound dog that would sit on the couch between me and my date and just start pushing to get between us as much as possible. They've been right so far, so I'm going to listen to the dogs from now on."

Assuming we could get past the dogs—we always carry a slice of salami in our wallet for that very purpose—we wonder what Christine's ideal date would be. We remind her that she wrote on her PLAYBOY questionnaire that it would involve "camping, fine wine, a fire and one sleeping bag." Now she rolls her eyes and laughs. "Well, that would be a good date if I knew the guy for a while," she says. "Otherwise you're stuck on a mountain with someone on a first date and you realize he's annoying. He would get to sleep on pinecones. That's why it usually takes me about two weeks of asking questions and getting feedback from random people who know him before I go on a date with someone."

We thought we'd turn the tables and ask Christine a few random Smith questions since this uncommon beauty has the most common name in America. How many John Smiths are in your family? "I don't think there are any! But there are hundreds of Smiths in the phone book, so there may be some I don't know about." Could you rat your hair like Robert Smith of the Cure? "I don't think I could do that myself, nor would I want to. It would take lots and lots of hair spray." In the movie *Mr. & Mrs. Smith,* which half of the couple is sexier? "Nothing against Brad Pitt, but Angelina Jolie is the hottest woman alive." What's your favorite Kevin Smith movie? "I think *Chasing Amy* is the only one I've seen." Would you ever buy anything from the Jaclyn Smith collection at Kmart? "Maybe in about 20 years."

Years ago a band named Smith had a hit with a song called "Baby, It's You." No doubt they had Christine in mind.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA



Christine owns two cats and a dog, a Yorkie named Omni. "We go to the doggy beach every day," she says. She also opens her home to unwanted animals until she can place them. She's very good at it. "I once had the cutest cat," she says, "but he cried when I turned on the lawn sprinklers, and he sneezed constantly. I still got him adopted."













See more of Miss December at cyber.playboy.com.




MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH




Christine Smith



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Christine Smith

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 4.6.79 BIRTHPLACE: San Dimas, California

AMBITIONS: To become a successful veterinarian and provide low-cost spaying and neutering.

TURN-ONS: A man who is comfortable in his own skin and excited by his life.

TURNOFFS: Insecurities, laziness, bad breath, anyone not willing to try new experiences.

PREVIOUS MODELING EXPERIENCE: Muscle magazine, Wilson golf calendar, Hooters calendar.

A TYPICAL NIGHT AT MY CURRENT JOB: I am a cocktail server in a VIP lounge. I have a blast serving famous and fun people all night.

HOW I KEEP IN SHAPE: Pilates classes, biking and long walks on the beach with my dogs.

TV SHOWS I CAN'T MISS: The Sopranos, The King of Queens.



Sweet 16.



Yeah! It's Christmas! age 18.



Hooters Calendar age 23.


Christine Smith


MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

What did the sign outside a whorehouse say?
BEAT IT. WE'RE CLOSED.

A first-grade teacher was starting a new lesson on multisyllabic words. She thought it would be a good idea to ask a few of the children for examples of words with more than two syllables.

One pupil stood up and said, "Mas-tur-ba-tion." Shocked and trying to retain her composure, the teacher said, "Wow. Four syllables. That certainly is a mouthful."

"No ma'am," he replied. "You're thinking of *blow job,* and that's only two syllables."



A guy met a girl and was invited back to her place for the night. As they went into her bedroom, he noticed that it was filled with stuffed animals. They were on top of the wardrobe, on the bookshelf and windowsill, on the floor and spread all over the bed.

Later, after they'd had sex, he turned to her and asked, "So how was I?"

"Well," she said, "you can take anything from the bottom shelf."

Upon hearing that her elderly grandfather had passed away, a woman went to her grandparents' house to visit her 95-year-old grandmother and comfort her. When she asked how her grandfather had died, her grandmother replied, "He had a heart attack while we were making love on Sunday morning."

Obviously surprised, the woman told her grandmother that two people having sex when they are nearly 100 years old would surely be asking for trouble.

"Oh no, my dear," replied Granny. "Many years ago, realizing our advanced age, we figured out the best time to do it was on Sunday morning when the church bells would start to ring. It was just the right rhythm—nice and slow and even. Nothing too strenuous, simply in on the ding and out on the dong." She paused to wipe away a tear and continued, "He'd still be alive today if that fucking ice-cream truck hadn't come along."

An American-history teacher, lecturing the class on the Puritans, asked, "What sort of people were punished in the stocks?"

To which a voice from the back of the room responded, "The small investor."

An Irishman, an Englishman and a Scotsman were sitting in a bar in Sydney. The view was fantastic, the beer excellent and the food exceptional. "But," said the Scotsman, "I still prefer the pubs back home. Why, in Glasgow there's a little bar where the owner goes out of his way for the locals. When you buy four drinks, he will buy the fifth."

The Englishman responded, "Well, at my local bar, the owner would buy you your third drink after you bought the first two."

"Ah, that's nothing," the Irishman said. "Back home there's this bar where the moment you set foot in the place they'll buy you a drink and keep them coming all night. Then when you've had enough to drink, they take you upstairs and see that you get laid. All on the house."

The Englishman and Scotsman immediately doubted the Irishman's claims.

"Well," said the Englishman, "did this actually happen to you?"

"No, not myself personally," said the Irishman. "But it did happen to my sister."



An American businessman was in Japan. He hired a local hooker and was going at it when she cried out, "*Fujifoo, fujifoo,*" which the guy took to be an exclamation of pleasure.

The next day he was golfing with his Japanese counterparts and got a hole in one. Wanting to impress them, he yelled, "*Fujifoo.*"

The Japanese businessmen looked confused and said, "No, you got the right hole."

A six-year-old asked his father, "Daddy, what is a transvestite?"

"Go ask your mother. He'll tell you."

Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or by e-mail through our website at jokes.playboy.com.* PLAYBOY *will pay $100 to the contributor whose submission is selected.*



"Out of town? No, I said, 'My husband's over-the-hill!'"

PLAYBOY'S Holiday GIFT GUIDE

You've been plenty naughty this year—in very nice ways. Here are a few thoughts for your holiday wish list

▲Daniel Roth's Swiss-made Chronomax ($27,500) is more than just a pretty face. It features a precise automatic movement with 45-hour power reserve, a white-gold case and a hand-stitched black alligator band.

▲If you want to play chess like a king and not a pawn, get a set worthy of royalty. Pictured: Italfama's elm-root and bird's-eye-maple board ($230) and wooden pieces with brass and brass-plated nickel ($300).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

▼The brush and razor in Hommage's stylish chrome-plated Monaco Groom Center shaving kit ($390) attach magnetically for easy one-handed access.





PLAYBOY'S ULTIMATE SUPER BOWL WEEKEND

The Super Bowl is the year's greatest sporting event, and Playboy throws the event's premier party. This winter, for the first time, we're giving you the chance to attend both, even if your name isn't Lawrence Taylor. Our Ultimate Super Bowl package has everything two people need to take in Super Bowl weekend's action, passion and madness in high Playboy style. We'll put you and a guest up for four nights in a great hotel in the Detroit area, provide car service to and from Playboy's legendary Super Saturday Night bacchanal, and get you two tickets to the other main event—Super Bowl XL at Ford Field. Toss in a personalized gift basket and a hand-painted commemorative Playboy football (signed by Hugh M. Hefner, naturally) and you've got a once-in-a-lifetime experience you'll tell your grandchildren about (not to mention your poker-night pals). Only 10 packages are available, priced at $20,000 apiece. Call 212-261-4991 to place your order.

▲When you're laying down serious coin for audio gear, it should be a treat for your eyes as well as your ears. Each of Acapella's Sphaeron Excalibur speakers ($325,000 a pair) can handle 1,000 watts, stands seven and a half feet tall, weighs 1,364 pounds and sports a 15-inch outboard bass horn. If your stereo (and floor) can handle it, it's time to start driving the neighbors crazy.



▲With its rare paua-shell handle, polished stainless-steel blade and gold-plated locking mechanism, Lone Wolf's Paul Presto folding knife ($300) is as much a fashion accessory as it is a tool.

▲Ferraris are known for speed, and this one is no exception. Loaded with an AMD Turion 64 mobile processor running at two gigahertz, a 15-inch screen and a 100-gigabyte hard drive, the Acer Ferrari 4000 notebook ($2,000) is a serious roadster. Weight-reducing carbon fiber, classic red accents and the inimitable Ferrari logo are the icing on the cake.



◀Whether you think Bono is a demigod or the biggest egomaniac ever to slip on a pair of sun goggles, his new signature Gretsch G6136I Irish Falcon ($4,500) is a masterpiece. It's a classic Falcon electric ax with a 17-inch laminated-maple hollow body and a two-piece maple neck with ebony fingerboard, updated with gold hardware and other nice touches. Talent not included.



▶It has the name of an inmate but the look of an angel. Mitsubishi's 73-inch WD-73927 ($8,000) has 1,080-pixel resolution (the best available), a built-in digital video recorder, dual HDTV tuners and proprietary picture-enhancing technology.

▶Looking for a new flame? Cigar maker Paul Garmirian calls his signature S.T. Dupont gold-plated brass lighter the Soiree ($995). Only 500 were made.

▲Leave it to Frank Gehry to create a $1,245 chair made almost completely of cardboard (with fiberboard edges). The Wiggle side chair has 60 layers of the stuff held together by hidden screws.



▲Personalwine.com has a great way to make this year's gift bottles special. Design your own label for any of its premium name-brand wines ($140 to $675 a case) and your friends will toast you all year long.



▶Talk about a conversation starter. Dunhill's sterling-and-lacquer Wing Nut cuff links ($250) are modeled after the lug nuts on 1930s Jaguars.

▼Hitting Ducati showrooms this month: the spanking-new Sport1000 ($10,995), an Italian retro cafe racer with a lightweight steel frame, Brembo brakes and a 992 cc, fuel-injected, two-valve, air-cooled engine. Classic style meets modern performance—at 110 mph.



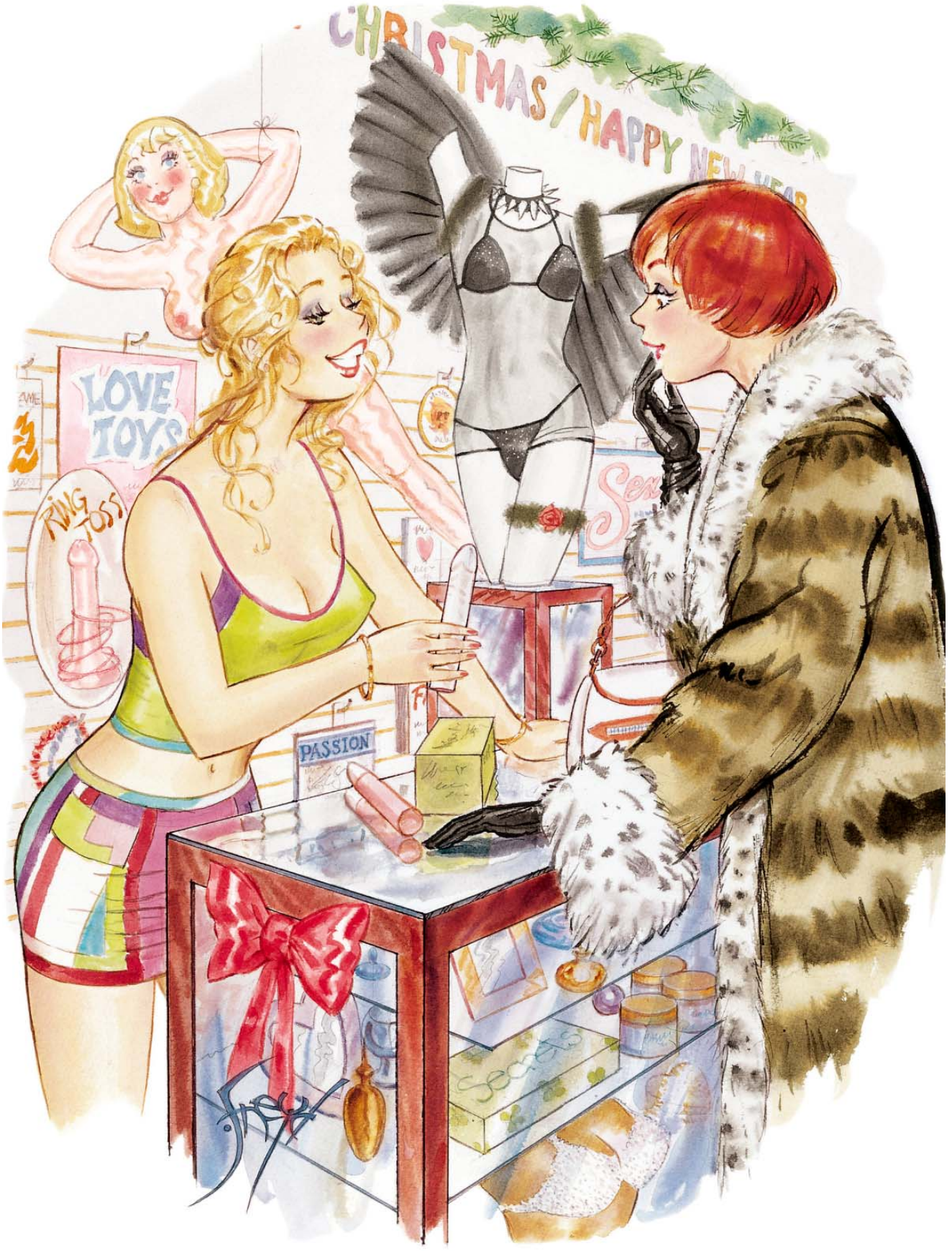


◀Davidoff's small red polished mahogany travel humidor ($535) can carry six fine Ashton Heritage Churchills ($11 a stick). Smoking.

▶We'll take an elegant, old-style wine key like Laguiole's ($42) over a high-tech contraption any day.

▲TaylorMade's engineers designed the RAC irons ($92 to $187 apiece) to completely eliminate vibration, so it feels as if you're hitting cream puffs. They're huge on the pro tour (the clubs, not the cream puffs).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 164.



"For those nights when not a creature is stirring."

Centerfolds On Sex

AUTEUR THEORY

It's funny, but every time I go to a sex shop with a man I'm thinking, We gotta get out of here, because I can't look at that stuff without getting really aroused. The same thing happened when I was flipping through some old PLAYBOYS the other day; all those naked girls were a big turn-on. But I don't always have that reaction when I watch porn with a boyfriend. Sometimes when we're watching it's exciting and we end up having sex, but other times I'll analyze it and say things like "Why is he putting her into that position? She's not into that. She's not even faking an orgasm!" I like to make my own porn, even though I'm usually way too into what's happening to think about the camera. But when I do I'm like, "Oh, that looks really good!"



Jami Todd



A B C D E F G H I J

THE HARD STUFF
When I was a teenager I was really into rock. When a new song came out I'd wonder what it would be like to have sex to it. Now my favorite group is Massive Attack. It's the beat that helps the movement.

DRESS GRAY

THIS YEAR'S HOT SHADE IS ALL YOU NEED TO MAKE A GRAND ENTRANCE

FASHION BY
JOSEPH DE ACETIS



GRAY SUITS ARE NO LONGER STODGY. MEN NOW WEAR THEM AT THE OFFICE AND AFTER HOURS. NEAR RIGHT, THE SUIT IS BY **VALENTINO** ($1,295), THE SHIRT FROM **BEST OF CLASS BY ROBERT TALBOTT** ($225). FAR RIGHT, **ISSEY MIYAKE** MAKES THE JACKET ($1,650) AND PANTS ($595); THE SHIRT ($285) IS BY **GARRICK ANDERSON FOR SAKS FIFTH AVENUE,** WHICH ALSO MAKES BOTH MEN'S BRACES ($165) AND TIES ($90). THE POCKET SQUARES ARE FROM **BEST OF CLASS BY ROBERT TALBOTT** ($65). HER DRESS IS BY **ARMANI** ($2,100). HER JEWELRY IS BY **HÉLÈNE ZUBELDIA.**

WOMEN'S STYLING BY MERIEM ORLET


PLAYBOY
FASHION
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HARRY BENSON
PRODUCED BY
JENNIFER RYAN JONES

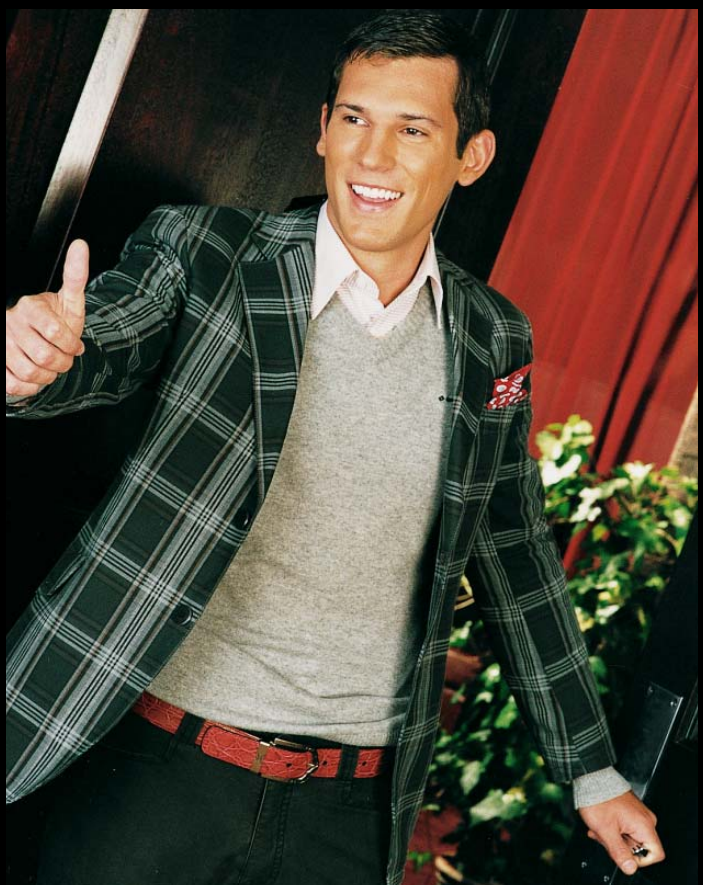


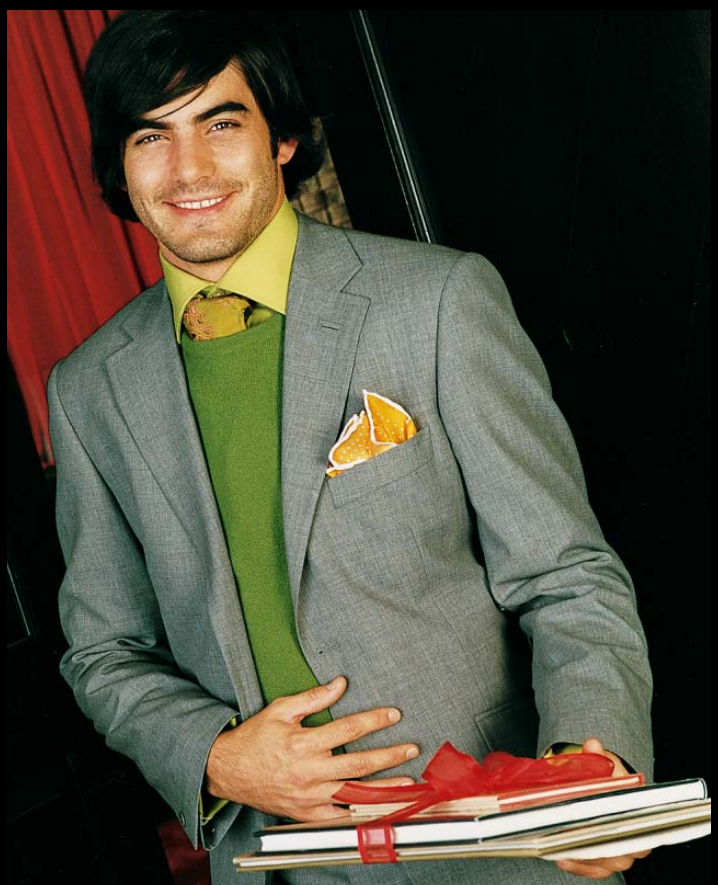
HIS SUIT IS BY **JOHN BARTLETT** ($495); HIS SHIRT ($285) AND TIE ($125) ARE FROM **GARRICK ANDERSON FOR SAKS FIFTH AVENUE.** THE SWEATER IS BY **CALVIN KLEIN** ($78). **FERRAGAMO** MAKES HIS BELT ($190).





GRAY IS ACHROMATIC, SO IT WORKS WITH MANY COLORS. FOLD OR CRUMPLE A POCKET SQUARE TO ADD STYLE; ALL ARE BY **BEST OF CLASS BY ROBERT TALBOTT** ($65, EXCEPT ABOVE LEFT, $75). ABOVE LEFT: HIS SUIT IS BY **GIANLUCA ISAIA** ($2,295), WITH A SHIRT ($225) AND TIE ($125) FROM **BEST OF CLASS BY ROBERT TALBOTT** AND SWEATER BY **CANALI** ($295). THE CIGARS ARE **DAVIDOFF**'S FONSECA DON ANTEROS ($542). ABOVE RIGHT: HIS SUIT ($2,567) AND SHIRT ($678) ARE BY **VERSACE,** HIS BELT BY **FAÇONNABLE** ($95). BELOW LEFT: HIS JACKET ($375) AND PANTS ($199) ARE BY **PECKERS,** HIS SWEATER BY **LOTTO** ($350), AND HIS SHIRT ($250) AND BELT ($550) BY **FERRAGAMO.** BELOW RIGHT: HIS SUIT ($795), SWEATER ($225) AND TIE ($75) ARE BY **TED BAKER LONDON.** THE SHIRT IS **ENDURANCE BY TED BAKER LONDON** ($125).





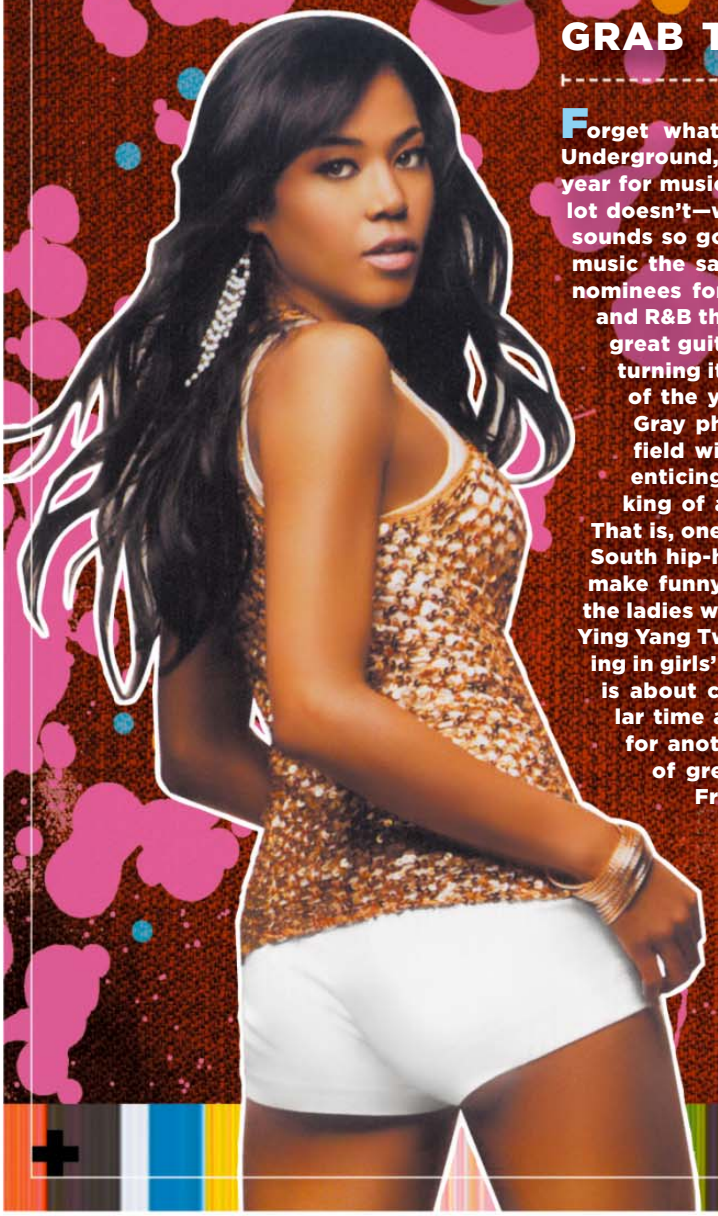




OPPOSITE PAGE: COLLEEN MARIE, MISS AUGUST 2003, IS DRAWN UNDER THE MISTLETOE BY THE SUITOR IN SLATE. HIS SUIT ($2,265), SHIRT ($328), T-SHIRT ($155) AND SWEATER-VEST ($345) ARE FROM **DIOR HOMME BY HEDI SLIMANE.** HER DRESS IS BY **VERSACE** ($13,216); THE EARRINGS ($333) AND NECKLACE ($234) ARE BY **HÉLÈNE ZUBELDIA.** THIS PAGE: **ROBERTO CAVALLI** MAKES THE JACKET ($1,350), PANTS ($600) AND SHIRT ($365). THE MAGNUM OF CHAMPAGNE IS **DOM PÉRIGNON** 1998 ($250). BOTH POCKET SQUARES ARE FROM **BEST OF CLASS BY ROBERT TALBOTT** ($65).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 164.

2005 MusicPoll



GRAB THE BALLOT. CAST YOUR VOTE

Forget what grizzled middle-aged critics say, grasping their Velvet Underground, Television and Patti Smith records. Every year is a good year for music. Sure, some still sounds good years after it comes out. (A lot doesn't—we dare you to listen to Dinosaur Jr again.) And some of it sounds so good, it inspires a new generation of bands. But calling new music the same old shit? No way. Take Amerie's "1 Thing," one of our nominees for best song of the year. Just when sample-based hip-hop and R&B threaten to get stuck in a rut, this song comes along, taking a great guitar-and-drum workout from the Meters' "Oh, Calcutta!" and turning it into a brash celebration of love. Or take Jack Johnson, one of the year's hottest concert tickets. We never got into the David Gray phenomenon a few years back—and wigging out in an open field with 100,000 unwashed Phish fans always seemed about as enticing as, say, slamming your bozak in a car door—but Johnson, king of a new generation of flip-flop rock, brings a different vibe. That is, one we like. Same goes for the new experimental wave of Dirty South hip-hop. Last year, at the height of crunk, all you could do was make funny faces and shout "Yeah!" or "What?" Not exactly wowing the ladies with your poesy. This year guys such as David Banner and the Ying Yang Twins have brought seductiveness back to the clubs, whispering in girls' ears instead of elbowing people aside at the bar. Pop music is about change, evolution and creating a soundtrack to a particular time and place—its value is in its transience. Anyone still pining for another great Oasis album (which would bring the grand total of great Oasis albums to what, two?) must be out of his mind. Franz Ferdinand, Bloc Party, Kaiser Chiefs—we're in the midst of the best British invasion in a decade. And Franz Ferdinand has already made two classic albums—in the past 18 months. Don't get us wrong: A lot of the stuff out there is shite, and we're not denying it. Which is exactly why our annual readers poll is so important. With this ballot, dear reader, you define the soundtrack of the year, and with your vote you can tell the jaded critics where they can shove their copies of *Here Come the Warm Jets.*

VOTE ONLINE > PLAYBOY.COM/MUSICPOLL

MusicPoll 2005

HERE'S THE OFFICIAL BALLOT. RIP IT OUT, VOTE AND THEN MAIL IT IN. YOU CAN TICK OFF BOXES, OR IF YOU THINK YOU'RE SO DAMN SMART, WRITE IN YOUR OWN FAVORITE ARTISTS. STILL TOO MUCH TROUBLE? YOU CAN ALSO VOTE ONLINE.

BEST ROCK ALBUM

- ☐ COLDPLAY, *X&Y*
- ☐ FOO FIGHTERS, *IN YOUR HONOR*
- ☐ FRANZ FERDINAND, *YOU COULD HAVE IT SO MUCH BETTER*
- ☐ THE ROLLING STONES, *A BIGGER BANG*
- ☐ THE WHITE STRIPES, *GET BEHIND ME SATAN*
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE: _____

BEST HIP-HOP ALBUM

- ☐ DAVID BANNER, *CERTIFIED*
- ☐ COMMON, *BE*
- ☐ MIKE JONES, *WHO IS MIKE JONES?*
- ☐ KANYE WEST, *LATE REGISTRATION*
- ☐ YING YANG TWINS, *U.S.A.*
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE: _____

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→ CHECK BOXES FOR FAVORITE IN EACH CATEGORY



BEST ELECTRONIC ALBUM

- ☐ DEEP DISH, *GEORGE IS ON*
- ☐ GORILLAZ, *DEMON DAYS*
- ☐ M.I.A., *ARULAR*
- ☐ THIEVERY CORPORATION, *THE COSMIC GAME*
- ☐ ARMAND VAN HELDEN, *NYMPHO*
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE: _____

BEST COUNTRY ALBUM

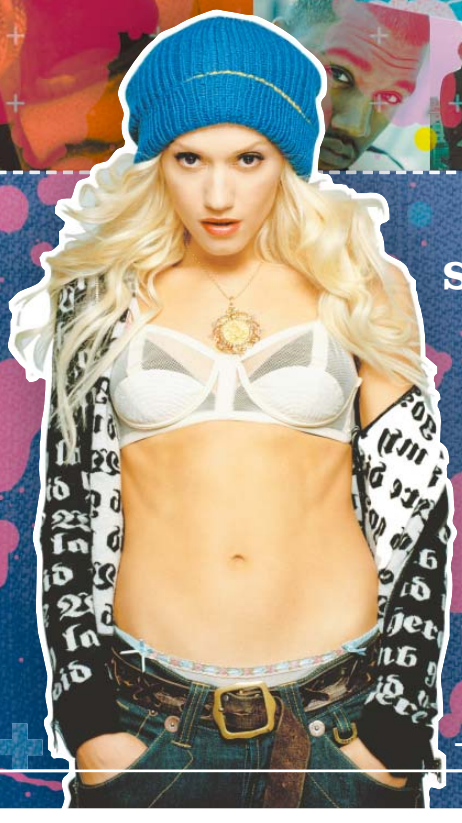
- ☐ KENNY CHESNEY, *THE ROAD & THE RADIO*
- ☐ SHOOTER JENNINGS, *PUT THE O BACK IN COUNTRY*
- ☐ TOBY KEITH, *HONKYTONK UNIVERSITY*
- ☐ PATTY LOVELESS, *DREAMIN' MY DREAMS*
- ☐ GEORGE STRAIT, *SOMEWHERE DOWN IN TEXAS*
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE: _____

BEST JAZZ ALBUM

- ☐ JAMES CARTER, *OUT OF NOWHERE*
- ☐ JOHN COLTRANE, *ONE DOWN, ONE UP*
- ☐ KEITH JARRETT, *RADIANCE*
- ☐ JOE LOVANO, *JOYOUS ENCOUNTER*
- ☐ THE VANDERMARK 5, *THE COLOR OF MEMORY*
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE: _____







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BEST SOUNDTRACK ALBUM

- ☐ *BROKEN FLOWERS*
- ☐ *ELIZABETHTOWN*
- ☐ *GET RICH OR DIE TRYIN'*
- ☐ *NO DIRECTION HOME*
- ☐ *THUMBSUCKER*
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE: _____

BEST WORLD MUSIC ALBUM

- ☐ DADDY YANKEE, *BARRIO FINO*
- ☐ LOS AMIGOS INVISIBLES, *AREPA 3000*
- ☐ BAABA MAAL, *PALM WORLD VOICES*
- ☐ SEAN PAUL, *THE TRINITY*
- ☐ TOM ZÉ, *ESTUDANDO O PAGODE*
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE: _____

BEST LIVE ACT

- ☐ BLACK EYED PEAS
- ☐ JACK JOHNSON
- ☐ PAUL MCCARTNEY
- ☐ THE ROLLING STONES
- ☐ U2
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE: _____

→ MAIL IN YOUR ENTRY NO LATER THAN DECEMBER 15, 2005.

↓ SEAL/TAPE ↓

↑ SEAL/TAPE ↑

→ CHECK BOXES FOR FAVORITE IN EACH CATEGORY

BEST REISSUE

- ☐ *AMERICAN PRIMITIVE VOL. II: PRE-WAR REVENANTS*
- ☐ JOHNNY CASH, *THE LEGEND*
- ☐ MILES DAVIS, *THE CELLAR DOOR SESSIONS 1970*
- ☐ DONOVAN, *TRY FOR THE SUN*
- ☐ TERRY REID, *SUPERLUNGS*
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE:

_____

BEST SONG

- ☐ "1 THING," AMERIE
- ☐ "CANDY SHOP," 50 CENT
- ☐ "DAFT PUNK IS PLAYING AT MY HOUSE," LCD SOUNDSYSTEM
- ☐ "HOLLABACK GIRL," GWEN STEFANI
- ☐ "WAIT (THE WHISPER SONG)," YING YANG TWINS
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE:

_____

BEST BREAKOUT ARTIST

- ☐ BLOC PARTY
- ☐ THE GAME
- ☐ THE GO! TEAM
- ☐ KAISER CHIEFS
- ☐ MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE:

_____

BEST VIDEO GAME SOUNDTRACK

- ☐ *2K6 BASKETBALL*
- ☐ *CHAOS THEORY: SPLINTER CELL 3*
- ☐ *GRAND THEFT AUTO: SAN ANDREAS*
- ☐ *STUBBS THE ZOMBIE*
- ☐ *TONY HAWK'S AMERICAN WASTELAND*
- ☐ WRITE-IN VOTE:

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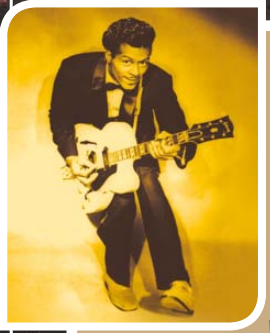
2005 Music Poll

PO BOX 11236
CHICAGO, IL 60611

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PLAYBOY'S

HALL OF FAME 2005



☐ THE BAND

A new boxed set shows why this combo is so revered. Even before its 1968 debut LP, the group was backing Bob Dylan; by the 1970s many felt the Band had surpassed its mentor. And the Band's 1976 farewell show was famously captured by Martin Scorsese in *The Last Waltz*, a landmark music film.

☐ CHUCK BERRY

Exactly 50 years ago, the summer of 1955 waned to the beat of "Maybellene," the first Berry single. With a string of subsequent rave-ups, his music, more than Elvis's or anyone else's, would become the blueprint for rock and roll. John Lennon even suggested the name Chuck Berry could be substituted for the term *rock and roll*. Hail, hail rock and roll.

☐ JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

This year marks the 40th anniversary of the formation of this key band from the San Francisco psychedelic scene, whose hits "White Rabbit," "Somebody to Love" and "Volunteers" still inspire on *The Essential Jefferson Airplane*, a new career overview. Go ask Alice.

☐ TOM PETTY

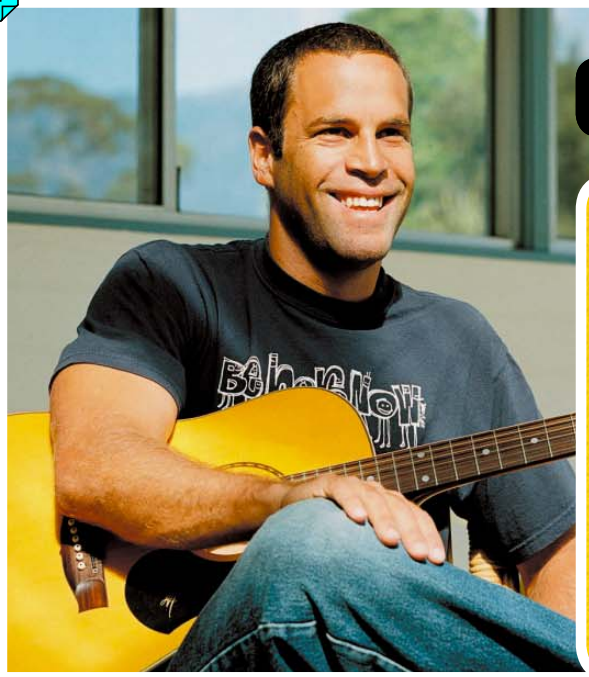
Back on tour this year with the classic Heartbreakers lineup and with a book out and a new album on the way, Petty is poised for a higher level of veneration. Heartland rock has never sounded better than when Petty sings "American Girl."

☐ PINK FLOYD

This band changed the music industry—and created the soundtrack for laser shows everywhere. After Syd Barrett's departure, Roger Waters stepped up and took the concept album to dizzying heights of artistic and commercial success with *Dark Side of the Moon*, *Wish You Were Here* and *The Wall*. The Floyd also redefined concert expectations.



☐ WRITE-IN VOTE:_____



JACK JOHNSON

FLIP-FLOP YOU DON'T STOP

Jack Johnson rarely wears shoes. He lives in a Hawaiian version of Margaritaville, overlooking the Pacific ocean, and serves up hushed, sunny albums that—in addition to praising the value of simplicity and the benefits of island living—regularly sell millions. Johnson's latest, *In Between Dreams,* is his third platinum LP, but his debut, *Brushfire Fairytales,* a left-field dose of palm-tree-swaying melody, enabled him to start punching his own card. "Once that record took off, we built a little studio here in the garage," he says, "overlooking a good surf spot called Pipeline. Hawaii's nice. We spend a lot of time outside." But Johnson didn't always think he would cling to the islands. "When I was 18 I loved the place like crazy," he says, "but I was also anxious to get out and see some other parts of the world. I liked going to places far from the ocean, going to big cities." Eventually his producer, Mario Caldato Jr. (best known for his work with the Beastie Boys), began to question Johnson's sanity. "He asked me why in the world I wasn't recording in Hawaii," Johnson recalls. "I had always felt that would be cheating in some weird way. I didn't know I was allowed to do things on my own terms." Once Johnson figured that out, life got really good. Now he packs arenas across the land, surfs and shoots movies about surfing. He established an environmental foundation. He has even jammed with the original flip-flop rocker, Jimmy Buffett. "Now I know that as long as I can end up back in Hawaii," he says, "everything is fine."

DAVID BANNER



HOW BOOTY MUSIC BECAME SEDUCTIVE SOUTHERN HIP-HOP

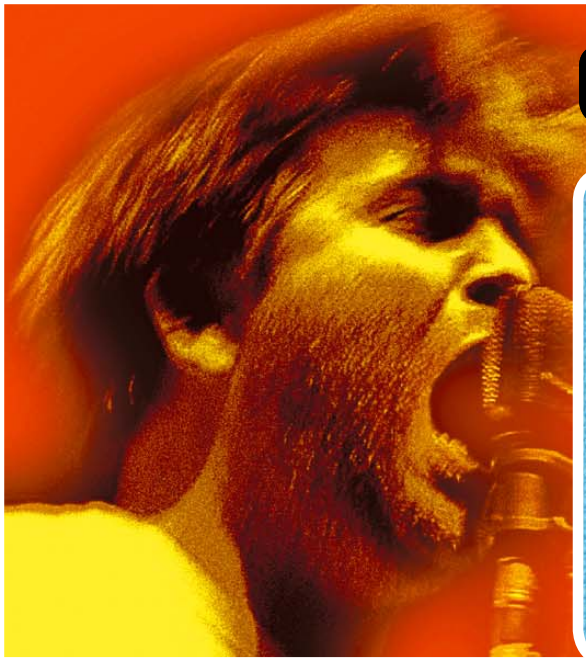
Mississippi doesn't have the cachet of Atlanta or Houston in the hip-hop world, but David Banner is fast establishing it as an important outpost. And with his hit "Play," Banner is helping make hip-hop more female-friendly, reminding girls that guys are still willing and able to place as much importance on women's sexual desires as their own. Hip-hop hooray.

PLAYBOY: With "Play" in heavy rotation on the heels of the Ying Yang Twins' "Wait (The Whisper Song)," is good old-fashioned seduction music back?

BANNER: With all these Southern artists making crunk records, rap music, especially our form, wasn't catering to girls. So we came up with something we call intimate club music. The plan was to make music not for every girl in the club but for one. The task is to make every woman feel like she is that one.

PLAYBOY: Word is that before writing the lyrics for "Play," you asked a lesbian for her perspective on pleasing a woman. True?

BANNER: Yeah, she's a friend of mine, a beautiful girl. She said men are selfish when it comes to love and sex. She explained that a woman will pay attention to every part of your body. And I thought, Damn, what if they had a man who paid that kind of attention in his music? If you listen to "Play," I'm telling the ladies, "I'm doing this for you. I'm not trying to just bust and dip. I'm going to pay attention to you."



LCD SOUNDSYSTEM

AN UNDERGROUND TASTEMAKER ON DANCE-FLOOR SHAKERS

One of the coolest sounds to break this year is the distorted disco-punk pumped out by James Murphy, the man behind LCD Soundsystem.

PLAYBOY: Hand clap or cowbell?

MURPHY: Hand clap. I use it because the sound of rock snares—like on a Red Hot Chili Peppers album—makes my skin crawl. I like snap snares in disco and the Beatles. It's not as macho.

PLAYBOY: Are the Rolling Stones macho?

MURPHY: The Stones are full of shit. Jagger was just a fancy kid in fancy school wearing fancy pants. I preferred the Beatles; they never claimed to be anything but a pop band. Jagger wanted us to believe he was a sharecropper.

PLAYBOY: What hip-hop are you into?

MURPHY: The Kanye West song "Diamonds" is genius. But otherwise I see a lot of talented people doing stuff that isn't as good as they could be doing. For a second, when OutKast came out and blew people away, I thought everyone would go crazy. But they went right back to songs about bitches.

PLAYBOY: Why isn't hip-hop evolving?

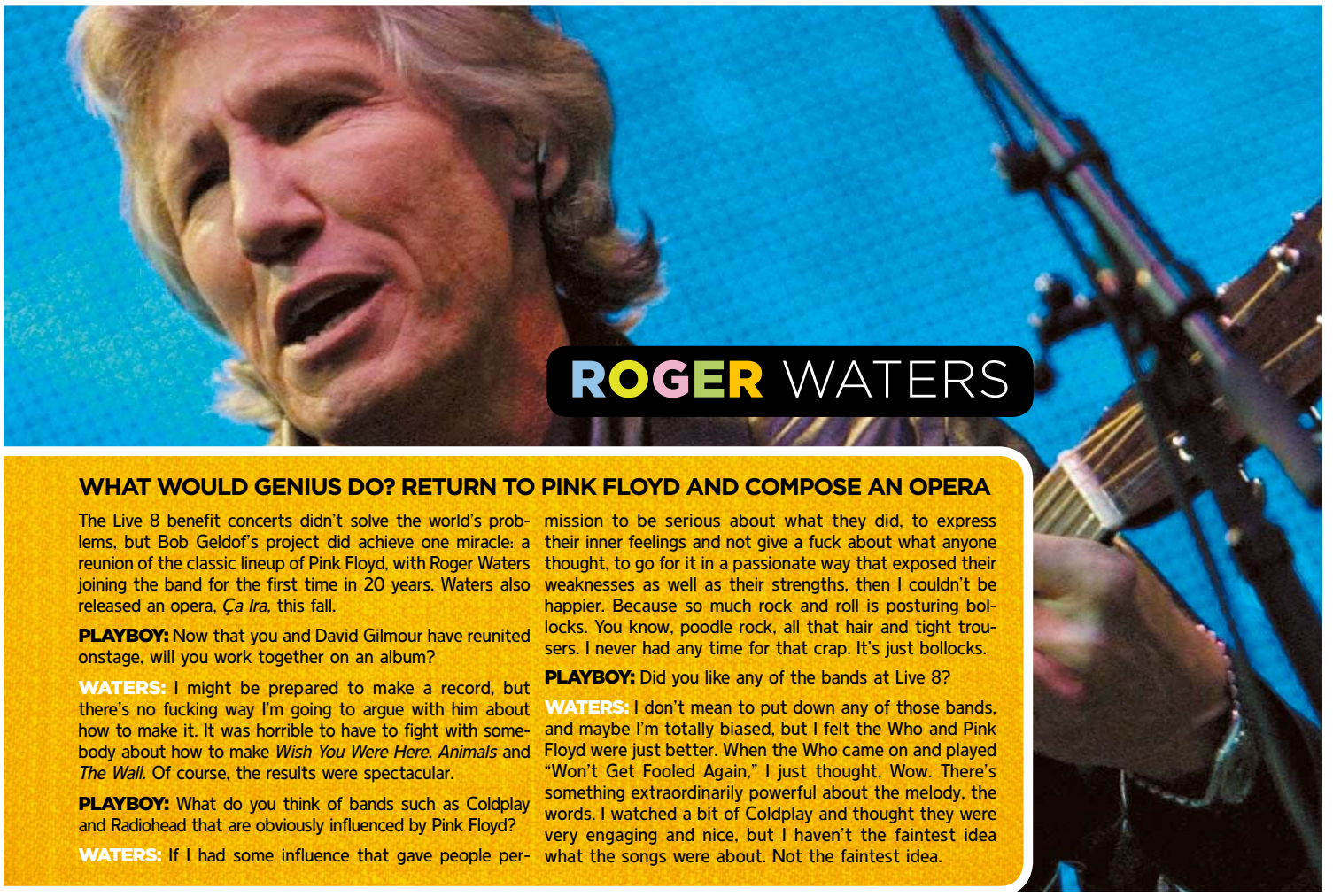
MURPHY: The artists are just satisfied. Everyone is so psyched that hip-hop is dominant. They should remember that the dominant music used to be the soundtrack to *Dirty Dancing.* If you're dominant, it means you're making music for dumbasses. You need to check yourself.



YING YANG TWINS

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE: ATL'S NEW OUTKAST

Believe it or not, the Ying Yang Twins, whose *U.S.A. (United State of Atlanta)* was the summer's biggest album, have achieved a Zen-like sense of tranquility. "We don't really like to go to the regular clubs anymore," says D-Roc. "We head straight out to the strip clubs. You don't have to worry about the hassle of too many fights and things like that. It's relaxation. You get the club vibe without actually going to the club." Though the Twins have been closely associated with crunk—raucous party music not known for subtlety of language or production—*U.S.A.* is in many ways an adventurous yang to the band's earlier yin. In fact the LP brings to mind another Atlanta duo: OutKast. Funny, because in 2000, after the Twins sold 200,000 copies of the underground single "Whistle While You Twurk" only to be sued over an uncleared *Snow White* sample, most hip-hop aficionados thought that would be the end for them. But as a pair of platinum albums proves, D-Roc and Kaine were just getting started. "It's a feel-good vibe," D-Roc says of their formula for success, "which is what hip-hop was originally all about." The Twins' sound developed in a musical vacuum. "Atlanta had been trying to make noise for a long time. But the industry didn't want to accept it. So we all said, 'Okay, let's go ahead and do something else.' At that point the music slowed down because everybody started smoking weed. We got a creative field going, and everybody took a liking to it."



ROGER WATERS

WHAT WOULD GENIUS DO? RETURN TO PINK FLOYD AND COMPOSE AN OPERA

The Live 8 benefit concerts didn't solve the world's problems, but Bob Geldof's project did achieve one miracle: a reunion of the classic lineup of Pink Floyd, with Roger Waters joining the band for the first time in 20 years. Waters also released an opera, *Ça Ira*, this fall.

PLAYBOY: Now that you and David Gilmour have reunited onstage, will you work together on an album?

WATERS: I might be prepared to make a record, but there's no fucking way I'm going to argue with him about how to make it. It was horrible to have to fight with somebody about how to make *Wish You Were Here*, *Animals* and *The Wall*. Of course, the results were spectacular.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of bands such as Coldplay and Radiohead that are obviously influenced by Pink Floyd?

WATERS: If I had some influence that gave people permission to be serious about what they did, to express their inner feelings and not give a fuck about what anyone thought, to go for it in a passionate way that exposed their weaknesses as well as their strengths, then I couldn't be happier. Because so much rock and roll is posturing bollocks. You know, poodle rock, all that hair and tight trousers. I never had any time for that crap. It's just bollocks.

PLAYBOY: Did you like any of the bands at Live 8?

WATERS: I don't mean to put down any of those bands, and maybe I'm totally biased, but I felt the Who and Pink Floyd were just better. When the Who came on and played "Won't Get Fooled Again," I just thought, Wow. There's something extraordinarily powerful about the melody, the words. I watched a bit of Coldplay and thought they were very engaging and nice, but I haven't the faintest idea what the songs were about. Not the faintest idea.



"I know Santa's all about good little girls. I just thought this year he'd like a choice."


PLAYBOY'S
COLLEGE
BASKETBALL
PREVIEW

Nothing but Net

MORE TALENT AND HIGHER STAKES ON THE ROAD TO MARCH MADNESS

By David Kaplan Think of it like this: You're one of the nation's top basketball prospects. Maybe you're in high school, or maybe you're in college—it doesn't matter. You've just finished an impressive season, and now you have a decision to make. Do you shoot for a college diploma and a chance to play in the NCAA tournament, or do you try for an NBA contract with a signing bonus that would put you—and your family and entourage—on easy street for the rest of your life?

Some decision. In recent years the college ranks have seen a mass exodus of talent. Even those top high school stars who did choose college wanted only to refine their game for a year or two. Such departures make it tough on prognosticators. It's hard to figure out how good a team is when the players keep changing.

This year, however, the NBA took the momentous step of requiring that a player be at least 19 years old and one year removed from high school before he can join the pros. This new rule, along with a rookie salary scale that forces draft picks to accept a predetermined paycheck based on when they are taken in the draft, should keep more strong players in the college game. And that in turn will make the job of picking winners easier. Upperclassmen give teams a distinct advantage—more talent, more experience, more leadership. We saw this last year when the Fighting Illini, led by a group of battle-tested juniors and seniors, managed to hold the top rank through most of the season. That will likely be the winning formula for the best teams again this year.

Going back to the days of the legendary Anson Mount, PLAYBOY has been extremely accurate in predicting the top teams. Here's what we forecast for the 2005–2006 season.

1. Duke The mark of a great program is consistency, and no school in America has been more consistent than Duke. The team returns the nation's best inside-outside combo in seniors Shelden Williams and J.J. Redick, two Playboy All Americas. Senior Sean Dockery will join Redick in the backcourt at point guard.

OUR TOP 25 TEAMS FOR 2005

1. Duke
2. Michigan State
3. Villanova
4. Connecticut
5. Texas
6. Louisville
7. Arizona
8. Texas Tech
9. Memphis
10. Gonzaga
11. Oklahoma
12. Syracuse
13. Boston College
14. Kentucky
15. Ohio State
16. Nevada
17. Stanford
18. Wake Forest
19. Illinois
20. Alabama
21. UNC Charlotte
22. UCLA
23. Georgetown
24. Kansas
25. Wisconsin

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

THE PLAYBOY
2005–2006

PRESEASON COLLEGE ALL AMERICA BASKETBALL TEAM

GUARDS

Dee Brown
6′/185
Senior • Illinois

Dan Grunfeld
6′6″/215
Senior • Stanford

Gerry McNamara
6′2″/172
Senior • Syracuse

J.J. Redick
6′4″/190
Senior • Duke

FORWARDS

Rudy Gay
6′9″/220
Sophomore • Connecticut

Taj Gray
6′9″/238
Senior • Oklahoma

Adam Morrison
6′8″/205
Junior • Gonzaga

Craig Smith
6′7″/250
Senior • Boston College

CENTERS

Josh Boone
6′10″/237
Junior • Connecticut

Shelden Williams
6′9″/250
Senior • Duke

COACH OF THE YEAR

Ray Giacoletti
University of Utah

Sophomore DeMarcus Nelson and freshmen Greg Paulus and Martynas Pocius should all see considerable playing time, and freshman Josh McRoberts, a contender for National High School Player of the Year last season, is expected to start immediately. Coach Mike Krzyzewski is one of the all-time greats. Come March, expect him to leave the RCA Dome in Indianapolis with his fourth national title.

2. Michigan State In the 10 years Tom Izzo has coached the Spartans, he's led them to the Final Four four times. This season should end with trip number five. Paul Davis (six-foot-11, 255 pounds) dominates around the basket. He'll get help from six-foot-six forward Matt Trannon, who is also on the Spartans football team; he'll bring toughness and defensive skills to the mix. With scoring guard Shannon Brown and point guard Drew Neitzel, the backcourt will be one of the country's best.

3. Villanova In 1985 the Wildcats worked a magical upset of Georgetown to win the title, but they haven't returned to the Final Four since. That could change this year. The Cats are led by senior guard Allan Ray, who put his NBA dreams on hold to try to get this club to a national title. Senior Randy Foye is a great perimeter scorer, junior Mike Nardi is an experienced point guard, and the team's big man, Curtis Sumpter, is back after a knee injury. Last year injuries and a questionable traveling call knocked Nova out of the tournament. If the team can avoid that kind of bad luck this season, it will be in the hunt.

4. Connecticut Last season redshirt freshman A.J. Price suffered a brain hemorrhage, and senior Rashad Anderson came down with a strange, serious skin infection, none of which helped UConn in the NCAA tourney. This past summer Price and guard Marcus Williams were arrested for stealing laptops from dorm rooms and were suspended from the team. Will that be another torpedo in the engine room? We think not. In Playboy All Americas Josh Boone and Rudy Gay, Connecticut has one of the best frontcourt duos in the country. They'll get help from backups Hilton Armstrong and Ed Nelson, plus wing forward Denham Brown. Coach Jim Calhoun can rally this team and return it to elite form.

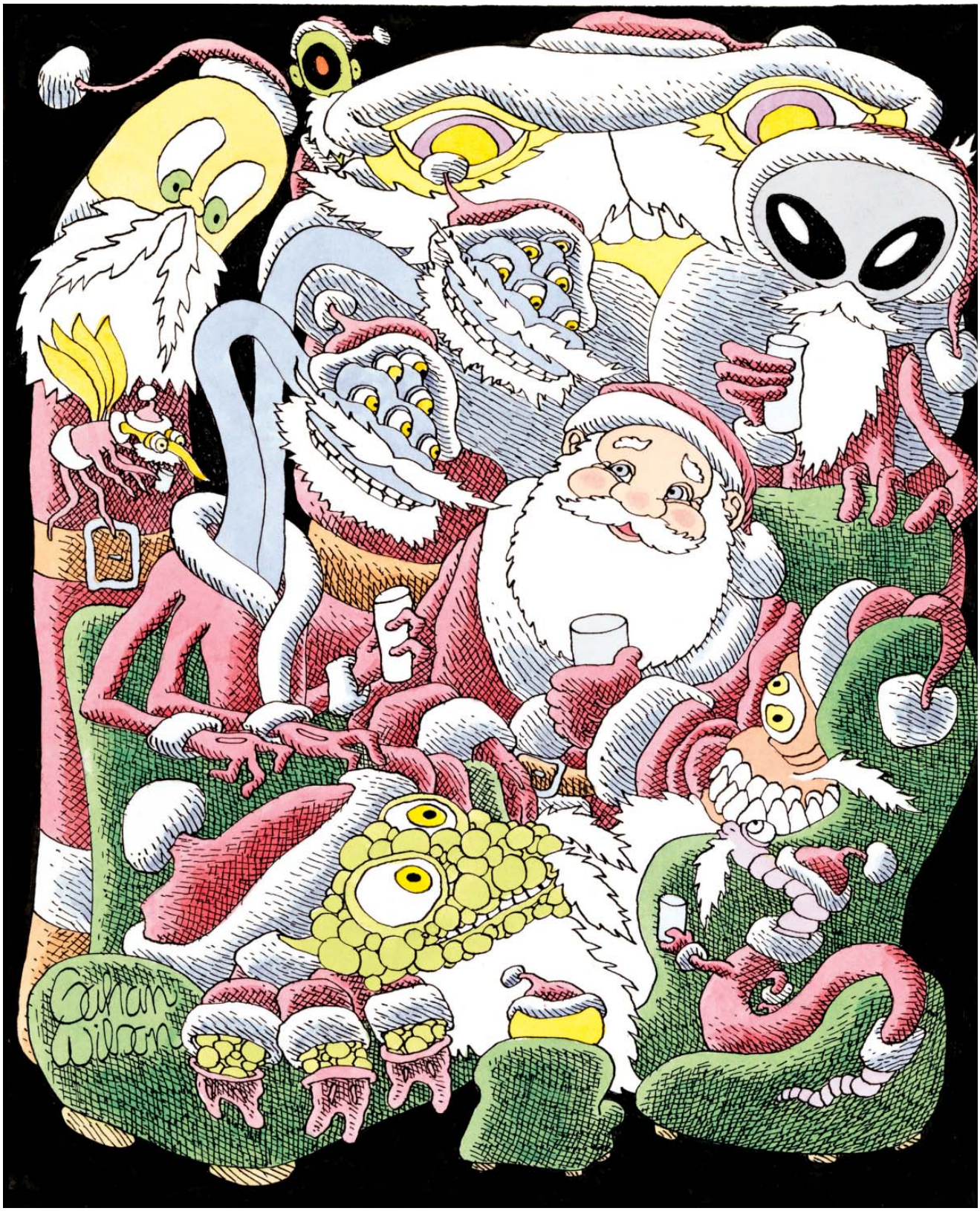
5. Texas The Longhorns ended a disappointing 2004–2005 season with a loss to Nevada in the tournament's first round. But absent from that defeat were star forward P.J. Tucker (academically ineligible) and LaMarcus Aldridge (injured hip). Now a junior, Tucker should blossom into a superstar if he can stay eligible. With the six-foot-10 Aldridge healthy again, the Longhorn frontcourt attack is scary. The backcourt is led by Big 12 Freshman of the Year Daniel Gibson, who's expected to be even better this year. Gibson is the key to this team: When he is on, Texas is tough to beat.

6. Louisville The Cardinals made a run to the Final Four last year before succumbing to top-ranked Illinois. Three starters have departed, but plenty of talent still remains for coach Rick Pitino to mold. The frontcourt is a definite strength with six-foot-eight Juan Palacios, six-foot-nine Brian Johnson and six-foot-11 David Padgett, who transferred from Kansas a year ago. The backcourt is led by senior Taquan Dean, not a true point guard but a lead guard who can flat-out score. He'll keep opponents on their toes and Louisville fans on their feet.

7. Arizona The Cats' 2004–2005 season ended in shock when they blew a 15-point lead over Illinois with four minutes left in the NCAA regional final. This year's squad is desperate to eradicate that memory. Lute Olson is one of the game's top coaches, and this season he has another well-balanced team. Senior Isaiah Fox and junior Kirk Walters combine to give Arizona depth in the post, and the backcourt—the team's strength—is led by senior swingman Hassan Adams, who can shoot with range and score inside. He should emerge as one of the best players in the country.

8. Texas Tech No NCAA coach gets more out of his players than Bobby Knight. Last year the Red Raiders made a surprise run to the Sweet 16, and this year's squad looks to contend again. The frontcourt is solid though young, with several freshmen vying for playing time. Junior Darryl Dora leads the attack. His toughness will be a huge factor in making Tech's motion offense work. In the backcourt, junior Jarrius Jackson will try to make up for the departure of Ronald Ross. Jackson hit 46 percent of his three-pointers last year and averaged more than 15 points a game.

9. Memphis Last season was a major disappointment for coach John Calipari, whose Tigers failed to make the *(continued on page 166)*



"Personally, I'd love to have the next Intergalactic Santa Convention held on my planet, but the earthlings might panic."





SIFTING TRUTH FROM MYTH IN HIS DAD'S TALES OF HEROISM, A SON FINDS A SURPRISING LEGACY

MY FATHER'S WAR ☆

A MEMOIR BY
SCOTT TUROW

I am watching television when my father comes into the den. It is 1960 and I am 11 years old, and I know I'm going to get it. It's Sunday, the one day of the week my father is at home. My dad is quick to anger, and in this case I've given him a good excuse. I watch too much TV. Both parents have warned me, and I know my father will lance me with a dark look of suppressed violence and snap off the set.

But he never says a word. Instead, what's on the screen seizes him, a historical documentary about World War II featuring a scene of grimy men feeding shells into howitzers and retreating as the huge guns pound back into the earth. I am watching only because it's Sunday morning, when the viewing choice is generally limited to preachers and adults talking to one another. But for my father this footage from the European Theater is not a matter of casual interest. I can see that he has left the present. His eyes do not waver as the black-and-white reflection flickers on his brow. When he finally breaks away minutes later, he leaves the room at once, with no memory of my infraction.

From moments like that I absorbed the news that something had happened to my father on those battlefields. He was a physician but one who had been "in the war," although I did not really understand as a child exactly what that meant, especially to him.

My mother was unambiguously proud of my father's service. When my dad turned 40, my mom assembled several framed tributes to him. The one I remember best represented his war service by displaying the hardware he had worn: his silver captain's bars, the winged caduceus of the Medical Corps, his battle ribbons for service in Europe. In the middle hung his first Bronze Star and the oak-leaf cluster that came when he was awarded a second. My mother's brother, who had been a medical school classmate of my father's and had served in the Pacific, told me more than once *(continued on page 169)*

ILLUSTRATION BY KENT WILLIAMS

CHRISTMAS IN BASTOGNE

AN EXCERPT FROM **SCOTT TUROW'S** NEW NOVEL, **ORDINARY HEROES**

During the brutal winter of 1944 the soldiers of G Company, under the command of an untested officer named David Dubin, found themselves surrounded by German forces. Outnumbered and short of ammunition, fuel and food, the Americans were ordered to defend a small farm road leading to the Belgian town of Bastogne. In the darkness of the final hours of Christmas Eve, with a German attack certain at dawn, Captain Dubin describes an unexpected break in the months-long savagery that came to be called the Battle of the Bulge.

The morning of the 24th of December was cloudless, and our Air Corps was in the sky not long after first light. As the formations of bombers and the P-47s to protect them roared overhead, my men waved from inside their foxholes. The German antiaircraft was intense, especially as our planes penetrated German territory. We could see the red trails of the AA rising and several times aircraft suddenly become stars of flame. But the ranks of bombers and supply planes kept coming for hours, vapor trails behind each motor making the sky look a little like a plowed field. The escorts weaved up and down, on the lookout for German fighters, while the chutes on the supply drops continued to unfurl in the skies near the town of Savy. When the wind died down, we could hear the rumble of the trucks fetching the medicine and food and ammunition back into Bastogne.

At nine P.M. a jeep came creeping up the road. I'd been summoned into town to see the battalion commander, Lieutenant Colonel Hamza Algar. He was at the same desk where I had met him four days earlier, but it was trimmed out now with pine boughs. His pipe was in hand, but I could tell from the aroma that he'd been reduced to filling it with tobacco from cigarettes.

"Merry Christmas, David." He offered his hand. He and his staff had been contemplating my company's situation and the way it fit into the overall picture. The Krauts had issued an edict today to General McAuliffe, the overall commander in Bastogne, to surrender, and he'd reportedly said "Nuts" in reply. There was reason to think he'd made a good decision. Patton's forces were said to be advancing down the Assenois Road on Bastogne now, and more than 1,200 loads of supplies had fallen by parachute today. As a result, general staff was convinced that the Germans had no choice but to mount an all-out attack tomorrow. They could not get their tanks into a position to take on Patton without control of Bastogne. And they knew that with every hour supplies were being distributed to peripheral forces, meaning the longer they waited, the stiffer the resistance.

Algar figured there remained a fair chance that one of the Kraut attacks might come from the west, perhaps through Savy, out where we were. And in any event, whatever German force was in the woods would move on us. So Algar and his staff wanted us in position to hold that road, although they had decided to move us about 800 yards toward Champ. If the first attack came at us, we were to head north and contact the enemy. With luck, we'd catch them by surprise and be able to flank the *Panzergrenadiers.* Either way, we were better off attacking than waiting for the Germans to mass and pin us down. Those were the orders.

I saluted, but Algar had something else.

"I don't like to say this, but we're all better off being plain. Don't let your men surrender to the panzer forces. Name, rank and serial number won't get them very far. After the job we've done on the Luftwaffe, most of their intelligence comes from what they can beat out of our troops. Once they've got what they want, the buggers have no means to keep prisoners. And they don't. Word is they flat-out shot dozens of our troops at Malmédy. But understand what I mean. I was with Fuller at Clervaux, when Cota wouldn't let us retreat. I'm never going to issue that command. I don't want to lose that road. But I don't want a bunch of soldiers with rifles trying to stop tanks. Fight like hell as long as you can, but protect your men. Those are your orders."

As I approached Company G's strong points, one of the Browning gunners called out the password, "Flash."

"Thunder," I answered and continued to the pump house to find First Sergeant Meadows to give him the new orders. A kid named O'Brien was helping a young soldier with a letter home, writing down what the boy told him, sometimes framing the words for him. When I left the pump house, I heard music. The German troops were in the woods, singing Christmas carols, their voices traveling down to us on the wind. Many of the tunes were familiar despite the foreign tongue, whose words I could make out here and there because of my limited Yiddish. "*Stille Nacht,*" they sang, "*Heilige Nacht.*"

Rudzicke, a lean red-haired boy, rushed up to me.

"Captain, I was going to sing too," he said. "A lot of us wanted to. Seeing as how we're moving out anyway."

I debated, undertaking the unfamiliar arithmetic of pluses and minuses that an experienced combat officer probably had reduced to instinct. Would I mislead the Germans about our position in the morning or give something away? With an assault in the offing, could I deny the men one meager pleasure of Christmas? And how to cope with the ugly worm of hope that this demonstration of fellowship might make the Krauts less savage at daybreak?

"Sing," I told him. And so as we packed up, G Company sang, even me. Christmas was nothing in my family's house, a nonevent, and I felt as a result that I was not a participant in the festival of fellowship and good feeling that Christmas was everywhere else. But now I sang. We sang with our enemies. It went on nearly an hour, and then there was silence again, awaiting the attack that all the soldiers on both sides knew was coming.



"You're OK, but I'm going to have to see some ID on your little friends."


RACHEL
GOES TO
BAND CAMP
Your counselor, Rachel Veltri
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

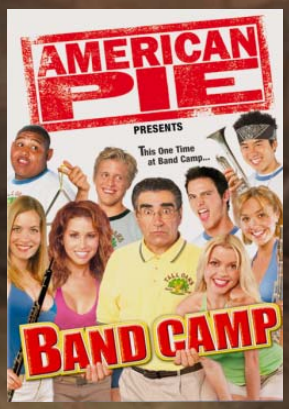
Here are three things you should know up front about Rachel Veltri: (1) She loves bowling. (2) She can beat you at bowling. (3) She keeps a basketball in the trunk of her car, just in case. ("You never know when you're going to need one!" she says.) For some guys, number three alone makes her a dream girl. But keep reading; there's more.

On a recent night at Pinz bowling lanes in Los Angeles, Rachel tells the story of one of her first experiences in Hollywood, a debacle known as the fourth season of the NBC reality show *For Love or Money.* She's wearing skintight faded jeans and a pink half top with the phrase SPREAD THE LOVE bookended by her blonde locks.

"I was sick about that show for a year afterward," the Chicago native says about her reality-TV endeavor. "I had nightmares. I still can't watch those shows."

In front of millions of viewers, Rachel had to choose between a guy she didn't know very well and a cool million. Incurably romantic, she chose the guy, but the relationship didn't work out quite as she thought it would. She got neither love nor money, which is why the trunk in which she carries her basketball belongs to a beat-up Hyundai and why her L.A. apartment comes equipped with two roommates (and a poodle).

"Guys were coming up to me and asking, 'Why didn't you take the money?' But I'm happy I didn't take it," she says. "If I had, I would probably still be a flight attendant. I wouldn't have gotten the nerve to come out to L.A. and start auditioning for movies and TV." Besides, she explains, the cool million wouldn't have come in a lump sum but in installments over 40 years. "After taxes that's like $18,000 a year," she says. "I know I'll make the money back acting anyway."







The exquisite and talented Rachel Veltri has made the jump from modeling to reality TV to the big screen. This month you can watch the rising star make beautiful music in *American Pie Presents Band Camp* on DVD.

















See more of Rachel at cyber.playboy.com.

Rachel started out in showbiz as a model; her silver-blue eyes and lithe body have graced the covers of more than 60 romance novels. While she was auditioning for a Budweiser commercial, a casting director suggested she return the next day for the NBC audition, and things happened quickly after that. Though reality TV didn't go her way, it gave Hollywood a good look at her. Like us, it liked what it saw.

This month you can catch Rachel's act in *American Pie Presents Band Camp* on DVD; she plays a sexy camp counselor alongside original cast members Eugene Levy and Chris "the Sherminator" Owen. She'll also appear in the upcoming teen horror flick *Pray for Morning.* (Her character is named Bunny, and she's quick to point out the PLAYBOY connection.)

For a moment the conversation stops while Rachel concentrates on the 10 white pins standing 78 feet away. She winds up, hurls the ball down the lane and throws a strike. Then she busts into a wild jig unlike anything we've seen before—ample breasts bouncing, hands pumping up and down, legs pogoing in place. Every eye in the bowling alley is on her, and judging from our experience in such matters, half the women and all the men have the same question on their minds.

"Yes, they're real," Rachel answers, "and I'm proud of them. I get that question all the time, especially when I'm wearing a push-up bra."

Outside of work, Rachel likes doing "anything sporty"—tennis, volleyball, Rollerblading, a quick game of pickup hoops. "I'm very competitive," she admits. She describes herself as a lightweight when it comes to partying ("If I have one drink, that's it; my night's gone"), but she also says she's no angel. "Growing up I was a pretty good kid. I don't know what happened."

She says she's dating but no one serious at the moment. "I guess I'm looking for the perfect person," she says, laughing. "But I have to wake up and realize—hello—no one's perfect!"

Oh yeah? Judging from what we're looking at, we beg to differ.



LOLITA

(continued from page 105)

book to a somewhat gutless friend of mine. The friend did not react as he might have, and it did not occur to the student himself to return the precious book to me. If he is still around, I hope he glances occasionally at the dedication and has made peace with his conscience. If the two green tomes have fallen into other hands, I hope the new owner is blissfully unaware of their history.

Lolita was first published in Paris in English, after several American houses had considered it but ended up running with their tails between their legs. Nabokov had no idea before publication that the Paris publisher's products were sometimes questionable. After some fuss among prudes acting on hearsay, all ended well when Graham Greene declared *Lolita* "one of the three greatest books of the year." The censors were laughed off the stage, and the prudes were rewarded by seeing her appear worldwide, in two dozen languages and some 50 million copies, not counting Russian, Chinese and Korean pirates. I went on to read the book many times and to find that, as with most of my father's works, each rereading offers new treasures. Now *Lolita* celebrates her 50th birthday, and there is even a literature festival in Berlin with a commemorative Nabokov Café.

I have sometimes been asked if there was any kind of nexus between me and Lolita. An ambitious Italian journalist, writing in *Il Radiocorriere TV,* flaunted her knowledge of English and the untranslated *Look at the Harlequins!* by taking my father's mock autobiography in earnest. At the outset of the book, which was possibly as far as the good lady got, Nabokov's first-person narrator refers to his "three or four successive wives." What should have been a humorous giveaway became for her the biographic truth, and a plethora of wives followed my father not only into that week's program guide but also into an annual capsule TV biography. The capsule also contained a single daughter, on whom Nabokov had presumably modeled Lolita—a six-foot-five Lolita, I suppose, possessing an operatic bass. A more real, if tenuous, link does, however, exist. While fine-tuning his ear to the teen talk of the 1950s, my father not only rode city buses when schoolchildren were likely to frequent them but sometimes used me at day's end as a likely source of kidspeak. One locution—"to goof off"—comes to mind among those he gleaned, and perhaps I am responsible for its slightly incorrect use in the book. Other little nuances of mine, connected not only with language but with tennis or other activities of ours, made it into the book as well.

Plenty of nonsense has followed in the tracks of Lo and her creator, and not a few hacks have ridden his *frac*-tails. A personally repugnant example of familial innuendo recently fluttered through online Nabokov postings: the outlandish insinuation that *Ada* was inspired by an incestuous affair between my father and his younger sister Hélène while the family was waiting in Yalta for a reversal of the Bolshevik barbarity so that it might journey to its rightful Russia rather than head into exile in the West. That, of course, was not to be. Otherwise, millions of lives and thousands of treasures would have been saved, and Nabokov might have lived out his life as an impassioned amateur entomologist and a writer little known outside a literary elite versed in his native tongue. It is a pity that the dead cannot sue the living for defamation and that idiocy is not a punishable crime. Except perhaps for a cluster of informed and sensitive Nabokovians, the reader has little conception of what the brother really shared with his sister: knowledge of lepidopterology, biology, prosody—fields in which young Vladimir was already a unique teacher and about which younger Hélène thirsted to learn. It is hard to imagine a more innocent and idyllic relationship between siblings than the one Vladimir recalled having had with his sister in the Crimean hills.

Lest the bowl overflow, I shall not dwell on an online Jo who maintains that *Lolita* is little more than a thinly coded chronicle of young Vladimir's sexual molestation at the hands of a homosexual uncle. Jo deserves not a legal suit but a more appropriate garment such as a straitjacket. What is least comprehensible and most hurtful is how a pompous Russian scholar, Alexander Dolinin, who has built much of an international academic career on the study and admiration of Nabokov, has suddenly knifed his subject in the back in frankly Stalinist terms. I guess the man has seen his years slithering by and had to give his envy and venom free rein. "Nabokov," he writes, "had to justify his emigration from his native language and literature. It seems that memoirists, biographers and critics alike tend to fall under the spell of Nabokov's own inventions, evasions, exaggerations and half-truths and perpetuate his mythmaking game by sticking to its rules." Read the online poem "Softest of Tongues," Mr. Dolinin. As for you, you are no longer welcome to "teach" Nabokov inside his family dwelling in Russia.

The 1950s and 1990s may have differed in many ways, but the state-cum-church mentality prevails. In Riviera Beach, Florida a municipal councilman, while commenting on the proposed opening of an "adult" bookstore, proclaimed, "We don't want any Lolitas or Godivas in this community." While in that microcosm, of course, ignorance is the operative element, one finds more alarming food for thought in the fact that 20 of our states still live in the era of the Scopes trial and also in the declaration by a British churchman, appropriately named Oddie, that the current moral ruination of the West is due to PLAYBOY, the Beatles and *Lolita*—while a fellow member of the clergy keeps an assistant standing by with a towel so that he can ejaculate more hygienically while publicly caning a naughty schoolboy. Adrian Lyne had a harder time finding distribution for his film of *Lolita* in 1997 than Stanley Kubrick did in 1962, even though Lyne enlisted a battalion of lawyers to make sure he was not overstepping the bounds of propriety and even though his film is both literally and figuratively in color but never off-color—and far more faithful to the book—as opposed to Kubrick's black and white. It is true that certain enlightened conservatives such as my friend William Buckley have maintained a healthy objectivity toward art. When I asked Buckley out of curiosity if my father might be a candidate for depiction on a postage stamp, he replied with a bit of embarrassment that no, the postage stamp committee would never allow it because of *Lolita.* So much for that mixed bag of honorees (to which Elvis Presley, notwithstanding the age of his real-life fiancée, was elected by acclaim).

A favorite question of interviewers is about how it feels to be the son of a genius. What can I say except that genius envy will never die? But what I think has struck me most, and perhaps left the most lasting impression, is the contrast between my initial reaction to *Lolita*—a feeling of wonderment at my father's tender, touching style and the unique way he had of combining a dash of humor with the tragic, and of pathos with the comic—and the way poor Lolita came to be perceived by some. Expressing the delicate Nabokovian nuances in translation became both a struggle and a joy for me, as was Father's ability to create poetry and prose that conjoined a multitude of levels and details to be discovered with every reading.

I'm pretty sure that if I were to narrate certain episodes of my own life, I would be taken for a braggart, a liar or both, as was once suggested



"I thought I made it clear she was not to open that gift till Christmas morning."

by a pugnacious lady writing for the *Times*. So I have not touched on my more extreme moments in the realms of auto and offshore racing, my mountain adventures (including a close call with a meteorite on Mexico's tallest volcano), a potentially fatal incident on an operatic stage, the otherworldly intensity of a relationship with a very special sloe-eyed Milanese beauty or the fact that the illness that would end my father's life was what made me interrupt a delicate intelligence assignment on the Adriatic. Instead I have stuck to a more sober contribution, focusing largely on Lolita, whose story is adventurous enough and who is, after all, our birthday girl.

AZAR NAFISI
AUTHOR OF *READING LOLITA IN TEHRAN*

In the 1990s I started traveling from my home in Tehran to the U.S. and Europe. I had just published my book on Nabokov in Iran. I gave a talk in Washington, D.C. about the experience of teaching *Lolita;* at the end of the talk people asked different questions, but one particular woman was so antagonistic—not just toward me but toward Nabokov as well. Her basic point was: How could you say that women and especially girls could ever appreciate a book like this, which celebrates a pedophile? Yes, on one level one could say it's about Humbert and his obsession with Lolita, but it's also a celebration of the beauty and poignancy of an ordinary little girl, the way she sighs in class or plays tennis; we see her humanity even as Humbert confiscates her life, rewriting it. When she says the worst thing about death is just being alone, we're reminded of her helplessness. What I wish I could have told the woman at the conference is that *Lolita,* like all of Nabokov's works, challenges the kind of reader who goes into a novel searching to be calmed, searching for his or her own assertions, not to discover something. What frightens us about people like Humbert is that he reminds us of our own potential to self-justify, to be blind toward others. We don't all go around raping 12-year-old girls, but we do fail to see other people. This is one of the great things about the novel: It questions not just the greater world, and the politics of the moment, but you.

ALEKSANDAR HEMON
AUTHOR OF *THE QUESTION OF BRUNO*

I came to the United States for a visit in the winter of 1992 and stayed over when the war in Bosnia broke out in the spring. I had writing ambitions and soon realized that if I were to live here for the rest of my life—which was likely, as the war seemed interminable—I would have to write in English. Reading had to be compulsive if I were to achieve that. Years before, I had discovered a copy of *Lolita* at a small Sarajevo library (I still remember its position on the shelf, in fact). The exhilaration started the moment I touched *Lolita* and lasted for another couple of days of passionate reading. It's little wonder, then, that *Lolita* was one of the first books I bought upon my arrival in the U.S., and it was the first I read with the goal in mind of writing in English. I started by underlining all the words I did not know and would later look up in my *Oxford Advanced Learner's Dictionary,* but soon there were far too many marks on each page, so I switched to writing the words down on note cards. I had dozens of note cards and spent as much time flipping through the dictionary as actually reading. The man was a linguistic maniac, I understood. He charged through the language with the intensity and wit manifest in the note cards strewn all over my lodgings and brain. The English language was laid out by Nabokov for me to see, card by card, in all its glorious possibilities.

I worked at the time as a canvasser for Greenpeace—my first legal job—which meant I had to talk to 20 Americans every day on average, trying to get them to fork over the funds for saving the planet. At first I was aware of my accent and the limits of my English, but I quickly became confident enough to attempt deploying in my pitch the words from the note cards. To suburbanites confounded by my accent and general scarcity of articles in my discourse, I exhibited the gems I had unearthed plowing through *Lolita,* words like *ardent, axillary, gibberish, hirsute, thwart*. To many a pitchee, what I was saying doubtless sounded like a foreign language, but I had no fear of speaking the language as though I owned it. Nabokov stood behind me, vouchsafing for the words, whispering into my mind's ear that I could feel at home in English. Even now, when on gloomy days I have doubts, after two published books, about the viability of writing in a stepmother language, I recall the fact that



"If he was the real Santa, I wouldn't object, but he's obviously some second-rate department store version!"



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the greatest American novel of the 20th century, possibly of all time, was written by a Russian immigrant.

A.S. BYATT, ENGLISH WRITER

Humbert is a consummately artificial character. The reader of *Lolita* can sense Nabokov's gleeful pleasure in his own controlling skill, through and behind Humbert's own gleeful pleasure in his power of language and manipulation of people. And yet as a reader I react very naively to him. I judge him, I explain him, I argue with him, as though he were a real man who had got (so to speak) under my skin. This is what Nabokov wanted me to do. Humbert is one of those bad men who appear to be redeemed by a kind of charm but above all by a mixture of extraordinary energy and extraordinary verbal skill. He is like Don Juan and Shakespeare's energetic villains Iago and Edmund: more interesting than the banal people who surround him. But, like them, his energy turns out to be stultifying and self-defeating—as well as horribly damaging to others in ways he claims to understand and we don't quite believe he does.

One thing that interests me as a writer is what Nabokov chooses to make Humbert tell us about his life before and after his passion for Lolita. His marriage to Valeria, at whom he sneers, is an unpleasant farce. In a skated-over episode early in Humbert's American existence, he has "another bout with insanity (if to melancholia and an insufferable sense of oppression that cruel term must be applied)." We can't really tell how sane or insane he is. He is treated in a sanatorium, where he takes cunning pleasure in the "cruel sport" of misleading the psychiatrists. A good reader notes this pleasure in deception when embarking on Humbert's story of his relations with Charlotte and Lolita Haze.

He is not a nice man and has monstrous failures of imagination. Consider his thoughts about Valeria when he tries to deal with Charlotte's frustration of his wishes; he tells us he used to "twist fat Valechka's brittle wrist (the one she had fallen on from a bicycle)." He needs, he tells us, to be more subtle with Charlotte. When she discovers his diary of his passion for her child (with its unpleasant jeering at herself), he thinks that if she had been Valeria he would have "slapped her breasts out of alignment or otherwise hurt her." Instead he tries to placate Charlotte, makes her a drink, tries to tell her he is planning a novel (an incredibly feeble excuse) and distracts himself and the reader with some exquisite prose about the "little pillow-shaped blocks of ice—pillows for polar teddy bears, Lo" in the drink, while his wife runs out to her death in the street. He is not as clever as he thinks he is, and he, and we, are made to see that clearly.

The paragraph I remember almost word for word is the bravura description of the imaginary mural Humbert paints in the Enchanted Hunters after he has first penetrated Lolita. He has told us that the size of his adult male organ shocked her, despite her childish sexual experiments. He makes metaphors—a tiger pursuing a bird of paradise, "a choking snake sheathing whole the flayed trunk of a shoat"—in which the swallowed victim and the predatory swallower have changed place, most unpleasantly. He has an agonized sultan helping "a callypygean slave child to climb a column of onyx"—again a precise, and not really pleasant, image of sexual activity with an unpleasant emotion attached, power and slavery. He paints camp activities of teenage girls ("Canoeing, Coranting, Combing Curls"), his own privately exciting images, and graduates to lights, "those luminous globules of gonadal glow that travel up the opalescent side of jukeboxes"—a brilliantly inventive image for rising sexual excitement. Then there are colors: fire opal dissolving, "a last throb, a last dab of color, stinging red, smarting pink, a sigh, a wincing child." The colors are those of Humbert's sexual excitement and Lolita's bleeding. The prose is virtuoso. The way the string of images ends in a real thing—a wincing child—is horribly moving. *Wincing child* is bare and factual—Lolita here is not even called a girl, and certainly not a nymphet, but a hurt child. *Wincing* suggests pain and courage and revulsion.

Even Lolita herself senses the artifice and essential antireality of the world she inhabits: "You talk like a book, Dad," she says to Humbert Humbert.

The whole problem—and the whole art—of the novel is here. For Humbert orchestrates our excitement and shock. Humbert knows, and Humbert tells us, that the child is bleeding and wincing. Humbert expects us to admire both his luscious (and exact) prose and his understanding of the true moral disaster. But Nabokov ensures that we get more of a shock—and are less seduced—than Humbert intends. Humbert is not quite clever enough, which is why we pity him, perhaps, after all.

DONNA TARTT
AUTHOR OF *THE SECRET HISTORY*

I first read *Lolita* when I was 16, but I would have read it sooner had I been able to find it. In rural Mississippi 25 years ago, it wasn't an easy book to come by, and indeed it wasn't particularly easy to find any of Nabokov's work. But I had read his collected short stories, and *Ada,* which was so indescribably wonderful to me that I couldn't even comprehend it; the story was beyond me, but the words and images were so beautiful that I could open it at any random point and drown in it. For over a year I checked and rechecked it from the library, and hauled it around with me everywhere I went (and if anybody was ever amused to see a little girl always carrying around this enormous book that said NABOKOV, they never said anything). During this time, I was desperate to get hold of some of his other work—especially *Lolita,* which I knew was his greatest book. *Lolita* wasn't the sort of book I felt comfortable asking my parents or the library to order for me, and when I finally found it on my own (in the tiny bookstore of a bleak suburban mall in a strange town) I almost didn't have the nerve to buy it because the mass-market edition at that time was incredibly cheesy: airbrushed girlie flesh, verging on soft porn. But inside that misleadingly sleazy jacket was concealed nothing less than what Humbert Humbert calls the secret of durable pigments, the refuge of art. While I was reading it (over about three days, in early June, in the guest bedroom of my friend Nancy's house) some essentially life-changing transformation took place within me, something that felt almost chemical, a change in the blood, as in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. I could hardly speak or bring myself to come downstairs for meals. At night, after I turned the light out, I lay awake with my face pressed into the pillow and felt stunned.

People who concentrate on the pedophilia are missing the point. *Lolita* isn't sensationalism or social realism; it's so magnificent in its imagery, so rich and tricky and labyrinthine in its construction, that it's clearly all a fantastic game, with Nabokov standing plainly visible in the background of his own creation, pulling the strings. (Even Lolita herself senses the artifice and essential antireality of the world she inhabits: "You talk like a book, Dad," she says to Humbert.) It has always been distressing to me that so many people speak of *Lolita* as a groundbreaking novel because of the subject matter, when of course the real reason it's groundbreaking is because Nabokov pushes English prose to heights it hasn't touched since.

FREDRIC JAMESON
AUTHOR OF *ARCHAEOLOGIES OF THE FUTURE*

Who would have thought a foreigner would end up writing the Great American Novel? What does it tell us about ourselves that American social life let itself be so vividly rendered by a European aesthete whose contempt for political and philosophical content was so boundless as to be a kind of caricature? How to



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explain the fact that it fell to a modernist art-for-art's-sake stylist to capture the essence of that ambiguous period, the American 1950s, which otherwise seems to fall out of the grand narrative of our recent history?

Nabokov truly seized the moment by an accident of history. This high-cultural manufacturer of abstract, unlikely plots suddenly invented one that fell into place in a U.S. gradually dismantling its sexual taboos and liberating one former perversion after another. As this moral subversion continued and became generalized, the love for nymphets gradually lost its transgressive edge. Its moment of scandal had been essential, not only for the book's unlikely commercial success but for its art as well, in which the representation of hitherto unmentionable desires offered a writer the supreme challenge of formulating the new before its domestication settled down into more conventional four-letter format. Maybe today, when religious, reactionary moralizing has returned with a vengeance, *Lolita* will again have something to offer a hysterical media obsessed with pedophilia in the day-care center or the church choir or on death row.

Unlike those of his American countercultural contemporaries, Nabokov's sex story was strengthened by its insertion into an allegorical framework, in which the cultured, melancholy European exile unexpectedly identifies his heart's desire in the American bobby-soxer, a new social phenomenon of the 1950s, and in which U.S. mass culture and consumption reach an apotheosis of inarticulacy and inauthenticity. Yet it is a masterstroke, and Humbert's unappeasable obsession solves the problem of the Old World's fascination with the New in ways that scarcely glorify the latter at the same time that its irresistible youth and vitality are suitably acknowledged ("a land of desire," said Hegel, "for all those weary of the historical lumber room of old Europe").

Nabokov's Americans (like Hitchcock's) are delicious caricatures in a journey whose episodic form (unified only by the paranoid fantasy of the malicious Quilty, a bad American double of the persecuted narrator) offers an inimitable pretext for the minting of his incomparable sentences. This trajectory ("whose sole raison d'etre…was to keep my companion in passable humor from kiss to kiss"), in its interminable circuit back and forth across the continent, supremely achieves a cognitive map of the U.S. in all its flora and fauna. This aesthetic equivalent of the Federal-Aid Highway Act of 1956 thus turns out to be a prophetic anticipation of postmodernity, with its primacy of space over time. Nabokov has jumped to the top of the literary canon in Russia today; let's make sure *Lolita* remains an American classic as well.

PAUL THEROUX, AUTHOR OF *BLINDING LIGHT*

The quaint thing is that 50 years ago some books were regarded as so shocking and dangerous they had to be suppressed, and some writers were regarded as outlaws. Living in that paranoid and puritan world, many of us conceived the ambition to be writers. I did not read *Lolita* then; Henry Miller was my hero, and *Tropic of Cancer,* which was also banned, was the book I admired most, for its gusto and rebelliousness.

Lolita was notorious, a wicked book—people ranted about it—but when I first got around to reading it in high school I found it precious and overwritten. I still think it is a bit too pleased with itself, dense with the Nabokovian smugness present in all his work. Yet this novel stands up to many rereadings. It is still funny; it is true to a specific era in American life. The first half of the novel, the middle-aged Humbert's stalking and seduction of a 12-year-old girl, is brilliant (she turns 13 long after he has nailed her); the second half is a plotty and sprawling pseudo-mystery and also a great road trip.

At the time, the novel was defended on artistic grounds, which is a euphemistic crock because its appeal is unambiguously sexual. The novel has, to use a Nabokov image, a gonadal glow. The lechery is so convincing, it is impossible to imagine that Nabokov did not harbor the desire to fondle small ("feline," "bud-breasted") girls. Never mind the hyperbolic copulation in the hotel. Look at Chapter 13, Lolita's four-page lap dance ending with Humbert exulting, "I crushed out against her left buttock the last throb of the longest ecstasy man or monster had ever known."

BRIAN BOYD
NABOKOV SCHOLAR AND BIOGRAPHER

Lolita and I had a difficult start to our relationship. I was 13, almost her age. I hid her under my pillow so my puritanical and unbookish parents would not know who I had in my bed. But our time together proved humiliating, frustrating, detumefying: *Lolita* was too old and too knowing for me. By 16, however, I was ready for *Pale Fire,* and I have owed many of my deepest literary thrills ever since to Nabokov, *Lolita* included. Yet while I think I have come to understand most of his finest books—*Pale Fire, Ada, The Gift, The Defense* and *Speak, Memory*—I am baffled still, although now also entranced, by his most famous novel.

Although *Lolita* still slips from my grasp, the world found it accessible and immediate enough to change Nabokov's fortunes and the whole face of late 20th century literature. The novel shocked and still shocks because its subject, its characters, its angle, its attitude—the portrait of an artist as a middle-aged pervert—allowed all the eloquence anyone could want. But all of Nabokov's work shocks. He does not accept old ways of seeing and saying. He challenges and refreshes every convention yet never experiments for experiment's sake. He invents absorbing characters and situations, then embeds them in unprecedented structures and storytelling strategies that nevertheless seem to arise naturally out of the facts of the fiction. Unlike some high modernists, he pays as much attention to readers as to characters—and he makes them creative readers. He hides extra dimensions of discovery behind a surface that immediately appeals, even if in *Lolita* it also appalls. And he dives deep. In Humbert, Nabokov shows consciousness, the



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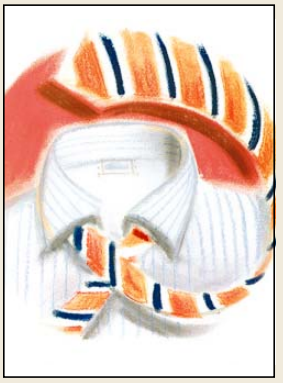
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Page 40: *Activision,* activision.com. *Aspyr,* aspyr.com. *Bethesda Softworks,* bethsoft.com. *D-Link,* games.dlink.com. *Electronic Arts,* ea.com. *Game Boy Micro,* nintendo.com. *Intec,* intecgamer.com. *Joytech,* joytech.net. *Microsoft,* xbox.com. *Sega,* sega.com. *Tecmo,* tecmoinc.com. *ViewSonic,* viewsonic.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 45–48: *DNA 11,* dna11.com. *Marker,* markerusa.com. *Maxisweep,* gnr8.biz. *Salviati,* unicahome.com. *Single malt scotches,* available at fine liquor stores. *Tempter House,* tellurideskiresort.com. *Urban Charm,* urbancharm.com.

PLAYBOY'S HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE

Pages 120–125: *Acapella,* Artistic Audio, 949-362-6080. *Acer,* acer.com. *Ashton,* ash toncigar.com. *Daniel Roth,* danielroth.com. *Davidoff,* davidoff.com. *Ducati,* ducati.com. *Dunhill,* dunhill.com. *Frank Gehry chair,* vitra.com. *Gretsch,* gretsch.com. *Hommage,* hommage.com. *Italfama,* thechessstore.com. *Laguiole,* laguiole-elite.com. *Lone Wolf,* lonewolfknives.com. *Mitsubishi,* mitsubishi-tv.com. *Paul Garmirian,* pgcigars.com. *Personalwine.com,* personalwine.com. *TaylorMade,* taylormadegolf.com.

DRESS GRAY

Pages 128–133: *Armani,* available at Giorgio Armani boutiques. *Best of Class by Robert Talbott,* roberttalbott.com. *Calvin Klein,* 888-222-1213. *Canali,* available at Bloomingdale's. *Davidoff,* davidoffmadison.com. *Dior Homme by Hedi Slimane,* dior.com. *Dom Pérignon,* available at finer liquor stores. *Façonnable,* available at Nordstrom. *Ferragamo,* ferragamo.com. *Garrick Anderson for Saks Fifth Avenue,* available at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. *Gianluca Isaia,* available at Neiman Marcus. *Hélène Zubeldia,* available at Saks Fifth Avenue. *Issey Miyake,* tribecaisseymiyake.com. *John Bartlett,* available at Lord & Taylor. *Lotto,* available at Bloomingdale's. *Peckers,* atriumnyc.com. *Roberto Cavalli,* available at Roberto Cavalli boutiques. *Ted Baker London,* 212-343-8989. *Valentino,* available at Valentino boutiques. *Versace,* 888-3-VERSACE.

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measure of our freedom, becoming a means of entrapment, and love, our way of reaching beyond ourselves, twisted into a way of imposing on others.

JOHN BANVILLE
AUTHOR OF *THE BOOK OF EVIDENCE*

Jorge Luis Borges liked to ponder the strange fact that there was a time before Shakespeare, a time before Kafka, a time before Joyce—a Shakespeareless time, a Kafkaless time, a Joyceless time—ages impossible to imagine for us latter-day readers spoiled for choice. Before Humbert instructed us in the lore of nymphetology, who had noticed the distinction between ordinary, plain, grubby little girls and those enchanted few whose nature "is not human but nymphic (that is demoniac)"?

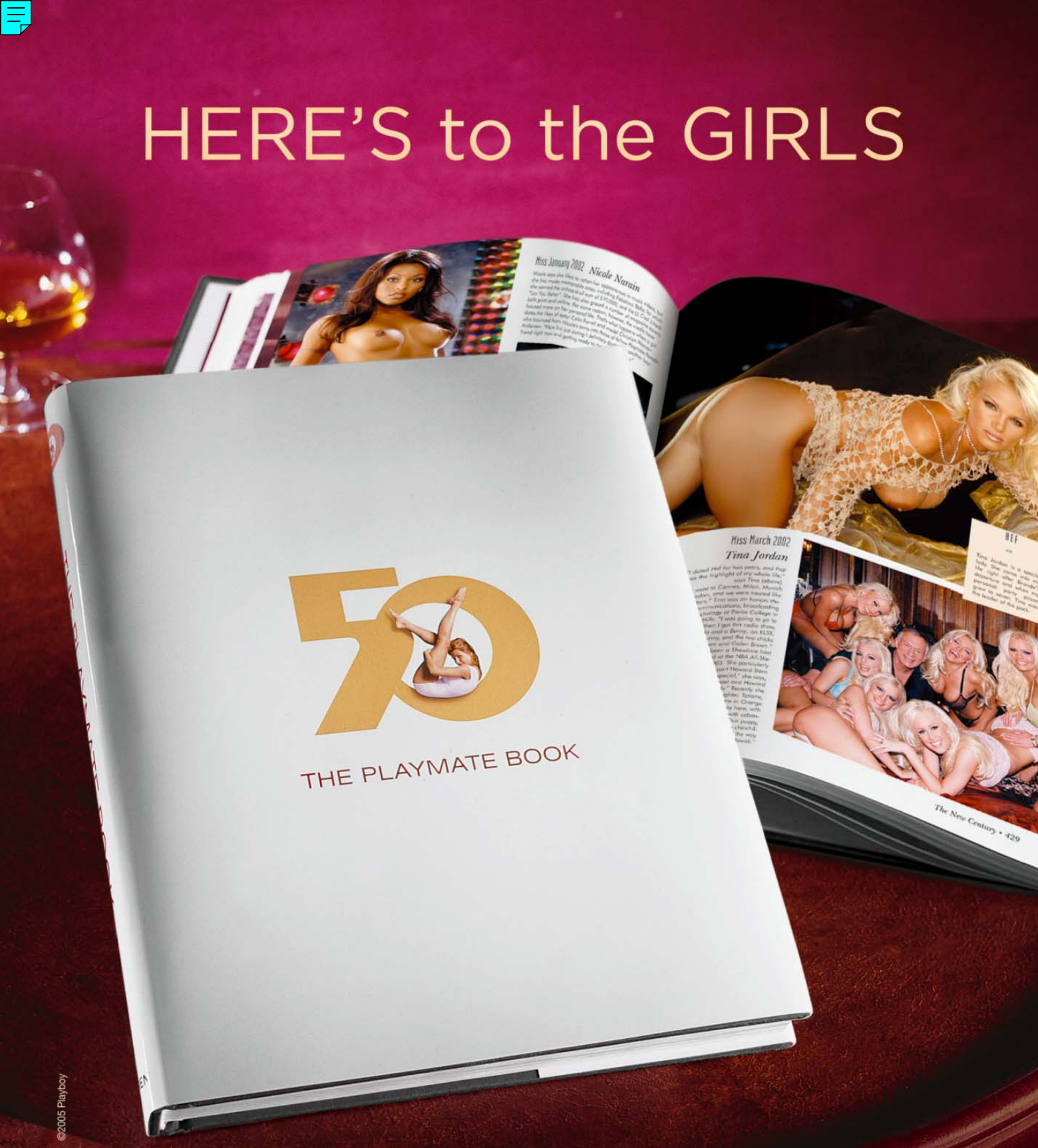
It is no accident that Nabokov had such difficulty getting his book published. The first edition of *Lolita* in 1955 marked the end of America's age of childhood innocence. Gore Vidal has pointed out how young people merely pretend to be children, feigning the expected characteristics of childhood in order to spare the feelings and illusions of grown-ups. Debauched Dolores showed up that little sham for what it is. Never such innocence again—the innocence of us adults, that is. My secondhand copy bears an inscription on the flyleaf:

"June 11, 1959
Dear Ruth Ann,
a very happy birthday—
Aunt Rose."

I cannot help but imagine Ruth Ann as one of the sorority of prepubescent sirens—yes, the murderer's fancy prose style is awfully catching—but who, oh who, I wonder, was Aunt Rose? Inevitably my fabulist's imagination toys with a possibility suggested by Humbert himself, who, when Lolita has been sent away to summer camp by "the Haze woman," her mother, considered the mad idea of dressing up "as a somber old-fashioned girl, gawky Mlle. Humbert" and putting up his tent on the outskirts of Camp Q., "in the hope that its russet nymphets would clamor: 'Let us adopt that deep-voiced D.P.,' and drag the sad, shyly smiling Berthe au Grand Pied to their rustic hearth. Berthe will sleep with Dolores Haze!" After all, the world these days is full of faux Aunt Roses, is it not?

But of course *Lolita* is not really about pedophilia. True, one of its themes is the way in which male lust can blindly consume its object. For all Humbert's exquisitely detailed descriptions of her, he does not see poor pigeon-toed, shortsighted, stagestruck Dolly Haze as an autonomous being but only as the fit object of his desire. And this theme in turn shades into the theme of art and its objects, for art too consumes what it fixes on despite the fact that, as Humbert mournfully declares, art is "the only immortality you and I may share, my Lolita."

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BASKETBALL

(continued from page 142)

tournament. But this season Memphis is a virtual lock for March Madness since most of the team's Conference USA rivals have bolted for the Big East. Freshman guard Darius Washington Jr. may be the best player in the conference. He'll put points on the board and pass the ball off to junior forward Rodney Carney, who'll take it from there. Other key Tiger players include freshman forward Joey Dorsey and junior guard Jeremy Hunt.

10. Gonzaga The Zags have spent several recent seasons wearing the Cinderella slipper in March. But now there are expectations, and with expectations comes scrutiny. Can coach Mark Few's squad handle the heat? Absolutely. A loaded roster led by budding superstar Adam Morrison, a junior forward who almost certainly will be a National Player of the Year finalist, will carry on the winning tradition. Morrison, a Playboy All America, brings a complete offensive game that makes everyone around him better—and junior point guard Derek Raivio and senior center J.P. Batista are pretty good to begin with.

11. Oklahoma Texas may be the preseason favorite, but Oklahoma will make a run at the Big 12 title behind the prime-time attack of senior forward Taj Gray, a Playboy All America who led the conference in field goal percentage his first season in a Sooners uniform. Senior forward Kevin Bookout battled injuries a year ago and still put up solid numbers; now he's healthy again. Coach Kelvin Sampson added a highly regarded recruiting class that should make up for the departure of guards Drew Lavender and Lawrence McKenzie.

12. Syracuse Fans of the Orange used up a lot of tissues weeping over last year's first-round loss to Vermont in the NCAA tourney. Now the team has something to prove, and coach Jim Boeheim will have to rely on some newcomers to prove it. Sure, senior guard and Playboy All America Gerry McNamara is one of the best shooters in the country, but if Syracuse is going to come anywhere near that final bracket in March, guard Louie McCroskey and forwards Terrence Roberts and Darryl Watkins will have to take their game to the next level.

13. Boston College The Eagles join the ACC, perhaps the toughest conference in the country, but coach Al Skinner returns four starters from a club that finished 25–5 a season ago. Featured in this group is senior forward and Playboy All America Craig Smith, who can score from anywhere. He'll need help on the glass from junior Jared Dudley and sophomore Sean Williams (who is suspended until the spring semester). The backcourt is led by Louis Hinnant, a solid guard who knows how to run an offense. Get yourself an NCAA satellite-TV package; watching BC take on Duke, Virginia and North Carolina will be a treat.

14. Kentucky Uncertainty clouds the Wildcats' future. Center Randolph Morris declared for the NBA draft but went unpicked. He has applied to the NCAA for reinstatement, but as of press time no decision has been made. Without his best player, coach Tubby Smith will have a big hole in the Wildcats' low-post attack. Still, one thing this team doesn't lack is height: Seven-foot center Lukasz Obrzut, seven-foot-three man-child Shagari Alleyne and seven-foot-two freshman Jared Carter make a towering trio, but all of them need to refine their game. In the backcourt the guard tandem of Rajon Rondo and Patrick Sparks is one of the SEC's best.

15. Ohio State Buckeyes fans are ecstatic about the future because of a commitment from seven-foot center Greg Oden, one of the best pure low-post center prospects to come out of the high school ranks in years. However, Oden, a high school senior, won't arrive in Columbus until next summer. What does coach Thad Matta have in store in the meantime? All five starters return from a team that upset then-undefeated and number-one-ranked Illinois a year ago. Big man Terence Dials is one of the best inside players in the Big 10. In the backcourt, senior Je'Kel Foster looks to hold on to the shooting guard spot, and senior J.J. Sullinger should have a big scoring season.

16. Nevada Many experts expect Nevada to be a major factor on the national scene this season. We don't see the team making a deep run in March, but this much we know: It'll dominate the WAC. Again. The Wolf Pack has a daunting one-two punch in six-foot-11 forward Nick Fazekas, who can score in the paint as well as from the three-point line, and guard Ramon Sessions, a double-digit scorer whose passing skills make the high-octane Nevada offense go. Two seven-footers give the team great depth in the post, and guard Marcelus Kemp returns to the lineup after missing last season with a knee injury.

17. Stanford Stanford has one of the most important ingredients for a winning college hoops team: a great backcourt led by seniors. Playboy All America Dan Grunfeld shot more than 50 percent from the floor a year ago and averaged nearly 18 points a game. He suffered a knee injury late in the season, but he should be back to full strength. Chris Hernandez is a prime-time floor leader who can also put points on the board. Up front, six-foot-11 Matt Haryasz is a solid scorer and rebounder who draws defensive focus, giving the rest of the lineup better looks at the basket.

18. Wake Forest Last year many experts picked the Demon Deacons to win the national championship. They had a good run until they lost in the second round of the NCAA tourney. Now coach Skip Prosser faces a new campaign minus four of his top six scorers from a year ago, including star guard Chris Paul, who left for the NBA. Senior forward Eric Williams is the team's best talent. His toughness under the basket makes him the focal point of the offense. The point guard job should fall to senior Justin Gray, who'll have to improve to make the attack hum. Keep an eye on top-notch freshman Kevin Swinton, who could explode out of the gate.

19. Illinois The Fighting Illini were PLAYBOY's choice for the nation's number one team a year ago, and they came within an eyelash of winning the national title before succumbing to North Carolina in a heartbreaker. Now coach Bruce Weber must try to

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to build on the momentum of a 37–2 season without superstar guard Deron Williams and two other starters. Senior point guard and Playboy All America Dee Brown, a leading candidate for Big 10 Player of the Year, comes back from an injury to spearhead the attack. Low-post standout James Augustine needs to put up some numbers to compensate for heavy losses along the Illinois front line. He'll get help from forward Marcus Arnold, who arrives as a transfer from Illinois State, and Brian Randle, who missed last season because of an injury.

20. Alabama Coach Mark Gottfried has done a great job at Alabama. Now, with two of his top scorers departed, he is planning on a more athletic, defensive-minded approach. Senior Chuck Davis and junior Jermareo Davidson should make for a great set of bookends along the Alabama front line. The pressure will be on senior swingman Jean Felix to put points on the board. Standout freshman Richard Hendrix is a monster around the basket. If he can make the transition to the college game quickly, the Tide will have its next star.

21. University of North Carolina Charlotte Charlotte lost two key players from a 21-win team and must acclimate itself to a new, tougher conference, the Atlantic 10. Senior Curtis Withers looks to be the top scorer. He's a horse in the paint, and at six-foot-eight he fills the power-forward low-post role nicely. But he'll need help. His likely sidekick will be six-foot-eight forward E.J. Drayton, who has some range on his jump shot. Senior Mitchell Baldwin is a big-time floor leader with superb court savvy; he will benefit from the contributions of junior De'Angelo Alexander, a transfer from Oklahoma, who should make a major contribution at the other guard spot.

22. UCLA No program has a more storied history than UCLA, but in recent years there haven't been too many additions to the trophy case. Things may be on the upswing, however. Coach Ben Howland has a talented roster led by point guard Jordan Farmar, who'll be a major force as a sophomore. His ability to run the offense is the key to the Bruins' attack. Joining him in the backcourt is Arron Afflalo, whose knack for sinking threes should open up the low post, where seven-footers Michael Fey and Ryan Hollins reside. UCLA won't be making highlight reels in late March, but it will contend in the highly competitive Pac 10.

23. Georgetown Another school with an impressive history, Georgetown should take another step toward reviving its glory days. Coach John Thompson III, son of the legendary Hoyas coach, surprised everyone with a 19-win debut season and a run in the NIT. All his starters return, and he adds a hot recruiting class. Up front, sophomore Jeff Green and senior Brandon Bowman combined for nearly 30 points a game a year ago; this season that number should rise. The low-post attack is manned by seven-foot-two Roy Hibbert, who is capable but raw.

24. Kansas No college coach is feeling the heat like Bill Self in Kansas. Former coach Roy Williams, now at North Carolina, won almost 80 percent of his games during his years in Lawrence. (But yeah, we know—he never won a national title there.) Now Self, a fabulous coach, has to deal with the same pressure, except his roster isn't yet where he wants it to be. He has a long list of young guns who are talented but unproven. Freshman point guard Mario Chalmers should step in and run the show from day one. He'll work the backcourt with freshman Micah Downs and USC transfer Rodrick Stewart, who'll be eligible after the first semester. Veteran former walk-on forward Christian Moody should energize the Jayhawks with his physical play and leadership.

25. Wisconsin The Badgers lost four of their top six scorers from last year, but we still think they'll make a good showing. Coach Bo Ryan has a ridiculous 58–3 record at home in Madison and the highest winning percentage—71.9 percent—of any coach in Big 10 history who has coached at least 50 games. His lone returning starter is forward Alando Tucker, who will make a play for all-American honors this season. Former McDonald's All-American Brian Butch needs a breakout season at forward to replace the dynamic duo of Mike Wilkinson and Zach Morley, who both graduated. Six-foot-11 sophomore Greg Stiemsma and six-foot-10 junior Jason Chappell provide depth at center. In coach Ryan's program, there's no such thing as a rebuilding year. The Badgers will battle for a Big 10 title once again.



"Then, after choir practice, we went back to his place, where he filled me with tidings of comfort and joy!"

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MY FATHER'S WAR *(continued from page 145)*

In March 1945 my father was captured by the Nazis. The H on his dog tags—for Hebrew—spelled trouble.

that my father had been a hero.

But my father never seemed to want to claim that title. He loved meeting other veterans, lighting up whenever he found out that some random acquaintance had also been over there. The conversation would quickly become a hash of numbers incomprehensible to me, references to the units with which they'd served and their battles.

Yet other subjects brought a more troubled response. From the time I was quite young, five or six, I remember hearing talk of "the camps." My father had been there, at Dachau and Bergen-Belsen, as a doctor sent to assist in the care of the liberated inmates, an experience that shook him for the rest of his life. As a child, I could register only my father's intense agitation whenever the subject came up. When I was 10 or 11 my mother showed me the box of my father's war memorabilia. I remember a black SS armband and a Mauser brought back as war trophies. But the most searing items were the pictures from Dachau.

Occasionally, in the midst of gatherings of family and friends, my father could be cajoled into talking about the war. In his rendition he was only an inept and grateful survivor, always overwhelmed by circumstances. Near the end of March 1945, as the Germans and Americans were leapfrogging positions in the course of the Nazi retreat, my father had been captured. The *H* on his dog tags—for Hebrew—could have spelled trouble, but his skills as a field surgeon were indispensable to the ravaged German forces. His driver, however, an 18-year-old from Kentucky, was executed. My dad and he had been traveling under the Red Cross, which, according to the Geneva Convention, required that they be unarmed; the boy had pocketed a bayonet tip he had found on a battlefield as a souvenir. A day or two later, Americans overran the German camp, freeing my father. When Dad told the U.S. commander what had happened to his driver, the officer lined up every German soldier involved and had them gunned down behind his tent.

But my father's most colorful story was about parachuting into the Battle of the Bulge, the determinative engagement of the European war. He said he'd been summoned by his commanding officer, whom my father detested because, in Dad's parlance, the colonel was "a souse" and "a fruit" who unapologetically seduced many of the young soldiers under his command. Now he told my father that Bastogne was surrounded and in dire need of medical assistance. A team was being assembled to parachute in. My father was ordered to find a volunteer in his company. When he failed, the CO informed Dad that he would have to go. And so my father, without a minute's parachute training, was placed in an Air Corps plane and dropped over Bastogne. He said the airmen literally had to boot him through the door because he refused to jump and that when they did he passed out from fright. Once he came to on the ground, he found he had shit in his Army-issue woolen trousers.

•

My father was not an easy person for me to know. This is a persistent theme in our society between fathers and sons, at least under the kinds of child-rearing arrangements that were common in my generation and before. My mother was at home and wonderfully attentive to my sister and me. My father, on the other hand, worked relentlessly and, like millions of men his age, was clueless when it came to the hands-on role of being a parent. I do not recall a single moment when my sister and I were left in his unassisted care. I know he never changed a diaper. He made the time to take me to Cubs and Bears games, which fostered a lifetime passion for both baseball and football, but he was always ill at ease with me—and I with him, for that matter.

And so because I did not know my father in the intimate way I wanted, I guess I took it upon myself to imagine him and the experiences that seemed to have had the greatest impact on him. In these musings the war loomed large. For boys of my age—the boomers who were bathed in World War II imagery on TV and in movies as we came of age during the 1950s—the war defined much of what we assumed to be essential about being a man. It was a war that unambiguously needed to be fought after the Pearl Harbor attack, and thus it demonstrated that patriotism, sacrifice and solidarity—and even lethal violence—are sometimes the inescapable obligations of adult manhood. (I'm convinced that many of us resisted service in Vietnam because that war suffered so much in comparison with our fathers'.)

Always dreaming of being a writer, I had started a short story rooted in my dad's wartime experiences by the time I was a senior in high school. The protagonist, Joseph Silvers, is an Army doctor from New York. Taciturn and somewhat



depressed, Silvers is nominally Jewish but regards his ancestry as something that means more to the people who shun him because of it than it does to Silvers himself. In the last days of combat Silvers is dispatched to a German prisoner of war camp that turns out to be Dachau, where most of what he has assumed about the limits of human cruelty and the meaning of identity is vastly transformed.

The story was never really finished, but for four decades I knew I wanted to go back to it and to the other tales I had heard from my father. Together they became the radioactive core for my novel *Ordinary Heroes,* a brief excerpt from which appears on page 146. The main character, David Dubin, is no longer a replica of my old man. He is a lawyer, not a physician, and his personality and affectations are drawn more from one of my dad's relatives. Most of the action of *Ordinary Heroes* is invented. The novel turns on the quest of Dubin's son, Stewart, to discover the circumstances that led to his father's court-martial in 1945. As such, this book is as much a son's story as a father's; it's about both generations trying to decipher the meanings of a war that is present only in a lingering silence.

Indeed, most men and women my age will tell you their fathers did not talk about World War II. Theirs was a stoic generation, which for the most part lacked a vocabulary to discuss its emotions, especially the horror of the battlefront. Because of that, like warriors before and after, they had no way to incorporate those extreme experiences into the peacetime life they returned to. Only as the end approaches have many begun to relate some of what they endured—to their families or, quite often, on the Internet.

My father, too, talked about the war with greater reluctance as the years wore on, although when I asked direct questions he would respond. I heard the story about the American commander gunning down the Germans who'd killed my father's driver that way. But when *Saving Private Ryan* came out, in 1998, and Dad was in the last stages of his life, I wanted to take him and my son to see the picture together. My dad refused. "I can't go back there," he told me from his wheelchair. "Not now. It would kill me."

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Two years ago I asked my mother's permission to go through my father's wartime correspondence. His letters were stored with the box I had seen when I was a boy, the one containing the SS armband, the Mauser and the pictures of Dachau. There were well over 100 letters, most written once he arrived on the Continent in October 1944. After the end of hostilities in Europe in May 1945, he had also marked a large foldout map for my mother so she could see where his unit, the 413th Medical Collecting Company, had been stationed, since wartime censorship had often previously prevented him from saying. And finally, he had taken dozens of black-and-white snapshots, photos that ranged from stiff portraits of buddies to scenes of wartime devastation.

Going through these things was a little like sitting in a low-voltage electric chair. Much of what I read deepened my admiration for my father. He was a tender and devoted young husband and often wrote my mother twice a day. I was also somewhat surprised to find that a man who was sometimes tongue-tied in conversation wrote vividly: "All the country is snow-covered, and white and clean—you climb a tremendous hill and on the left, hidden by the hills—a beautiful little town—nestling right between the upright arms of two pine-covered plains." Although he constantly reassured my mother that he was in no danger and said repeatedly how happy he was not to be seeing action, he relished his transfer to a field hospital barely behind the front lines. "It will break my heart if they take me out of this field hospital, as we see more, do more, and our work is more important than any Evacuation or General hospital. It is here that they live or die.... It is real medicine and surgery. I am happy here for the first time in the Army."

He mourned the patients he lost—the death of a young medic he'd struggled to save for two nights brought him to tears—and lamented the logic of an Army doctor's life:

"Last nite, dearest, I had nine infantry officers in my [command post], all casualties, some wounded for the second and third times, returning with other wounded men back to the front lines. They were so glad that I let them stay around my fire and that they would have someplace to sleep for their last nite before moving into foxholes. I asked them what they think of, and after a lull of a few minutes one of the men answered, 'I think I speak for all of us, Captain, when I say that when we get up there, and crawling over foxholes, we will start praying. We pray that as soon as we get moving, we will get shot, so that we can get out of that hell again. There are only three things we can look forward to—(1) Get shot. (2) Get killed. (3) The war ends.' They all started talking after that, agreeing that they would give an arm or a leg, part of their bodies, to get out.... It brought back the power and will of some men—the guts they have—to know they have to walk into sure fire—and welcome it—just so they can get back out of it. It was hell just to listen to them."

Confronting that kind of courage, my father was inclined to minimize his own valor. He treated his capture by the Germans as no more than a bureaucratic pain that had required him to spend a day reporting to the brass. When he won his first Bronze Star, he responded to my mother's complaints that he had barely mentioned it by saying, "It only signifies that the company was doing a good job, and I was wearing a medal for them." After the fighting was over, he began to take a more appreciative view of his awards, perhaps to please Mom. When he received the oak-leaf cluster on June



"Martha!"

2, 1945, he sent my mother pictures. "Here is the citation for the original Bronze Star medal that I was awarded. The medal itself is coming by first-class mail, so put both away and we can show Posterity Turow what a hero his papa was when we get him." That remark naturally amused me, the firstborn child.

But reviewing my dad's memorabilia provided one shock. Nowhere was any mention of his parachuting into Bastogne. To be sure, he got to the town, but his letters describe an overland trip to Bastogne on January 27, 1944, when the Battle of the Bulge was essentially over.

At the time of my father's death I had told the story of his jump into Bastogne as I eulogized him before hundreds of mourners. The prospect that it hadn't happened left me dashed. My father, much as anybody else, had his faults. He could be brash in some moods, and he was one of those Depression-era urban ethnics who took exaggeration as the native right of any speaker. But those who'd heard my father tell the story of this jump—not just me but my wife, my kids, my cousins—had a hard time believing it was fictitious. If there is anything to what I've learned in judging a witness's credibility in the courtroom, my dad's self-effacing demeanor certainly warranted belief. My son theorized that his grandfather had omitted mentioning this adventure in his letters to avoid frightening my mother.

Nonetheless I sought out prominent historians, Roger Marquet and Henri Rogister of the Center of Research and Information on the Battle of the Bulge, in Bastogne. Marquet gave me a brief accounting of the very few troops, German and American, known to have parachuted into the battle, none of whom were physicians, then added:

"I never heard or read about a surgeon being dropped by parachute upon Bastogne in early January 1945. The breakthrough in the Bastogne perimeter was on December 26, 1944 at 4:45 P.M. on the Assenois Road, and the next morning the first ambulances were already using the corridor for evacuating the wounded. This corridor was enlarged every day, and I don't see why a surgeon would have needed to be dropped by parachute, since he could arrive by the roads at less risk.

"But of course I was not present, and during the war a lot of strange and curious things did happen. Anyway, if you could find proof of the fact your father arrived in Bastogne by parachute, please let me know. It would be a scoop!"

Just when I was ready to consign the tale of the jump to some act of self-mythologizing, I met a doctor in Stark County, Ohio, where I'd gone to give a speech. He was a man my father's age, another veteran, and he was excited when I told him I was writing a book inspired by my father's World War II experiences. The doctor asked where Dad had served.

"Say," he said, "he wasn't one of those doctors who parachuted into Bastogne, was he?" He swore the episode had been documented in a medical journal some years ago, although as yet I have been unable to find it.

But when I looked things over again, I realized that what Dad said was possible. Among his snapshots is one unexplained picture taken from the window of a plane aloft. His correspondence is sparse during much of the Bulge period, and I've realized my own memory is cloudy. Did he say he parachuted into Bastogne or just into the Battle of the Bulge? By December 31, 1944, while the battle was still at a ferocious pitch, my father's map shows him at a field hospital in Perle, less than 15 miles from Bastogne and far closer than that to the front lines, where he served with Patton's Third Army as it began to pierce the Nazi siege. As a field surgeon, he remained in perilous proximity to the epicenter of the action for weeks. By any definition, he was a doctor in the Battle of the Bulge. There's no record of how he got to Perle, and I can even imagine circumstances that might have required the quick movement of surgeons, whose services remained at a premium because the Germans had captured an American hospital and several doctors in the early stages of their offensive.

So maybe my father did jump. Or perhaps he absorbed someone else's story unconsciously and brought it back as his own, a well-known reaction, according to psychologists, to the common perils and solidarity of the battlefront. I am not likely to know. One of the lessons of history, even of this intimate variety, is that not every question will be answered. The past in some ways is always gone. In combat there are as many stories as there are soldiers, and one of the most startling lessons of writing *Ordinary Heroes* was to see how often the recorded recollections of individual veterans vary significantly from the standard histories.

By now I am at peace with the uncertainty. The truth is that I am full of admiration for what my dad and millions of others did in the war; they were all greater heroes than I will ever be. What my father endured on a daily basis—caring for the procession of maimed and wounded, the dangers he braved, like his capture, and the horrors he witnessed at Dachau and elsewhere—would be life-changing for anyone. No matter what the details were, I connected with far more of this crucial part of his life than I had before. And he told me some great stories, which, in the true manner of a legacy, I have now made my own.



CHRISTMAS STORY

(continued from page 74)

her, but it was nothing to him. He stood rooted to the spot, his overcoat dripping, and his eyes drifted to the murky window set in the door—there was movement there, out on the street, a tube of yellow extending suddenly to the curb. Two guys with violin cases were sliding out of a cab, sleet fastening on their shoulders and hats like confetti. He looked back to her and saw that she was staring at him over the cigarette. "Well, here come the strings," he said, unfolding an arm to usher her up the hall. "I guess we may as well get to it."

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He hadn't bothered to light her cigarette for her—hadn't even moved a muscle for that matter, as if he were from someplace like Outer Mongolia where they'd never heard of women or cigarettes or just plain common courtesy. Or manners, either. His mother must have been something, a fat fishwife with a mustache and probably shoeless and illiterate on top of it. Johnny Bandon, born in Flatbush as Giancarlo Abandonado. One more wop singer: Sinatra, Como, Bennett, Bandon. She couldn't believe she'd actually thought he had talent when she was growing up, all those hours listening alone to the sweet tenor corroboration of his voice and studying his picture in the magazines until her mother came home from the diner and told her to go practice her scales. She'd known she was working with him today; that much her manager had told her, but when she'd come through the door, chilled right to the marrow, she'd barely recognized him. Rumor had it he'd been popping pills, and she knew the kind of toll that took on you—knew firsthand—but she hadn't been prepared for the way the flesh had fallen away from his face or the faraway glare of his eyes. She'd always remembered him as handsome—in a greasy sort of way—but now here he was with his cue-ball eyes and the hair ruffled like a duck's tail feathers on the back of his head, gesturing at her as if he thought he was the A&R man or something. Or some potentate, some potentate from Siam.

Up the hall and into the studio, a pile of coats, hats and scarves in the secretary's office, no place to sit or even turn around and the two fiddle players right on their heels, and she was thinking, One more job and let's get it over with. She'd wanted to be pleasant, wanted to make the most of the opportunity—enjoy herself, and what was wrong with that?—but the little encounter in the hallway had soured her instantly, as if the pain in her backside and the weather and her bloodshot eye weren't enough. She unwound the scarf and shrugged out of her coat, looking for a place to lay it where it wouldn't get sat on.

Harvey Neff—this was his studio and he was producing—emerged from the control booth to greet them. He was a gentleman, a real gentleman, because he came up to her first and took her hand and kissed her cheek and told her how terrific it was to be working with her again before he even looked at Johnny. Then he and Johnny embraced and exchanged a few backslaps and the usual words of greeting—"Hey, man, long time no see" and "How's it been keeping?" and "Cool, man, cool"—while she patted down her hair and smoothed her skirt and debated removing the dark glasses.

"Listen, kids," Harvey was saying, turning to her now. "I hope you're up for this, because as I say we are going to do this and do it right, one session, and I don't care how long it takes, nobody leaves till we're all satisfied, right? Because this is a Christmas record and we've got to get it out there I mean immediately or there's no sense in making it at all, you know what I mean?"

She said she did, but Johnny just stared—was he going to be all right for this?—until Fred Silver, the A&R man for Bluebird, came hurtling into the room with his hands held out before him in greeting and seconded everything Harvey had said, though he hadn't heard a word of it. "Johnny," he said, ignoring her, "just think if we can get this thing out there and get some airplay, because then it slips into the repertoire and from Thanksgiving to New Year's every year down the road it's there making gravy for everybody, right? I mean look at 'White Christmas.' 'Santa Baby.' Or what was that other thing, that Burl Ives thing?"

The room was stifling. She studied the side of Fred Silver's head—bald to the ears, the skin splotched and sweating—and was glad for the dress she was wearing. But Johnny—maybe he was just a little lit, maybe that was it—came to life then, at least long enough to shrug his shoulders and give them all a deadpan look, as if to say, I'm so far above this you'd better get down on your knees right now and start chanting hosannas. What he did say, after a beat, was "Yeah, that I can dig, but really, Fred, I mean really—'Little Suzy Snowflake'?"

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They walked through it twice and he thought he was going to die from boredom, the session men capable enough—he knew most of them—and the girl singer hitting the notes in a sweet, commodious way, but he was for a single take and then going out for a couple drinks and a steak and some life, for Christ's sake. He tried to remind himself that everybody did novelty records, Christmas stuff especially, and that he should be happy for the work—hell, Nat King Cole did it, Sinatra, Martin, all of them—but about midway through the arrangement he had to set down the sheet music and go find the can just to keep from exploding. "Little Suzy Snowflake." It was stupid. Idiotic. Demeaning. And if he'd ever had a reputation as a singer—and he had, he did—then this was the kiss of death.

There were four walls in the can, a ceiling and a floor. He locked the door behind him, slapped some water on his face and tried to look at himself long enough in the mirror to smooth his hair down—and what he wouldn't have given to have been blessed with hair that would just stay in place for 10 minutes instead of this kinky, nappy mess he was forever trying to paste to the side of his head. Christ, he hated himself. Hated the look in his eyes and the sunken cheeks and the white-hot fire of ambition that drove him, that had driven him, to this, to make this drivel and call it art. He was shit, that was what he was. He was washed up. He was through.

Without thinking twice he pulled the slim tube of a reefer from the pack of Old Golds in his jacket pocket and lit up, right there in the can, and he wouldn't have been the first to do it, God knew. He took a deep drag and let the smoke massage his lungs, and he felt the pall lift. Another drag, a glance up at the ceiling and a single roach there, making its feelers twitch. He blew smoke at it—"Get your kicks, Mr. Bug," he said aloud, "because there's precious few of them in this life"—and then, without realizing just when he'd slipped into it, he found he was humming a Cab Calloway tune, biggest joke in the world, "Reefer Man."

•

She must have looked like the maternal type—maybe it was the dress or, more specifically, the way it showed off her breasts—because Harvey prevailed upon her to go down the hall to the restroom and mother the star of the proceedings a little bit, because the ticker was ticking and everybody, frankly, was starting to get a little hot under the collar, if she knew what he meant. "Like pissed off? Like royally?" Darlene took a moment, lowered her head and peeped over the sunglasses to let her eyes rove over the room. "Poor man," she said in her sweetest little-girl-lost voice, "he seemed a bit confused—maybe he can't find his zipper." Everybody—she knew them all, except the strings—burst out in unison, and they should have recorded that. George Withers, the trombonist, laughed so hard he dropped his mouthpiece on the floor with a thud that sounded like a gunshot, and that got them all laughing even harder.

There was a dim clutter of refuse in the hallway—broken music stands, half a smashed guitar, a big waist-high ashtray lifted from the Waldorf with the hotel's name etched in the chrome and a thousand extinguished butts spilling over onto the floor—and a lingering smell of stopped-up toilets. She nearly tripped over something, she didn't stop to see what, and then she was outside the restroom and a new smell came to her: He was smoking reefer in there, the moron. She'd dragged herself all the way


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out here in the cold to do a job, hoping for the best—hoping for a hit—and here he was, the great Johnny Bandon, the tea head, getting himself loaded in the can. Suddenly she was angry. Before she knew what she was doing she was pounding on the door like a whole van full of narcs. "Johnny!" she shouted. "Johnny, people are waiting." She tried the doorknob. "Open up, will you?"

Nothing. But she knew that smell. There was the sound of water running, then the toilet flushed. "Shit," she hissed. "Damn you, open up. I don't know about you, but I need this, you hear me? Huh?" She felt something rise in her, exactly like that geyser she'd seen in *Life* magazine, red-hot, white-hot. She rattled the knob.

There was the metallic click of the bolt sliding back, and then he pulled open the door and told her in an even voice to keep her shirt on, only he was smiling at her, giving her the reckless grin of abandon that 10 years ago had charmed half the women in the country. She was conscious that in her heels they were the same height, and the crazy idea that he'd be the perfect dance partner flitted through her head as he stood there at the door and the marijuana fumes boiled round him. What he said next totally disarmed her, his voice pitched to the familiar key of seduction: "What's with the glasses? Somebody slug you or what?"

The world leaped out at her when she slipped the sunglasses from her eyes, three shades brighter, though the hallway was still dim as a tomb. "It's my eye," she said, touching a finger to her cheekbone at the right orbit. "I woke up with it all bloodshot."

From down the hall came the muted sound of the band working their way through the arrangement without them, a sweeping glide of strings, the corny *cluck-cluck-knock* of a glockenspiel and the tinkling of a triangle, and then the horns, bright and peppy, Christmas manufactured like a canned ham. "You're nuts," he said. "Your eye's no more bloodshot than mine is——"

She couldn't help smiling. "Oh, yeah? Have you looked in the mirror?"

They were both laughing suddenly, and then he took her by the arm and pulled her into the restroom with him. "You want some of this?" he said.

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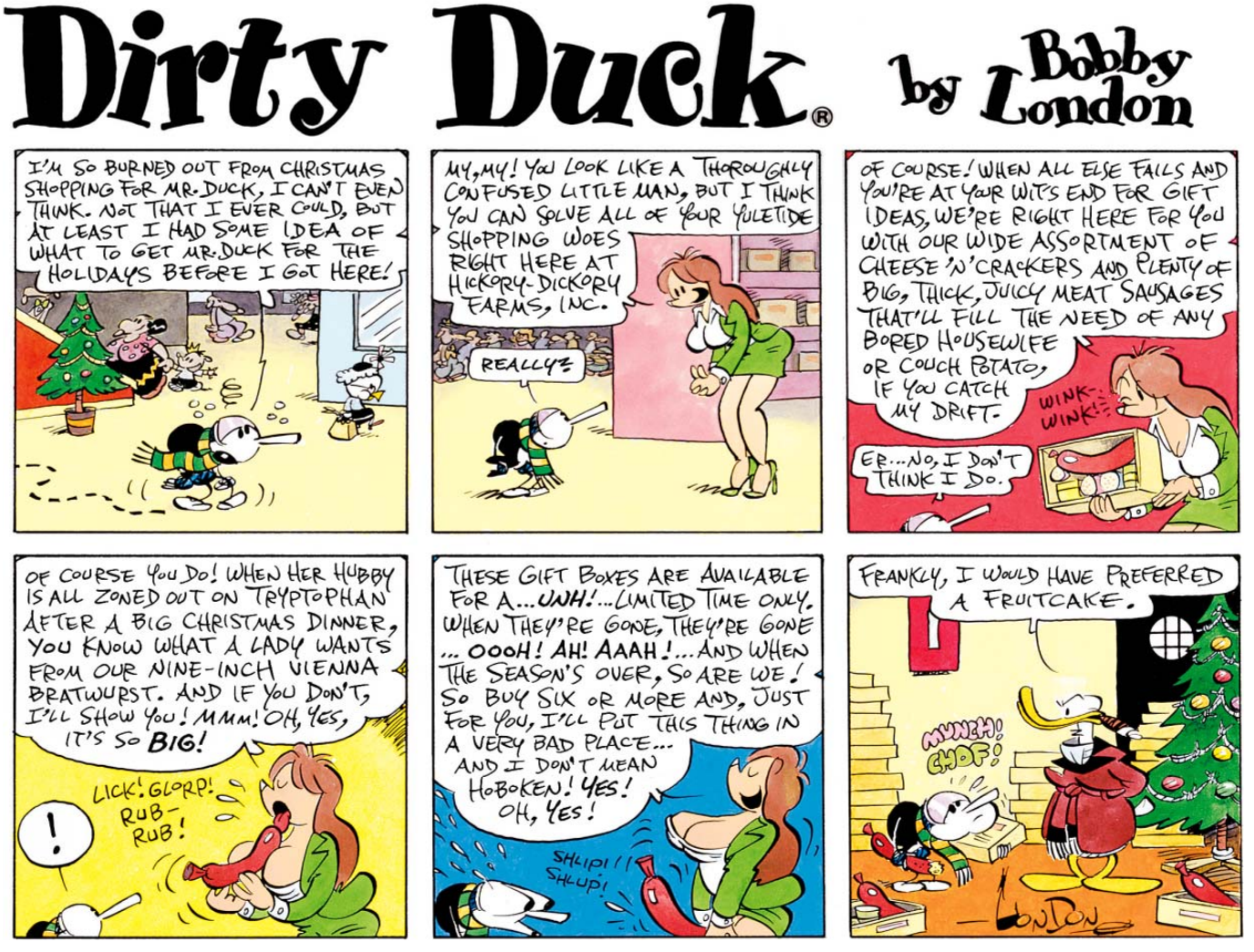
There was something about the moment—the complicit look she gave him, the way she showed her teeth when she laughed, the sense he had of getting away with something, as if they were two kids ducking out of school to have a smoke under the fire escape—that just lit him up, just like that, like a firecracker. Neff could wait. They could all wait. He passed her the reefer and watched her eyes go wide with greed as she inhaled and held it in, green eyes, glassy and green as the bottom of a Chianti bottle. After a moment the smoke began to escape her nostrils in a sporadic way, as if there was something burning inside of her, and he thought first of the incinerator in the basement of the tenement he'd grown up in, and the smell of it, of cardboard and wet newspaper and everything scraped off a plate, cat litter, dead pets, fingernail parings, and then, as if that sponge had wiped his brain clean, of church. Of votive candles. Of incense. Jesus, he was high as a kite.

"What?" she said, expelling the smoke through her mouth. "What's that grin for?"

He let out a laugh—or no, a giggle. "I just had this image," he said. "Very strange. Like you were on fire inside."

Her eyes were on him, green and unblinking. She was smiling. "Me? Little old me? On fire?"

"Listen," he said, serious suddenly, and he was so far out there he couldn't follow his own chain of thought, "did you go to church when you were a kid?



I want to know. You're Catholic, right?"

Her eyes went away from him then, up to where one very stewed roach clung to the ceiling, and they came back again. "Yeah," she said, ducking her head. "If you can believe it, I was in the choir."

"You were? Wow. Me too. I mean, that was how I——"

She put a hand on his arm as if to emphasize the connection. "I know exactly what you mean—it's probably how 90 percent of the singers out there got started. At least the ones I met, anyway."

"Church."

"Church, yeah." She was grinning at him, and when she grinned her dimples showed and her face opened up for him till he had to back up a step for fear of falling right into it.

He wanted to banter with her, say something clever, charming, keep it going, but instead he said, "You ever go anymore?"

She shook her head. "Not me. Uh-uh. It's been years." Her lips were pursed now, the dimples gone. "You?"

"Nah," he said. "All that was a long time ago. When I was a kid, you know?"

An achingly slow moment revealed itself in silence. She passed him the reefer, he took a drag, passed it back. "I guess we're both about halfway to hell by now," she said.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, and everything seemed to let go of him to make way for that rush of exhilaration he'd been feeling ever since she'd stepped into the can with him. "I'd say it's more like three quarters," and they were laughing all over again, in two-part harmony.

•

It was Harvey himself who finally came to fetch them, and when Johnny opened the door on him and the smoke flowed out into the hallway she felt shamed—this wasn't what she'd come for, this wasn't professional or even sensible. Of course, Harvey had seen it all in his day, but still he gave her a sour look and it made her feel like some runaway or delinquent caught in the act. For a moment she flashed on the one time she'd been arrested—in a hotel room in Kansas City, after a night when she'd felt the music right down in her cells, when she'd felt unbeatable—but she stopped right there amid the clutter and shook out her hair to compose herself. Harvey was white-faced. He was furious, and why wouldn't he be? But Johnny chose to ignore it, still riding the exhilaration they'd felt in the bathroom—and it wasn't the reefer, that wasn't it at all, or not all of it—and he said, "Hey, Harvey, come on, man, don't sweat it. We're ready to slay 'em, aren't we, babe?"

"Sure," she said, "sure," and then they were back in the studio, dirty looks all around, Harvey settling into the control booth with Fred Silver and the opening strains of "Little Suzy Snowflake," replete with glockenspiel and tinkling triangle, enveloping the room.

•

"No, no, no, no," Johnny shouted, waving his arms through the intro, "cut, cut, cut!"

Neff's face hung suspended behind the window of the control booth. "What's the matter now?" his voice boomed, gigantic, disproportionate, sliced three ways with exasperation.

Johnny was conscious of his body, of his shoulders slipping against the pads of his jacket and the slick material of his pants grabbing at his crotch as he turned and gestured to the booth with both palms held out in offering. "It's just that Darlene and me were working something out back there—warming up, you know? I just think we need to cut the B side first. What do you think?"

Nobody said a word. He looked at Darlene. Her eyes were blank.

There was a rumble from the control booth, Harvey with his hand over the mike conferring with Fred Silver, the session men studying the cuffs of their trousers, something, somewhere making a dull, slippery hissing sound—they were running tape, and the apprehension of it brought him back to himself.

"I think"—the voice of God from the booth, *Domine, dirige nos*—"we should just get on with it like we planned or we're going to be here all night. Know what I'm saying, Johnny?" And then Silver, a thinner voice, the Holy Ghost manifesting himself in everything: "Keep it up, Johnny, and you're going to make me pick up the telephone." Neff's hand went back to the mike, a sound like rubbing your sleeve over a trumpet mute, and there was more conferring, the two heads hanging there behind the glass like transparencies.

He felt scared suddenly, scared and alone and vulnerable. "Okay," he said to the room, "okay, I hear you." And he heard himself shift into another mode altogether, counting off the beat, and there were the strings pouring like syrup out of the corners and the whisper of the brushes and the hi-hat and he was singing in the unshakable pure tenor that was Johnny Bandon's trademark, and forget Harvey, forget the asinine lyrics, he was singing here, singing: only that.

•

Something happened as soon as Johnny opened his mouth, and it had happened to her before, happened plenty, but it was the last thing she'd expected from a session like this. She came in on the second verse—"Little Suzy Snowflake/Came tumbling down from the sky"—and felt it, the movement inside of her, the first tick into unconsciousness, what her mother used to call opening up the soul. You're a soul singer, her mother used to say. You know that, little sister? A real soul singer. She couldn't help herself. She took Johnny's lead and she flew, and so what if it was



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corny, so what if the glockenspiel was a cliché out of some fluffy nostalgic place and time nobody could remember and the arrangement was pure chintz? She flew, and so did he.

And then the B side, warmer, sweeter, with some swing to it—"Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow"—and they traded off, tit for tat, call and response, "But, baby, it's cold outside." When Harvey's voice came at them—"That's it, kids, you nailed that one down"—she couldn't quite believe it was over, and from the look of Johnny, his tie tugged loose, the hair hanging in his eyes, he couldn't believe it either.

The musicians were packing up, the streets and the night awaiting them, the sleet that would turn to snow by morning and the sky that fell loose over everything because there was nothing left to prop it up. "Johnny," she murmured, and they were still standing there at the mike, both of them frozen in the moment, "that was, I mean, that was——"

"Yeah," he said, ducking his head, "we were really on, weren't we?" and from the way he turned to her she was sure he was going to say "Let's go have a drink" or "Your place or mine?" But he didn't. Instead he just closed his eyes and began to sing, pure, sweet and high. Nobody moved. The ghostly heads in the recording booth pivoted toward them; the horn players looked up from their instrument cases and their felt rags and fragile mouthpieces. Even the strings—longhairs from the Brooklyn Academy of Music—hesitated. And then, on the third bar, she caught up to him, their two voices blended into one: "It is the night/Of our dear Savior's birth."

The moment held. They sang the song through, then sang it again. And then, without pause, as if they were reading from the same sheet, they swept into "Ave Maria," "O Come, All Ye Faithful," "What Child Is This?" the sweet beat of the melody as much a part of her as the pulsing of the blood in her veins. She didn't know what time it was, didn't know when Harvey and the A&R man deserted the booth, didn't know anything but the power of two voices entwined. She knew this only—that she was in a confined space, walls and floor and ceiling, but that didn't make any sense to her, because it felt as if it opened up forever.



"If I might say so, Mr. Scrooge, maybe you'd be less grouchy if you got laid more often."

TICKET MASTERS

(continued from page 86)

sponsors and charities combined receive more than 24 percent. The 29 other teams in the league each receive a scant 1.2 percent. Active players—the workhorses—get two tickets each. Super Bowl players get the option to buy another 15 tickets. Fans don't receive a single straight allotment. The 30,000 of them who mailed postcards to the NFL were entered into a drawing for 500 winners (two tickets per winner), a one-in-60 chance to buy. The Eagles and Patriots both say their season-ticket holders were entered in certified drawings to buy some portion of their tickets. Neither would disclose how many tickets fans got the chance to buy. Was it 5,000 or 500? They won't say.

TICKET SCALPING

The NFL's clandestine method of distributing Super Bowl tickets practically invites team owners, sponsors, advertisers, broadcasters and players to resell their tickets at grossly marked-up prices, an annual reward for being an NFL partner and a kind of insider stock deal. Officially the NFL says it "doesn't have much of a view" on the difference between the tickets' face and street values. Nor does the NFL "give any specific instructions when it delivers the tickets. There wouldn't necessarily need to be." But league policy reminds teams and players that scalping is unethical and, in some states, illegal. "Scalping suggests a desire to profit personally and perhaps illicitly on the coattails of the league's popularity. Such conduct will not be tolerated," states the policy, which adds that scalping "may result in disciplinary action against the violator"—*may* being the operative word, though Minnesota Vikings head coach Mike Tice was tagged with a $100,000 fine when he admitted to selling some of his 12-ticket allotment for $1,900 apiece.

Any corporation that resells tickets must account for the revenue as income. Legitimate resales—at original pricing—to players, coaches, employees or individuals are fine. Scalping is a gray area. Though legal in many states, it clearly contravenes NFL policy. Unreported cash transactions for any team or corporation that regularly receives NFL ticket allotments would be another matter. The threshold for federal prosecution, says the IRS, is proof that "the suspects did it as a continuing enterprise."

The NFL, the Super Bowl teams and other major corporations know there is a huge resale market for the tickets. If an event has a perceived scarcity of tickets, engineered or not, prices will soar. Antitrust laws were designed to prohibit such anticonsumer activity, which is known as price-fixing. If two or more major players hold products off the market, that is called a conspiracy.

THE HUSTLE

The brothers' Razr phones ring 30 times or more in the half hour after we pick up


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Junior at the airport. The calls have a wonderful brevity and directness.

"Yeah, how much are they?"

"I'll take the six."

"You think the get-ins are going back up?"

"What's the weather forecast for the game?"

"You're done, Tom. You don't have to call me every day. You're 1,000 percent done."

"Casey wants to know—you want a four-pack for two dimes each?"

"There seems to be a little bit of a spike here."

Gliding on the cacophony of cell phone calls, we sweep in over the gray St. John's River on a wet, miserable afternoon. There's a cruise ship below, and ahead looms Alltel Stadium.

Five minutes later the General pulls up outside NFL headquarters, the Adam's Mark hotel. I clamber after quick-stepping Junior. In the packed bar, he greets John the Mormon. Baby-faced, wearing white Dockers, a banana-color shirt and a brown suede jacket, he looks every bit the high school nerd. The Mormon and Junior start trading tickets and thousands in cash on the table like boys swapping baseball cards, while a couple of large black men at the bar raise their eyes at the spectacle. Trotting back to the car, Junior explains what went down. John the Mormon had a client with a bad pair of seats who wanted the best in the house. Junior knew where he could get his hands on a great pair. So John the Mormon's client said he'd give him $4,000 if he turned his bad ones into great ones. "John and I sat down and figured that if we lay out $6,500 to buy the two 50-yard-line tickets and our guy gives us $4,000, we're into our two seats for 25," explains Junior, meaning the deal so far has them $2,500 out of pocket. But then he says, "We sold the bad seats for $2,450 each and split the $2,400 profit." That's what they call ticket hustling.

Minutes later the General, who has an internal compass, has found the latest FedEx drop-off. Many deals are contingent on extremely tight deadlines, and the brothers wouldn't trust the U.S. mail in a million years. It's 7:15 P.M., a good 15 minutes before the cutoff, and we're parked in front of the purple-and-orange logo. Junior has half a dozen orders he's readying to go out for morning delivery. He's matching tickets to neatly printed air bills, making sure he has them straight. What's amazing is the faith and nonchalance. If a package is lost or gets sent to the wrong address, $10,000 or more of tickets turns into worthless cardboard. And get this: At 7:27 Junior doesn't even take the air pouches in himself. He talks a street scalper into walking his $40,000 worth of tickets into FedEx.

Hustlers and brokers saunter up to the General and Junior, knocking fists, trashing Jacksonville and asking what the market is doing. A bald guy in a Super Bowl jacket hops in back, just the cash separating us.

"Four guys are missing right now," says the bald guy, "like they got kidnapped or something."

The General tells him he knows about one. "Who else?"

The bald guy mentions a Denver hustler and two others he doesn't know by name.

"Maybe the cops are grabbing people," says Junior.

"How did you hear about the other ones?" asks the General.

"The kid from Denver owes me money," says the bald guy. "He was the first one to go off the board, so I thought maybe he ran off with my money. Then there's another guy. Then they were talking two other guys from Chicago."

And just like that talk turns to where to eat. Fortunately, a call comes in from another broker, a guy I'll call Old Boy, who for the past few weeks has been telling the General he'll need a couple hundred tickets for his major corporate clients but has so far failed to deliver the cash. We're directed to an upscale Italian joint. The fish is light and buttery, the chardonnay smooth as silk, as it should be at $150 a bottle. The owner won't take our money.

A couple of hours later the General is unhappy. A fellow broker sold him a few nights in a Motel 6 that the General figured he'd flip to customers, but one thing led to another, and here we are.

"This is a disaster," says the General. Paint is chipping off the walls; the bed is a sponge. Ten minutes after checking in, I'm rapping on the brothers' door. The General answers in his boxers, $165,000 arrayed on the bed in neat stacks. The brothers are trying to "fix their start," how much they each put into the kitty so that sometime next week they can sort out exactly how much they made or lost. Forget about how easy it would be to break the door or smash the window. They don't seem to have the least concern.

The Little General circles to the bathroom and pops out with a question. "Did you bring any shampoo?"

Junior deadpans, "No, I thought we were staying in a hotel."

Chuckling, the General holds up



"Rudolf can't guide your sleigh tonight. He was on Dasher, on Dancer, on Comet and Cupid…"

something only slightly thicker than a credit card. “Look, they gave us a bar of soap,” he says.

•

The General has been arrested seven times. He considers it mainly an inconvenience and a relatively infrequent one, considering he’s been doing this for more than 15 years. The General can’t fathom why ticket scalping—reselling a ticket for substantially more than its list price—is illegal in many states. Here in Florida the charge is a second-degree misdemeanor with a fine of $75 to $200. A ticket friend bails him out, his attorney sends a check to a charity, and he shows up on the court date with his attorney—to make certain the case is thrown out. The General says he’s never been convicted.

Compare this with airlines, he says. American, Delta and United airlines charge different prices at different times, as anyone gouged for a flight on short notice knows. Nobody charges American Airlines with scalping billions every year. Corporate insiders, meanwhile, receive stock for a dollar, flipping it out for the public at $20 in a public offering—a 1,900 percent markup. And what is a Wall Street firm but suits scalping billions of dollars in stock? There’s the futures exchange, where you can make or lose money betting on everything from pork bellies to the price of oil. Without people willing to bet on fledgling companies and the price of tomorrow’s commodities, our modern economy would not exist.

TicketsNow, eBay, StubHub and RazorGator think it’s perfectly fine to resell tickets through auctions, online aggregations or listings. Online and auction sales are growing by leaps and bounds. Major League Baseball recently acquired Tickets.com, a move that despite official denials appears designed to offer secondary-ticket marketing to the league’s 30 teams, including those with antiscalping policies. Business experts have heralded the increasing importance of the experience economy, and few modern experiences are more precious than attending celebrated sporting events like the Super Bowl or the Final Four.

The idea that the price for such events can be set in stone a year or months in advance will soon be considered an anachronism.

THURSDAY

The Little General and I sit patiently in a downtown bank with $126,000 in cash in his leather shoulder bag. A grandmotherly black woman, first name Emma, brightens when the General hands over his account number, license and black Amex. She pauses, smiling across the desk. “What pretty eyes you have,” she says.

“Why, thank you,” says the General.

Emma walks us into the vault. The General pulls out box 382, and we walk into one of the private rooms, locking it behind us. He draws out the money from his bag. He counts the $10,000 bricks and the six slim ones and begins squeezing them into the 18-inch-long box. It’s tight. Then it’s back to the vault to be signed out. “Thanks, Emma.”

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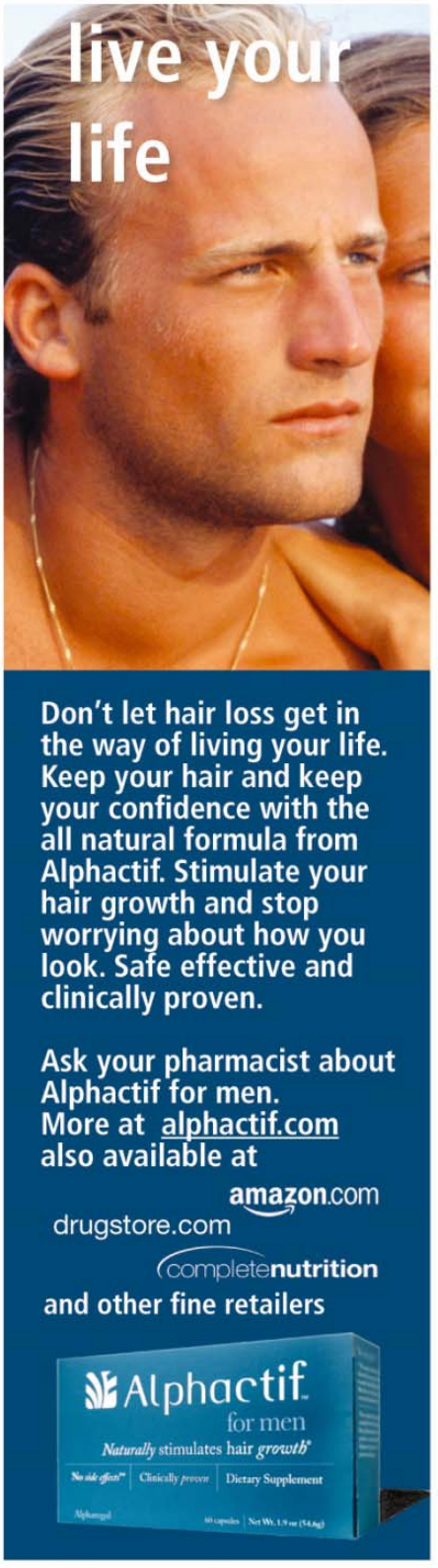
The mood is light; it’s been a day of boisterous greetings at the Adam’s Mark, the centerpiece Super Bowl hotel, which by virtue of its designation as NFL headquarters has clearly assumed the role of this week’s de facto futures exchange. Perched on the bank of the meandering St. John’s River, the hotel offers a colorful public stage. Docked across from the red-carpeted lobby entrance is a private yacht and one of the many cruise ships in town to provide 3,000 extra rooms for the more than 100,000 visitors. Palm trees and a generous promenade line the river. The hotel is spacious and convivial, if less than elegant. A row of ferns separates the lobby from the sprawling dining room and adjoining bar, and a bustling souvenir stand butts up against a grand escalator that rises to the second floor, where ESPN broadcasts its radio show. Over the next 100 hours, the wheeling and dealing for Super Bowl tickets will concentrate in three contiguous spots, from a dozen deal-makers’ tables in the dining room and bar to the lobby and the palm-lined porte cochere.

As the General passes through the bar, he knocks knuckles with a dude built like a lineman, who says, “Hey, brother, you heard three guys got nabbed? You betta stow that shit.”

The Little General doesn’t miss a step, motioning to me, the guy in black leather and shades. “I got my muscle.”

The General’s first full day in Jacksonville begins as a reunion. Over the next increasingly tense four days, the General’s club will comprise ticket guys and hustlers hailing from Massachusetts, Illinois, New Jersey, New York, Michigan, Minnesota, Texas, Kentucky, Georgia, North Carolina and Europe. Indeed the hotel has the feel of a hustlers’ sales convention. The General’s table resembles a men’s club; women don’t practice this hustle. Salty, affectionate nicknames are part of the culture of hustling, and except where noted, these terms of endearment are genuine. (Because of the controversial legality of ticket hustling, my access was granted on the condition that no real names or home cities be identified.)

The General’s mentor is Sunshine, a bittersweet pit bull of a broker from the Midwest with one milky eye, who taught the General and his brothers to scalp in high school. Then there’s Dirty, Sunshine’s dogged Sancho Panza—a scruffy-looking clean freak—and also an Irishman we’ll call Danny Boy, a tall ladies’ man with a jaunty step, who, as the General says, “likes a bit of the drink.” There’s the aforementioned John the Mormon, as well as a sharp-eyed fellow we’ll call Tex, who has the expression of a wiseguy holding cards in a *Sopranos* poker game. Anonymous



shall remain the beloved, nattily dressed 60-something Southern gentleman who appears to be a woman. For foreign events like soccer's Euro and World cups, the General often partners with a free-wheeling European we'll call Noodle. The General is one of many brokers who work the Super Bowl with a partner for practicality and camaraderie. Though the General confesses he sometimes thinks Junior is a bit too "loosey-goosey," the risks he takes often make them big money. And two heads—and two pairs of arms and legs—can come in handy. The encroaching swirl of buys, sales and deliveries, not to mention bank deposits and withdrawals, will soon demand that brokers be in three places at once.

Soon after the General sits, there's a commotion. Eagles cheerleaders prance down the escalator in their panty-like bottoms and slinky tops. The ticket guys barely glance up.

"What's going on?" says Tex. "How many guys are missing? I heard five."

"I heard one guy's missing with 175 grand," says another hustler.

Sunshine is disgusted. "I grew up with these guys, and I wouldn't give them that kinda money."

"From what I understand," explains another, "this one guy, he had a girl he'd do anything for."

Junior looks up from his laptop and smiles warmly. "Is there a finder's fee?"

One by one, bit players swing by the table with whispered entreaties, hustlers who dig tickets for the General and Junior. There's Tugboat, who tops 450 pounds and swallows Junior up in a bear hug. Pie is a crusty six-foot-three New Englander with flaming hair and teeth like a jack-o'-lantern's; as the General so aptly puts it, he has no checking account, no Social Security number, a tax-free annual income nearing $100,000 and "a net worth of whatever happens to be in his pocket." Caveman has the protruding brow and squat build of our distant ancestors. The General has no illusions about the lowest rung, the scalpers and street hustlers who will soon infest every corner of the lobby. It's all the brothers can do to remember the names of the brokers, often calling them by their home city, "Hey, Miami!" or "Wassup, New York!" Big paydays like the Super Bowl fuel the hustler sins—gambling, drugs, booze and bad fashion. They can be spotted in windbreakers or pleatherette jackets from past championships, caps and sneakers. In the lobby the General points out a couple of Boston hustlers with head twitches, OxyContin addicts, and New Yorkers with hollow cheeks and haunted eyes, cokeheads.

Between greetings, the General mostly says no to offers to buy tickets, rarely acknowledging the hustler at his ear, almost never moving his eyes. He has the look of a man who has said no millions of times. Prices are up slightly this morning, and the General is waiting, a poker player calling the bluff. It's only Thursday; more than half the brokers won't even arrive till tomorrow. The General figures the national brokers who control untold thousands of seats are holding back supply to drive up early prices. "It's just ones and twos out there," he says of the tickets. "It's a Mexican standoff."

Sunshine leans back and offers his lyrical interpretation: "Keyser Söze is just toying with us." In the film *The Usual Suspects,* Söze is a Merlin among thieves, a legendary, seemingly omnipotent master criminal who manipulates even the most hardened crooks behind the scenes. A few years back, at another Super Bowl, Sunshine stopped the General in the main hotel lobby and said, "There goes the Keyser Söze of the ticket business." The man inspires awe and fear. The ticket guys I meet this week wouldn't dare offer the Keyser's real name for publication. His reach is too far. Sunshine has heard that he controls about 7,000 of the some 25,000 secondary tickets available, and Sunshine knows that in this Darwinian game he is at best a small fish. When and how Söze releases thousands of seats will greatly sway the market.

Ticket hustling is risky business. The General has been threatened with violence and had tickets stolen from his hands. He has had to employ armed off-duty cops as guards.

No blinkers—counterfeits—for the game have been spotted, but Noodle has already been offered a sheet of six tickets to Playboy's party. (Note to counterfeiters: They aren't distributed to guests in sheets.) So far, the cops are a minor distraction. Police posing as fans bust scalpers dumb enough to sell marked-up tickets to straights. Noodle's friend Smiley falls for a chick in the lobby who pays the bloated price of $3,000 for a single. Smiley hands her the ticket and she snaps on the cuffs. In the process, Noodle gets "heated up" by the cops. Before they can question him, the General approaches the other side of the row of greenery that separates the lobby from the dining room. Noodle executes a no-look-behind-the-back pass, tossing the General a fistful of his business cards. "Hold on to these," he whispers, making certain the cops will find no evidence he's a broker.

"There's no reason to sell to a straight," says a bemused General. "Broker to broker, it's very difficult to get arrested." In other words, stay in the club, buy from known hustlers and sell to known clients and you're unlikely to pay an unprofitable visit to a Jacksonville jail.

By evening the General's band sets off for Thursday night's high-stakes poker game—the General at the wheel, Junior at his side, Sunshine, Dirty and the writer in back. Junior's wife phones and asks for help with her son's fourth-grade homework, and the hustlers warm to the task, whipping out calculators and shouting answers.

After stopping to load up on beer and Subway sandwiches, we drive to the dark outskirts of town. I can't say where. Who's there? Nobody. Nobody heats up the writer. Nobody says he's gonna have to look in my little leather notebook. Nobody doesn't like the word I scratched down that I should have just kept in my head. Nobody says he's gonna have to search me for a wire, and Nobody does indeed pat me down. The General and Sunshine stick up for me, and Junior kindly tells a white lie in my defense. Things cool and the game gets rolling. Shortly after midnight Nobody shuffles up to me and says, "Let's go for a walk." We walk the grounds at a leisurely pace, and then I pull up abruptly at the gate to the pool. Nobody laughs. "Hey, relax. I ain't gonna snuff you." But Nobody isn't happy. "I can't figure you," he says. "You're smart. You don't talk. The whole sunglasses thing. Tell me what your story is gonna be."

"It's Thursday," I say. "The game isn't till Sunday."

Nobody isn't happy. "The best story you could write about the ticket business," he says, "is no story."

•

Ticket hustling is risky business. The General has been threatened more than once by Knockout Pete, a sturdy Italian sort known to slam against walls those hustlers who fail to donate fast enough. In New York the General once bought some prized Final Four tickets off a couple of alumni—netting a quick $24,000 profit he declined to share. Knockout banged on the General's getaway cab, shouting, "I'm gonna fucking kill you if I see you again!"

The General has never been held up with a gun, though he has employed armed off-duty cops to carry the bag at previous Super Bowls. (Many ticket guys carry guns.) Like any veteran broker or hustler, the General confesses to having had tickets robbed "right from my hands."

You want to be a ticket broker? A hustler? Think again. Play at the General's level or above and there are pressures most couldn't stomach. At one Super Bowl the General had dozens of preorders at $2,000. Prices zoomed up to $3,000, and in a few days he lost $80,000 meeting his obligations to deliver his clients' seats.

The Masters is the last and perhaps most prestigious leg on the hustler's triple crown. Like the tournament, Masters hustling is very much an old boys' network. Long ago Augusta assigned lifetime Tournament or Series badges to club members and a select patron list. The annual fee for this privilege is just $175. Patrons caught reselling their badges can lose their

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annuity, but the profits can be huge. Badge prices have ranged from $3,000 to more than $10,000, making some brokers rich on the upswing and breaking others.

FRIDAY

As the General drives out of the Motel 6 lot at eight A.M. sharp, Dirty announces he has had a dream. Someone broke into his room. "They were trying to get all our money," he says. "I shot him in the leg twice."

The General spits in his plastic cup. "I gotta get money out."

Junior has checked online, and prices are up. So say the other brokers who've already called. "Look how smart that Keyser is," says Sunshine. "He tells the Patriots not to release their seats till Saturday."

The General will require a lot of cash to buy the 100 or so seats he still needs for his clients. The General and I get out at the bank, where we say hello to Emma and withdraw the entire $126,000, to go with the 25 grand he kept, which means the General is now walking the streets of Jacksonville with more than $150,000 in cash.

At breakfast at the Adam's Mark the General proposes a sit-down with another major broker to see if they can buy on credit. He's deployed that strategy before to counter spiraling prices: Buy with the rising market, sell while it's high. Though it's still early—two and a half days till kickoff—there's no doubt about the upswing. The General has surveyed fellow brokers in the lobby, and everybody's buying. Lots of deliveries have to be made in the next few hours. Meanwhile he's been summoned upstairs. A kingpin broker has ordered the General "to bring him every ticket" he's got.

"People are starting to panic," says Junior, shaking his head as his brother walks off. Junior has deliveries that need to be made today. He's got to start buying faster—a pair of lower corners at 26 from Pie, meaning $2,600. That's $600 more each than they would have cost him three days before. "People are gonna lose a lot of money today," Sunshine says. "Keyser's not releasing his tickets."

Fifteen minutes later, the General returns with a fresh dilemma. Old Boy, a notoriously late payer, wants the General to supply him with just under half a million dollars' worth of tickets on credit. Sunshine surveys the General and Junior. "You guys are crazy if you're even considering it," he says.



The General and Junior reach a compromise. They'll buy Old Boy as many seats as he gives them cash for, but they'll buy on credit only if he arranges a sit-down with the major corporations that are his ultimate clients and if they in turn sign a contract. For weeks Old Boy has promised to wire the General a quarter million dollars or more to pay for the seats. Without the cash it's a huge gamble.

The Little General strides through the lobby, which is now packed with hustlers. By the palm tree across from the private yacht, just after a ticket delivery, something good happens. Tugboat is beached on the bench when three Southern boys roll in. The General just knows these guys have extra seats.

"Extras?" he says coolly.

"Yes," one man replies, pointing to his ruddy-faced friend talking on a cell. They stop. The General waits. The man clicks off.

"How many do you have?" asks the General.

"Six," he replies, giving their location.

"How much would you like?" asks the General pleasantly.

"Two," says the man.

"I've got bindles. Is that okay?" says the General, stepping over to open his leather bag on a concrete planter box, 40 feet from the valet. With no time for second thoughts, he counts out $12,000 in exchange for six strips of orange cardboard. He turns and smiles. "I'll cut you in, Tugboat."

As the men walk off, Tugboat shuffles up. "A nickel would be good," he says, and the General hands him $500. As we stroll along the promenade with Danny Boy, Junior and Dirty to grab lunch, the General explains that technically he sliced Tugboat, cut into his turf. Hence the nickel. The General's mood has lifted. Minus Tugboat's $500 commission, he just bought six good tickets he can flip for a quick $6,000 profit. The count has ticked down to 94 seats.

Waiting for a table by the jam-packed ESPN outdoor TV stage, the General and Danny Boy spy a Saint Bernard dragging a man in a black leather jacket by a leash. The man's other hand is wrapped around a Bud.

"Got tickets?" the General asks.

The man's massive head swings like a bobble-head doll. He's dead drunk. Mirror shades make him look like a toy. He wags his enormous butt like his dog. The General motions for Danny Boy to move in for the close. They dance about the price.

"He'll sell," whispers the General. "He's a local."

"How do you know?" I stupidly ask.

"Saint Bernards don't travel well," says the General.

The man hands the leash to a friend and waddles off with Danny Boy. Five minutes later the Irishman saunters back. "Bumped him down from 25 to 23," he says. He hopped out of the chaos into the nearest clothing store. "I slipped the

salesgirl a 20," Danny says. "I was in, I was out. Ninety-two hundred for the four."

Danny Boy and the General split the profits. But Junior's gotten a call: two New York hustlers with tickets to sell. Just like that I'm jogging through the crowd to keep up. The General is not entirely cool about the impending purchase. Junior is getting loosey-goosey, and the General has seen these particular New Yorkers pound rival hustlers.

Junior spins in the middle of the traffic-snarled street. The General calmly strides up to the traffic cop, something north of $110,000 draped over his shoulder. "Ma'am, where's North Liberty?"

Junior grabs the bag and trots off down the sidewalk. Ahead, a hustler hangs on to the back door of a white compact and motions Junior in with a leering grin.

"Don't get in the car!" the General cries. "Don't get in the car!" But little brothers never listen. The door closes, and Junior is inside.

The General shakes his head as they drive off. "You don't get in a car with guys like that." We're trotting around the corner after the car, the General on his cell, asking me, "Where did they go?"

•

Minutes later, the General looks up to find Junior on the street, unscathed and still in possession of the bag. After making certain his brother is all right, he takes a breath and says in front of the Adam's Mark, "Let's eat like civilized people."

The General gathers up his band and leads us into the more fashionable restaurant just off the lobby. Warren Moon sits two tables to our right. "If you want, you can put your bag over here," the helpful waitress says to the General, pointing to a chair by the window.

The gang howls. "Why don't you just put it outside, sir," Junior jokes. "Nobody will bother it."

The Little General rescues the befuddled waitress with a kind smile. "I think I'll just keep it right here."

He takes his natural position at the head of the long table. To his left, Danny Boy begins counting 100s. Two seats down, Junior looks as if he's playing solitaire, except the 30 cards are tickets, nearly $90,000 at this hour's prices—80 left to buy.

Sunshine leans in, surveying the seat numbers.

"Let's do some trades," he says.

"Whadda ya need?" says Junior.

The pimply busboy comes by to fill our water glasses and stands gaping. The tickets. The cash. "Could I just stand here?" he says.

Thirty feet away, out in the lobby, undercover cops are working to bust scalpers, yet in this sanctuary the Little General calmly orders the blackened grouper with a sweet tea, Dirty tucks into some bread, and Danny Boy orders pizza.

"Here's your 11 grand," Danny says, handing Junior a stack. "I owe you 100."



Upon which Danny turns to the General and in a jovial tone starts talking about the upcoming U2 concert. "You wanna come to Dublin in June?" he asks. "We'll go over, work the show, blast it out."

But there's a dark undertow. Old Boy has crept in like a bad chill and drawn the General off to a nearby table, where they speak in hushed tones. Under the table he hands the General $26,000 in cash and $6,000 in a cashier's check and tells him two $25,000 wire transfers will be hitting his account any minute. The cash and cashier's check mean the General's ticket orders have just climbed back up about 10 tickets—90 to go. Then Old Boy gets up to leave and says in a toneless voice that he'll pick up the tab.

"I don't want your money," says Danny Boy, tossing a bill onto the table, shaking his head at Old Boy and slinging the classic hustler refrain, "Get stuck. Stay stuck." He's twisting the knife in a stuck broker's heart. Danny knows Old Boy needs tickets bad. And that knowledge means the price just went up.

SATURDAY

Jack Kemp—the former congressman, vice presidential candidate and pro quarterback—calmly reads his paper 20 feet from the boys' table. It's Saturday breakfast at the Adam's Mark, and the pressure is building. Only one of Old Boy's $25,000 wires hit the General's account. Junior has to deliver half his seats today. At current broker prices—about $3,000—they could lose $500 to $800 a ticket, but even so they have to accelerate the buying. By noon they still need 60, and the General is seeking evidence that prices are cooling. Danny Boy just told him he bought a pair at $3,200 each and had to dump them at $3,000 to get out of them—losing money. Says the General, "I take that as a good sign." It looks as though the market may be turning.

Star sightings are on the upswing. A once-celebrated quarterback watches Sunshine count out 30 grand near the hotel's safe-deposit box. "That ain't chump change, Joe," Sunshine snorts at the ex-ballplayer.

Speaking of cash, the General's strapping lawyer buddy is carrying the bag. The Counselor's got the toughness and size of a defensive end. He's here for the action. "I like the spectacle of it," he says, motioning. "Look over there—it's Evander Holyfield." Sure enough, 20 feet away stands the boxer whose ear Mike Tyson chewed. The lawyer takes a strange pleasure in seeing his friends sweat. "Forty-eight weeks of the year these guys play golf and poker," he says, shaking his head. "I like to see them when they actually have to work.

"The money is insane," he says, the bag slung over his barrel chest. "Cash right out in the open. They don't even appreciate the danger." Just last night, he says, Junior saw someone in the lobby show excessive interest in the bag. "So he calls

the General on his cell," says the lawyer. "Suddenly I'm the guy with the bag."

The Counselor says they treat money funny, and I couldn't agree more. Twenty-five feet away, dead center in the lobby, stands Sunshine, engulfed in scalpers and fans, pen tucked behind an ear, cell plastered to the other—tattered black briefcase carrying untold thousands cradled between his legs. Danny Boy rides the escalator above the fray, thumbing through 100s as he rises. Near the valet the General and Junior have turned a table into an impromptu bank, counting out thousands and exchanging tickets next to an oblivious TV camera crew filming fans.

It's carnival and street craps. Minutes later, next to the cream-color Bentley double-parked at the valet, Junior flips a coin with a hustler for the $200 they can't agree to on a pair of get-ins. The coin rolls nearly under the wheel. Heads. "The first flip he's won in two years," laughs the General.

A few minutes later the General is pacing. He's trying to fill the last two tickets of a nine-seat order for Junior. "I'm going to lose six grand on it," he says with a grimace. Two hours later, while washing down spaghetti and clams with the house red at a nearby Italian joint, the General explains, "For each order, there are five brokers bidding. You lose money. Or you bust the order—which I don't do."

This is the nasty downside of the advance order. The General has taken guaranteed contracts at just $2,300 per ticket, but the market Saturday evening has jumped to $3,500 a seat. They still need another 40. The General is losing $1,000 or more for every seat he buys. He's praying the market will fall. Maybe a big broker is holding back tickets and will need to unload them. Maybe he'll get lucky and pick up some packages off straights.

"I'll remember what it feels like in my gut today," promises Sunshine. "That's why I don't give anybody a break. Ninety-five percent of the brokers are getting killed."

SUNDAY

At 10 A.M. in front of the seemingly deserted Adam's Mark, the General has run out of cash. It doesn't take a CPA to figure that every $3,000 they spend on a ticket now pushes them deeper into the red. A guy with a bowling ball in his shirt and a frog in his throat sidles up.

"You got any money?" asks Junior.

"Yeah."

"What can you give us?"

"Ten dimes."

Junior holds out his hand, and the guy plumbs his pocket and pulls out a wad the size of half a grilled cheese.

Junior doesn't count.

The guy with the belly turns to the General and smiles broadly. "I'm lending this to you, not him."

After days of rain and cold, mother nature conspires to drive up prices. The day breaks warm and clear—perfect Super Bowl weather. Squawking Eagles fans flap their wings through the crowd. A wife carries a sign, TRADE HUSBAND FOR TICKETS, while an expectant mom shows off the bulging-belly ad space she successfully bartered for two seats. But the best hustler I see all week is a steely Army recruiter. "If I give you a card to fill out, would you?" the captain asks a couple of God-fearing youths.

"Would there be a commitment to join?"

"No, no commitment," says the captain, beaming.

Just 25 left. Every ticket is still selling for three dimes or more. The brothers snap out 100s with the cool efficiency of house card dealers. Old Boy desperately needs 150 more, but as the General notes, "he's about half a million dollars short."

A fellow broker offers the General a ticket at 35—$1,500 more than he could have bought it for a week ago. He passes.

Dirty walks up, disgusted. "The fans want $4,000 or $5,000 for their tickets."

It's carnival and street craps. The General and Junior have turned a restaurant table into an impromptu bank, counting out thousands of dollars and flipping tickets.

"Tell 'em to get the fuck out of here!" snarls Sunshine.

Out front I talk to a bunch of Eagles fans. One got scammed paying $3,800 on eBay for a pair of tickets he never received. At 1:10, the General kneels behind the Bentley's wheel, counting out cash he hands to a hustler for a pair. "It's coming down," he says. "We were being offered 35. Now it's 31. More tickets are coming out." With just five hours till kickoff, prices are finally falling.

Five minutes later the General stands before the lobby's revolving door, hustlers and fans streaming around him, voices roaring. He takes a small rubber band that a couple of hours ago was wrapped around a $10,000 brick and squeezes it around his forehead like a vise. He's already lost $20,000, and he still has to buy 20 more tickets. He feels like puking. Clients are pissed, wondering where their tickets are. He doesn't care what he has to pay. He just wants to be done.

A hustler friend brushes by, adopting the tone of a hotel manager. "Sir, I believe you're wearing a rubber band on your head."

The General wades through the crowd to the red carpet out front. He looks as if he's going to bang his head against a steel post. "Next Super Bowl," he says, "remind me that it will break at 1:15." Finally prices are falling. Too late to do the General or Junior any good.

Time compresses. Lots of deliveries to Patriots and Eagles fans, even several Germans, part of the General's European clientele. The endgame approaches, and I take inventory. Sunshine, like virtually every medium-size broker, lost tens of thousands. Danny Boy, a street hustler, made about $6,000. John the Mormon is one of the few modest-size brokers who made good. He and his three partners made about $30,000 each. "We didn't take any orders; we're just flippin'," he says. He respects the General and Junior. "I couldn't do what they do. They're gamblers. Four out of five times it works. When it works, they make a lot of money."

It's 2:02. We're sitting out front on the ledge of a concrete planter. "You hold this. Just stay here," the General says, leaving me the bag. "I'm going to confront Old Boy one last time in the Adam's Mark."

Super Bowl Sunday afternoon, and I'm left holding the bag, surrounded by hundreds of hustlers. After a couple of minutes I begin to relax. Nobody has time to notice me.

The General returns. Old Boy says the wires should be hitting his account. In the meantime he pleads again to buy half a million dollars' worth of tickets on credit. "I gotta find a plug for this," the General says, pointing to his dead cell phone. It's 2:30. Just inside the hotel's side door, fighting the crowd, the General drops to his knees to plug in. There's no reception.

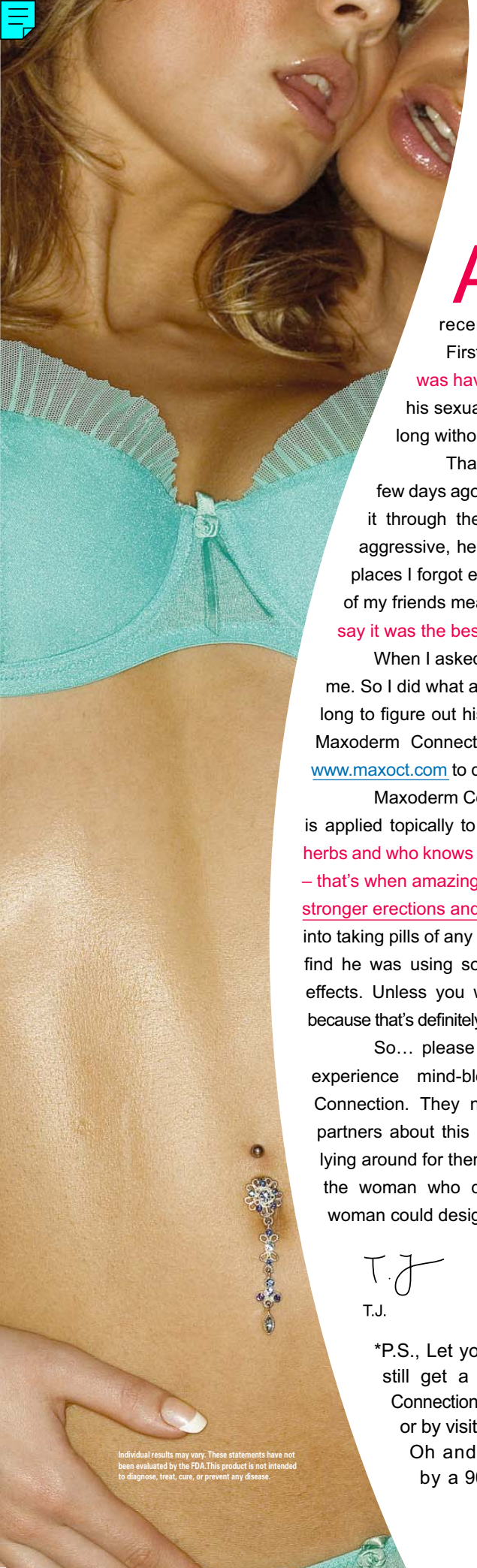
Up the escalator goes the General, and he turns the corner to plug in next to a column. Old Boy paces nearby but can't see us. The General gets a call from a customer three blocks away. "Walk in, go up the escalator, and then turn to the right," he says. "He's in a black hat, black jacket, black glasses. Think man in black."

The General turns to me. "They've got two tickets. I gotta go downstairs and buy 'em. Give me five minutes."

He's reaching into the bag. "Where's that fuckin' rubber band? If I'd left it on my head, I'd have it now." After scrounging, he finds another. "If Junior needs five grand, tell him it's the one with the rubber band around it." And then he's gone.

Three minutes later, two Patriots fans stroll up. They're from Boston originally, and we chat amiably. Three minutes become 10, and finally the General arrives and nonchalantly delivers their tickets.

At 3:15 Old Boy rides up the escalator. The General drags the bag around to the other side of the pillar. Once the coast



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As a faithful reader of your magazine, I just had to tell your readers about a recent experience I had with my boyfriend.

First, let me just say he is a great guy. But, after dating for six months, it seemed he was having confidence issues in AND out of bed. It was having a real negative effect on his sexual prowess and let's face it, with any new relationship, it usually doesn't last very long without a real strong sexual connection. My dilemma was that I really liked the guy.

Thankfully, I didn't have to make a difficult decision because everything changed a few days ago. I came home from work and he basically tore my clothes off before I even made it through the door. Right there on the stairs he practically pounced on me. Confident, aggressive, he made all the right moves. I definitely felt sensations I'd never felt before … in places I forgot existed. We made love for what seemed like an eternity. I never knew what some of my friends meant when they said the earth moved from having sex – I do now. "I can honestly say it was the best sex I've ever had in my entire life!"

When I asked him what was going on – what brought about the change – he wouldn't answer me. So I did what any red-blooded American woman would do, I started snooping. It didn't take me long to figure out his secret. In his underwear drawer under the "men's magazines", was a tube of Maxoderm Connection. After reading the fine print and finding the website, I went online to www.maxoct.com to discover more about this magic in a tube.

Maxoderm Connection (of which I'm having my boyfriend buy a lifetime supply) is a lotion that is applied topically to the clitoris and penis. An all natural mix of herbs and who knows what, brings blood flow straight to the source – that's when amazing things start to happen. He achieves harder, stronger erections and my orgasms go through the roof! We aren't into taking pills of any kind – not even aspirin – so I was relieved to find he was using something topical without any systemic side effects. Unless you want to think of great sex as a side effect, because that's definitely what's going on at our place – ALL the time!

"I felt sensations I'd never felt before… in places I forgot existed."

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is clear, he's off to help Junior buy and deliver his last six tickets. I'm holding the bag again. It's been a long week. I find myself dozing off.

My eyes pop open to the sight of Junior.

"Where'd he go?" he asks.

"Down to find you."

"Where's the bag?"

I smile. "I'm sitting on it."

Ten minutes later the brothers are reunited behind the column, considering whether they should buy tickets Old Boy didn't pay for.

"Here's where we can try to take a shot," says Junior. "The question is, do you do it?"

"Would a wire hit on Sunday?" asks the General.

"Do we buy on credit?" asks Junior. "How is Old Boy planning logistically on handing out 120 tickets?"

It's not clear which way they'll go. The promise hangs in the air, and gradually the moment passes.

"How much did we lose?" asks the General, who then begins putting the debacle in a context his brother can appreciate. "You lose $5,000 in Vegas, it's no big deal. Ten thousand and I'm an idiot." The General raps his fingers against his head. "Twenty thousand dollars is an extremely bad weekend."

It will take them days to sort it out. Did the tickets spike because of die-hard Philly fans? Was it the late distribution of secondary tickets? They'll never know. After leafing through scribbled names and numbers on hotel notepads, envelopes and ledgers, they close the books on Valentine's Day. They lost more than $64,000.

The brothers are laughing now, sitting by the bag when Junior puts it in perspective, clutching $5,000 in his hand. "Of course we can turn $60,000 of green into $60,000 of cardboard." Which is a marvelously poetic take on what they've been doing the past week—turning green paper into orange cardboard that will be worthless tomorrow.

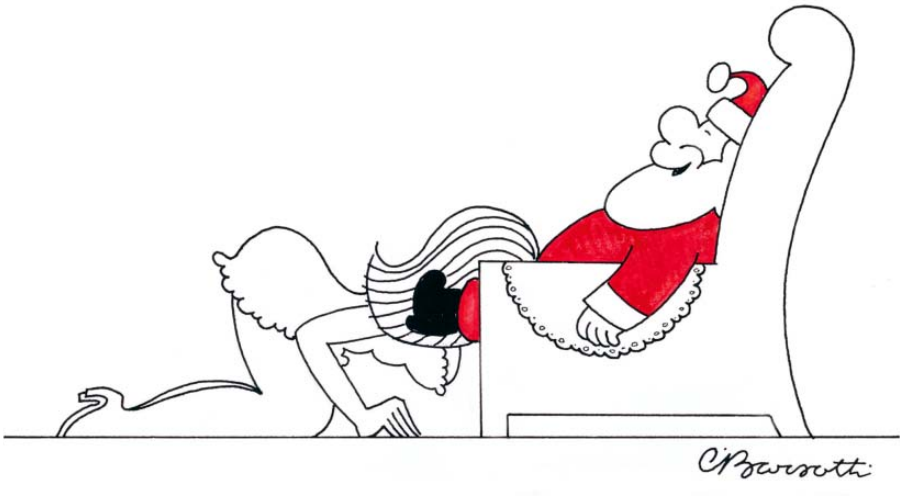
Sometime after four P.M., barely more than two hours before kickoff, the General says Old Boy tried once more to hook him. On the street, he told the General his attorney would sign a contract saying he'll pay him for half a million dollars in tickets. But the General hopped in the attorney's car and asked the counselor how he knew Old Boy. The General says the man replied, "He's just some guy who's supposed to get me two tickets to the game."

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Fittingly, as the General's Ram pulls out of the garage, the Stones' "Midnight Rambler" blares on the radio. The time is a little after five P.M. Our last image of the Adam's Mark is of none other than Old Boy pacing on the corner, phone glued to his ear.

Minutes later we're on the freeway, driving past the stadium, Sunshine and Dirty joking about the seats they sold to the game that will finally begin in just over an hour. "Can I have the line and total?" asks the General, putting a dime on the game with his bookie—a first-half parlay, taking Philly with four points and betting that the score at the half will be under 23. Dirty doesn't have a bookie, so the General lets him bet $100 too. Sunshine also calls his bookie and bets a nickel.

The Little General turns to me. "That was the biggest Super Bowl ever. Thirty-five hundred for get-ins." No one talks for a long time. The black Ram is gathering speed now as we motor down the freeway in the fading Florida light. The Little General checks his messages and plays one that just came in. Old Boy. "Please, please, call me. Help me. I'm going to be killed. Help me, help me, help me."



"Tell your husband he's got his Lamborghini."

MINER

(continued from page 79)

MINER: Beautiful. I would have loved to have taken her to bed.

PLAYBOY: That was a pretty universal response. What do you recall about August 5, 1962, the day Monroe died?

MINER: I got a call from the coroner's office saying that they were going to do an autopsy in the morning—that would be Sunday, August 5—on Marilyn Monroe. I attended all the unnatural-death autopsies I could, which of course the coroner knew. In fact they supplied me with an autopsy schedule every day. I got myself down there, and there was Thomas Noguchi with his patient.

PLAYBOY: What was it like for you to see this incredibly beautiful young woman lying dead, being attended to by the deputy medical examiner for the county of Los Angeles?

MINER: The main thing when you see all the autopsies I have seen is that you have to develop a sort of defensive reaction. You say to yourself, Well, what are we going to be able to find in this case? You have to be clinical and emotionally detached. But you think to yourself, How sad that a woman so beautiful and talented died. "Too bad," you say. "Now we have to find out what killed her." I'm glad Noguchi did the postmortem, because he's a good, wonderful guy, kind of a very retiring, modest type.

PLAYBOY: Were you and Noguchi the only ones there?

MINER: No, there's always what's called in the trade a *Diener*—that's a German term that literally means servant. In pathology it means a nonphysician assistant, an autopsy assistant.

PLAYBOY: What was out of the ordinary about Monroe's postmortem?

MINER: Lots of things. A preliminary investigative report describes the circumstances the pathologist would want to know about in making a diagnosis. In this case Monroe's body was discovered, and afterward Sergeant Jack Clemmons, the first police officer on the scene, reported it to the authorities. According to department regulations, when a police officer comes on the scene of a death where no one knows the cause, it becomes a crime scene—you put that yellow tape all around the residence and kick everybody out. You're not a homicide investigator, but you call downtown and send for a forensics team. Everybody's been kicked out, and the forensics team inventories everything in the house and dusts everything for fingerprints, looking for anything that might be a weapon or account for what killed the individual.

PLAYBOY: Was that procedure followed?

MINER: I became aware during the autopsy or immediately thereafter that none of what I just described had been done. This is completely contrary to police regulations. Somebody decided there

was not going to be a police investigation.

PLAYBOY: Did that decision come from Clemmons?

MINER: No, he was *told*. Way after that Sunday I was on the set of an alleged documentary. Clemmons was there. He had already retired, and I said, "Sergeant, I'd like to talk to you." He said, "I don't want to talk to anybody." Something went on that he didn't want to talk about. Clemmons was well acquainted with police procedure. I think when he was told that it was Monroe's death—this is just a guess—he reported that to a higher authority and was told, "Look, go out there, see what you can see, talk to the people, but you don't want to declare that a crime scene." Clemmons says the person who called in the police was Greenson——

PLAYBOY: Monroe's psychiatrist, in whom she apparently placed tremendous faith and for whom she apparently made tape recordings of her thoughts and feelings.

MINER: That's right. Clemmons says Greenson said he was calling with respect to Monroe, that she had committed suicide. I don't think that ever happened. It's contrary to the kind of man Greenson was. I think Clemmons said that to cover himself for not having followed department regulations.

PLAYBOY: What other irregularities were there?

MINER: An autopsy consists of three phases. First is the gross autopsy, which is the surgical procedure. Second is the microscopics: The autopsy surgeon takes specimens of all the organs and tissue and pops them into a jar, and the technicians prepare microscope slides for staining and review by the pathologist. Third is the laboratory phase. Of the three laboratory tests, only two were run. The blood was analyzed; that's where you got the cause of death—massive amounts of the barbiturate Nembutal. The concentration of Nembutal in the liver was 13 percent, which is high. The liver, the chemical laboratory of the body, detoxifies poisonous substances and renders them harmless. Some chloral hydrate [sleeping pills Greenson had prescribed] was also found but not a fatal amount.

PLAYBOY: What impact would the chloral hydrate have had on Monroe?

MINER: You can say that it rendered her unconscious and, if it did, that it left her an absolutely helpless victim of anyone who wanted to do evil.

PLAYBOY: What other tests would normally have been run during the laboratory phase?

MINER: The two tests the toxicologist ran were of the blood and liver. There was no analysis of any other body fluid or tissue. All of the specimens that were taken disappeared. The stomach contents, 20 cc of brownish liquid, disappeared. So the only tests made of body specimens were of blood and liver. If the stomach contents had been tested and found to be negative, it would have ruled out any possibility that the barbiturates were swallowed. From the microscopic tests that could have been run during this phase, it might have been possible to determine how the barbiturates got into her body. Somebody was intent on suppressing any objective evidence discrediting the wrong diagnosis of suicide.

PLAYBOY: So it's your contention that not all of the laboratory-phase tests could be run because the specimens had vanished?

MINER: I was called on a Sunday, and the techs wouldn't even have gotten to the specimens until the following day, but all the specimens disappeared—I'd say by the following day. I've never seen that happen before or since. This was deliberate. Somebody took those specimens and flushed them down the toilet, or God knows what they did with them. So there were no microscopics, no laboratory work on anything other than the blood and liver. Noguchi really couldn't come up with a diagnosis at this point. Somebody wanted the diagnosis of suicide to stick and didn't want any interference by analysis of the scientific evidence.

PLAYBOY: Apparently anywhere from three to four hours lapsed before Monroe's housekeeper, Eunice Murray, and Greenson first phoned the police about her death from her home in Brentwood. What do you think was going on?

MINER: You first have to ask yourself, Here is a woman dead of a massive amount of a barbiturate; how did it get into her? That's the threshold question. The distinguished chief coroner, Dr. Theodore Curphey, announced his verdict at his press conference, saying she swallowed 30 to 40 capsules. There was no indication she used water to swallow the pills, no glass or pitcher in the bedroom where they found her. If the pills had been taken with water, metabolites—the breakdown product of the barbiturates—should have been excreted by the kidneys. If the urine sample had been preserved, we might have found metabolites in the urine, but we didn't. From the examination, we know she had a relatively empty stomach, maybe just two tablespoons of a brownish fluid.

PLAYBOY: I haven't gotten past the idea of the effort it would take to swallow that many capsules.

MINER: Right. It takes time to swallow 30 or 40 capsules. As soon as the first ones hit her stomach they would start dissolving and start being absorbed, probably before she swallowed all 30 or 40 of them. She would have been unconscious. And if she had swallowed them, she would have been dead before they all dissolved. There would be a residue in her tummy.

PLAYBOY: But there wasn't?

MINER: None. When a barbiturate is exposed to hydrochloric acid, a normal secretion of the stomach, it crystallizes. I had a wonderful pathologist in Noguchi, who looked at stomach contents under what's called a polarizing microscope, one that enables you



to see crystals. No crystals. The notion of oral ingestion is just not supported by fact.
PLAYBOY: What about injection?
MINER: Noguchi and I both went over that woman's body with a magnifying glass. Literally. Every possible site for a hypodermic injection was inspected, all the orifices and hidden places, between the toes, behind the ears, whatever. How else could the Nembutal have gotten in there? Now we come to the Miner theory, which is supported by some physical evidence. When Noguchi opened the abdomen and studied all segments of the digestive system, the lower colon, or large intestine, had a marked deep purplish color. Later when I began putting things together in my mind with the hindsight that is so much better than foresight, I thought it possible that if the lining of the large intestine had been exposed to a toxic substance—a barbiturate is an organic acid—there could have been an inflammatory response that would account for the discoloration of the gut. Barbiturates are readily dissolvable in water, and as a matter of fact Nembutal is put in a rectal suppository for patients who can't swallow. Now, if some ingenious soul broke open 30 capsules of Nembutal, dissolved that in water, put it in an enema bag, administered it to someone who had consumed enough chloral hydrate to be unconscious—administered this slowly and carefully over a period of time——
PLAYBOY: How long a period of time are we talking about?
MINER: There's no time test on this, but we know the liver would take time to accumulate 13 percent, so we're probably talking about an hour or so. I don't know for sure. What we do know is that if the barbiturates were administered in that fashion, they would have killed her. No question. By a process of elimination, how else could it have been done? Years ago I ran the theory past two world-class pathologists. One was Dr. Milton Helpern, an old friend who was chief medical examiner for the city of New York, who, unlike our Dr. Curphey in Los Angeles, spent most of his days not in his office but doing autopsies, surveying autopsies or supervising autopsies done by the staff. I also asked Dr. Leopold Breitenecker, medical examiner for the city of Vienna. [Both men are deceased.] Both said this enema theory of mine was plausible.
PLAYBOY: In your transcript of the tape Monroe made for Greenson, she goes on at length about her fondness for enemas and talks about the actor and Kennedy brother-in-law Peter Lawford's awareness of that.
MINER: Lawford had enema sex parties at his Malibu house. She refers to one of them, at which she had the interesting experience of allegedly having the Countess Du Barry's equipment used on her, if we believe what Lawford told her.
PLAYBOY: Have you ruled out Monroe self-administering the Nembutal and causing her own death?
MINER: If she administered it, the fluid would have been absorbed as it came in. An effect of Nembutal, when it absorbs, is to render the user unconscious and—*whammo!*—she would have no more control over the equipment or her body. So she would have been unconscious with all this stuff running out of her before enough of it was absorbed to kill her.
PLAYBOY: But in your professional capacity you knew of no one except Monroe who died this way, by a poisoned enema?
MINER: That's correct, nor am I aware of others.
PLAYBOY: Another persistent rumor has it that Monroe kept a diary, detailing among other things her intimacies with John and Robert Kennedy, and that she was threatening to make it public.
MINER: I have to doubt this diary business, but if there was a diary, it has disappeared too. And no suicide note.
PLAYBOY: What were the circumstances of your first hearing the tapes Monroe made for Greenson?
MINER: I listened to them at his office. I didn't have a tape recorder with me. I wouldn't have used one because it was a very delicate situation.
PLAYBOY: So you listened to the tapes and took notes?

"What Marilyn says on those tapes gives you a better understanding of who she really was than all the stories people have written about her," says Miner.

MINER: No, not at the time. That would have been a bit gauche. I was facing Greenson, and although he didn't say a word, I could see how he was affected by the tapes and their content. While she was saying how she fantasized about the possibility of being adopted by Greenson, tears were pouring down his face.
PLAYBOY: How many times did you get to hear the tapes?
MINER: Just once. When she said "Good night, Doctor" on the tape, it was "Good night, Doctor" for me, too.
PLAYBOY: What time of day did you listen to the tapes?
MINER: It was in the late afternoon.
PLAYBOY: How soon after the day of the autopsy was this?
MINER: I could be a day off, but I would say Wednesday.
PLAYBOY: How soon after that did you put pen to paper to retain the information?
MINER: That night. While I was writing I could hear her. It was almost a weird kind of experience to hear somebody's voice when that person is not there and can't be talking. But I heard her.
PLAYBOY: Did Greenson say how recently Monroe had recorded them? If the transcripts are being presented as an indication that she wasn't suicidal, the timing is crucial. Also, since she has been said to have suffered from manic depression, couldn't she have been in a temporary upbeat phase during the taping?
MINER: We know from Anthony Summers's book [*Goddess: The Secret Lives of Marilyn Monroe*] that she purchased a tape recorder I think somewhere around three weeks before her death, so that pretty much tells us it was in that period. Greenson didn't want to talk about himself in relationship to the case because, as he said to me, "The greatest catastrophe that could happen to a psychiatrist professionally is for his patient to kill herself." That's why he let me hear the tapes, because as he pointed out—and it's true—his opinion that she didn't kill herself would be or could be criticized as biased. He wanted me to hear the tapes, on the condition that I would never reveal the content, to make up my own mind from what she had said.
PLAYBOY: In those transcripts, one hears so much that is intensely personal—her gratitude toward Greenson for helping her learn to achieve orgasm for the first time, her love of his family and her asking him to adopt her, her appraising the assets of her 36-year-old body, her great admiration for John Kennedy.... This is a woman who, just three months before, had sung "Happy Birthday, Mr. President" to Kennedy at Madison Square Garden, looking radiant in a sheer, clinging gown.
MINER: That was something, wasn't it? In part of that transcript she says that when she sang for Kennedy that night she got so wet she was afraid it would show. I think that was about her love for the president, but she doesn't say that. Her talking about Clark Gable—I felt she had an almost spiritual relationship with him. And nowhere else have I seen that Gable, during the making of *The Misfits,* decided to stop hunting animals and make sure his child would be taught to hunt them only with a camera. But those things were important to her.
PLAYBOY: Some biographers and Monroe experts have criticized Greenson.
MINER: That puts it mildly. He knew this woman better than anybody else, and he said she didn't commit suicide. What she says about herself in the transcript, what she says her thoughts were, what her feelings were, gives you a better understanding of who Monroe was than all the stories other people have written about her.
PLAYBOY: Why did you decide to bring the private psychiatric transcripts to light on the anniversary of Monroe's death?
MINER: The *Los Angeles Times* came after me; I didn't go after them. Their writer Robert Welkos—a nice man—is the kind that if you tell him the sun is going to rise in the east tomorrow, he'll wait until morning to see if



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the sun is rising in the east. He questioned my credibility in every way you can think of. When he began badgering me enough, I said, "I don't give a good goddamn whether or not the *Los Angeles Times* does a story about this. Leave me alone."

PLAYBOY: A while ago you spoke of the cover-up surrounding her death. What do you know about the rumors of Monroe and President Kennedy, during and after the filming of the 1961 movie *The Misfits,* enjoying secret rendezvous at Cal-Neva Lodge, the last of which was purportedly on the weekend of July 27 to 29, just before her death? Or the rumors that Lawford told her at the lodge that she must never again contact the Kennedys and that she attempted suicide or was drugged while there?

MINER: I've heard all those stories. That's all pretty much anecdotal, and I'm very reluctant to place 100 percent credence in anecdotal evidence because that is filtered through the thinking and the mind of the person relating the anecdote. This is just my guess, but I think her feelings for RFK were sort of transplanted from JFK. Having an affair with him made her feel close to his brother.

PLAYBOY: In 1982 there was an attempt to have the Los Angeles DA thoroughly reexamine the case, but not enough evidence was found to launch a criminal investigation.

MINER: That investigation was conducted by my onetime colleague and old friend, an honest, trustworthy man. All he said in his report was that there were some discrepancies and unanswered questions. That's not good enough. A good investigative report should explain why there are discrepancies and what the unanswered questions are.

PLAYBOY: What is your response to people who say, "Monroe has been dead for more than 40 years. Why dishonor her memory by dredging up this stuff?"

MINER: It has been said, "Let her rest in peace." How can the woman rest in peace when there's a lie about how she met her death? My response is that Monroe was denied the basic right to which every American, dead or alive, is entitled—due process of law. And what would due process be? An inquest, where people are put on the witness stand and testify under oath, an examination of all discrepancies and unanswered questions, including the question of who is responsible. It would require exhuming the remains to attempt to determine if there is enough identifiable colon tissue to subject to gas chromatography, a forensic technique for identifying substances. If gas chromatography showed that the tissue had been exposed to the barbiturate, you have at least one answer. Somebody killed her. I don't imagine the question of the killer's identity will ever be solved. But there will be a correct diagnosis, and Monroe will not be stigmatized as a suicide for all eternity.

PLAYBOY: So a large part of your motivation for bringing these transcripts to light is a hope that she will be exonerated?

MINER: If there is to be an autopsy and an inquest and the coroner is forced by reason of the evidence produced thereby to say, "This office made an erroneous diagnosis. We hereby repudiate that diagnosis and change it to homicide at the hands of a person or persons unknown," I think that would make an almost conclusive impact. That's what we owe her. She gave a lot of pleasure and a lot of herself to her public. She got so little in return. Isn't this the least we could do to repay her?

PLAYBOY: Doesn't the fact that Monroe was interred in a mausoleum bode well for finding clues to her demise?

MINER: That's the key point. Having exhumed several bodies in my career, I can say that if they're buried in the ground, water insists on its right to nuzzle up to the corpse. And it can't here. We have a completely dry setting. I just have the feeling that under those circumstances we're going to find tissue we can examine. But we'll never know until we try. We dig up the remains of dinosaurs that are millions of years old and find that we can draw certain conclusions about them. Forty years isn't that long.

PLAYBOY: How far are you willing to push to see this case reopened?

MINER: Only three entities I can think of have, what we call in the law, standing to petition the Superior Court of Los Angeles County—the district attorney, the chief medical examiner–coroner and possibly the state attorney general. The other entity would be a family member or members, and she has none. We have to set a fire under one of these people of position. What do they have to lose other than the inertia of officialdom?



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– G.S.

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MARILYN

(continued from page 82)

getting her career and personal life together and that her newfound strength was precisely why she posed more of a threat to the powerful men in her life. Oh, and she had a one-night stand with Joan Crawford. You can't make this stuff up.

But was it murder?

Everything about Monroe's last days has been shrouded in mystery and scandal. Did Robert Kennedy really visit her in the hours before her death? Did he break her heart, or was she trying to dump him—perhaps because she planned to remarry DiMaggio? Was she really over John Kennedy? Or was there a new boyfriend? Monroe's friend Hollywood columnist James Bacon, now 91, says, "She had a Mexican boyfriend at the time. I forget his name." He thought that was why she was suddenly running off to Mexico.

And what did all those listening devices turn up? Widely reported was the utterance she allegedly made to Lawford that night on the phone: "Say good-bye to the president."

Monroe's last months were turbulent. On May 19, just 11 weeks before her death, she famously sang "Happy Birthday, Mr. President" to John Kennedy before 15,000 people at Madison Square Garden while wearing a dress so tight she had to be sewn into it. No one who watched—or saw the endless replay of that clip—could possibly doubt she had been intimate with the president. On June 1, her 36th birthday, she spent her last day on the set of *Something's Got to Give*. About a week later her studio, 20th Century Fox, sued her for breach of contract for missing too many days of shooting, embarrassing her in national headlines. By late July Monroe and the studio seemed to have resolved their differences, but she died before the movie resumed shooting.

The weekend before her death, Monroe was with Sinatra and the gang at Cal-Neva Lodge. Was she there for an intervention by her Rat Pack friends, as Lawford claimed? Was DiMaggio really watching her cavort naked by the pool from the balcony of the hotel next door because Sinatra wouldn't let him into the lodge?

Even the events of her final day have been told in multiple versions. We do know she had various phone conversations and several visitors. One of them was PLAYBOY contributor Lawrence Schiller, who says he visited her that morning. "I stopped by her house on my way to Palm Springs to show her some photos from the shoot and to go over negotiations we were having for a front and back cover for PLAYBOY," he says. "She was tending her flowers, and nothing was unusual about that day. She seemed completely fine."

By the afternoon, however, Monroe was despondent, according to her therapist, and she took to bed in the evening, taking the telephone with her and closing the door. She had been invited to a beach party at Lawford's house but declined to go.

Something changed her mood. Was it a conversation with Robert Kennedy? (Over the previous weeks she had made numerous calls to his office at the Justice Department and to the White House.) Was it the arrival of a box with a stuffed tiger inside—later found thrown on her lawn and photographed? According to Anthony Summers's Monroe biography, *Goddess: The Secret Lives of Marilyn Monroe,* and Matthew Smith's *Marilyn's Last Words,* the tiger had been sent by friends of the Kennedy family as a warning to stay away from Robert. Yet others who spoke to Monroe that night say she sounded perfectly normal.

•

"I know she was murdered," says June DiMaggio, the niece of Monroe's second husband and a close friend and confidant of the actress for years. June is 77 now and has waited half a century to tell what she knows. But she wanted to tell it all before she died: the story of the Monroe she knew, the Monroe she visited on the day of her death and what she knows about Monroe's last moments on earth, including the phone call she believes was interrupted by her killer or killers.

This month June is publishing her memoir, *Marilyn, Joe and Me,* co-written with Mary Jane Popp. Much of what June has to say is startling. She has never met Miner and wasn't familiar with his report, yet her independent recollections are hauntingly consistent with his theories. (Neither Miner, June or the DiMaggio friends who spoke to PLAYBOY believe the Kennedys had any responsibility in her death.)

June has spoken on the record only once before, on the night of August 4, 1962, when the police arrived at her door in Beverly Hills. They had only one question: Where can we find Joe DiMaggio? June is certain the police came sometime between 11 P.M. and midnight, because her boyfriend had dropped her off at 10:30 P.M., and she had bathed and put on her pajamas before the knock at her door.

The timing of the cops' visit is the first surprise: Official police reports say the cops weren't called to Monroe's house until 4:30 on the morning of August 5. According to most reports, Eunice Murray claimed not to have discovered the body until at least three A.M., when she woke in the middle of the night and, alarmed by a light under Monroe's locked door and a phone cord going into her room, went outside, peered through the bedroom window and saw Monroe sprawled facedown on the bed. Murray called Greenson, who came to the house, discovered her dead, called Dr. Engelberg and then called police. But this time line has long been disputed as a tissue of lies to support the suicide theory. According to the autopsy findings and other reports, rigor mortis had set in sometime in the early hours of the morning, indicating she had been dead at least five or six hours. The question is, When was she really found? It seems clear that those hours were used to clean up the scene and rid the house of any evidence that could be used against a president, an attorney general or anyone else.

But June insists that police came to her door late on the night of August 4. "All I know is when they came to my house," she says, "a sheriff and a policeman trying to find Joe. I lived just a couple of miles from Marilyn. They asked, 'Are you June DiMaggio?' I said yes. 'Do you know how we can get in touch with Joe DiMaggio?' I said, 'Yes, he's in San Francisco, playing in an old-timers' game." She said she could probably track him down but asked why it was so urgent.

Then they told her the reason for their visit.

June had befriended Monroe when her uncle started courting the star. The two women got along; they were both actresses, close in age and "both Geminis," adds June. Both adored Joe, and both had bodies that could stop a clock. June's parents, Tom and Lee, who ran DiMaggio's Restaurant in San Francisco, were the best man and matron of honor at Joe and Marilyn's wedding. June and Monroe remained close friends after the divorce and even through Monroe's subsequent marriage to and divorce from Arthur Miller. One of the biggest misconceptions about Monroe is that she was most comfortable around men. She was very much a girls' girl, says June. As someone who grew up in foster homes and orphanages, Monroe longed for the family atmosphere the big Italian DiMaggio clan provided. June's memoir is filled with tender, loving memories of Monroe's visits to San Francisco, where Joe kept an apartment close to June's family. She writes of Monroe donning an apron and trying to learn how to cook Joe's favorite Italian dishes, her pain over not having children, her close relationship with June's mother—the last person to speak with her on the phone—and her yearnings for a normal life. Not to mention the revelation that Monroe, the biggest sex symbol of all time, "never did like sex." (See *Body and Soul,* page 82.)

She confided to June that she did it just to get through it. There were nights, says June, when Monroe would visit her after a casting couch session at the studio. "She used to come to my house, crying. Then she would take a douche in my bathroom."

"She felt dirty," says Popp. "And it was not only her," June adds. "Oh, honey, most of the stars under contract had to do that. Not only Marilyn Monroe."

Morris Engelberg, the executor of DiMaggio's estate and his longtime friend

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and lawyer (no relation to Monroe's physician, Hyman Engelberg), says Joe and Marilyn's relationship was quite unusual. "Their love was so special, on her side also, because whomever she married or went with, she always slept with Joe. They never stopped being lovers. That's what caused the divorce with Miller. She said Miller told her one day, 'You don't love me. You still love that man.'"

Monroe always knew she could count on DiMaggio whenever she was in trouble. Her calls were always to be put through, no matter what. He advised her on everything from her various heartaches to her studio contracts and played knight in shining armor on numerous occasions. She called DiMaggio from New York City after suffering a breakdown and attempting suicide when her five-year marriage to Miller fell apart in early 1961. Joltin' Joe showed up at the mental hospital and demanded that his "wife" be released. Says DiMaggio's close friend Dr. Rock Positano (a New York foot specialist who met DiMaggio when he treated his heel-spur injury), "He wasn't technically married to Marilyn, but he went in there and said, 'Listen, you give me my wife right now or I'll rip this place apart piece by piece.'" No wonder she still loved him.

Monroe's past suicide attempts were always pleas for help. So why didn't she call DiMaggio that fateful night?

"Because it wasn't suicide," says June.

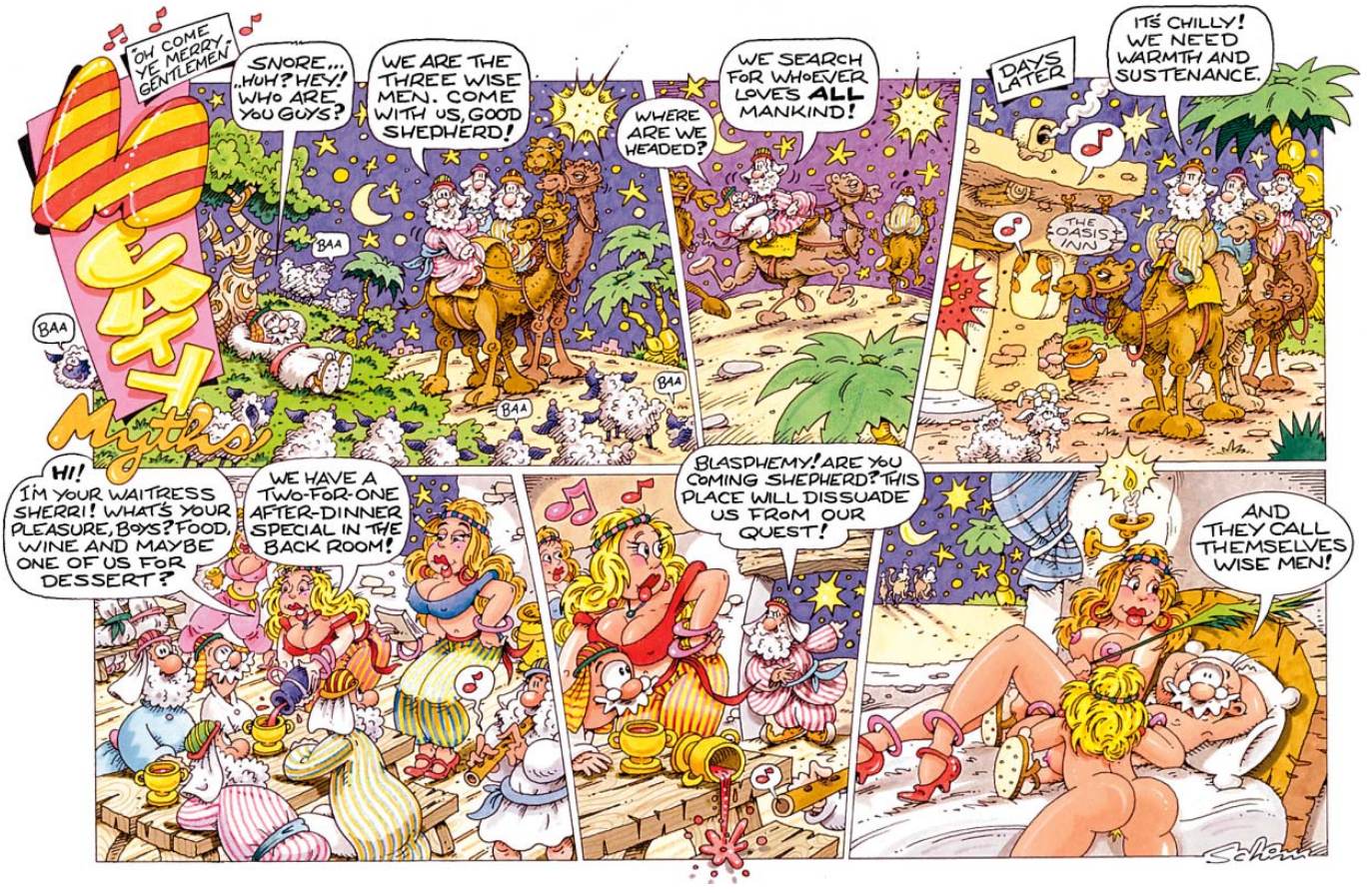
Most crucial to this argument is that, according to Joe's closest intimates, the two were planning to remarry on August 8, 1962, the day of Monroe's funeral. DiMaggio had a dress made for her and purchased a new wedding ring from a Newark jeweler named Boots. (Well, not purchased; DiMaggio, who was notoriously cheap, never paid for much.) The ceremony was set to take place at Saints Peter and Paul, DiMaggio's Roman Catholic parish in San Francisco. According to June, Monroe was over the moon about remarrying. This time both parties wanted to get it right. They had learned plenty from their nine-month marriage, which ended soon after a furious DiMaggio watched Monroe stand over that grate in New York City, the flashbulbs popping while her white halter dress blew into the air, revealing among other things that she was not a natural blonde. According to June, her uncle had already been punishing Monroe with the silent treatment for other indiscretions. After three months she finally couldn't take it anymore. But they never fell out of love. This time she was going to be a better wife, says June, and he was going to be a more understanding husband. They even had plans, according to Morris Engelberg, to adopt a baby. To consider a child not genetically his "was huge for Joe," says Engelberg, "but he knew that Marilyn wanted more than anything to be a mother." Given her track record—several miscarriages at least—adoption seemed the only way to make Monroe happy.

All of which raises the question, Would a woman who was about to remarry the love of her life, the only man who was there for her unconditionally, kill herself on the eve of the wedding? Or had she gotten herself into something she wasn't ready for?

In the years that followed, DiMaggio had a hard time even speaking of Monroe. He was intensely private to begin with, and Engelberg and Positano, his two closest friends in the years before his death, knew never to bring up her name. But always her haunting presence was felt. DiMaggio would go into his "Marilyn mood," as some of his friends call it. "He would have these moments," says Positano, "when he would be having a great time with me, and then he would go absolutely dead silent. I'd say, 'Joe, what's the matter?' And he'd say, 'Aw, Doc, you know what's the matter. I'm thinking about my girl.' He used to call her that."

"No woman in the world will ever be loved the way he loved her," says Engelberg. "He loved her in life and in death."

"It was pretty heavy to be with him when he got into one of those moods," says Positano. "He wouldn't get mean, but he would get stone silent." Or he would turn on Ella Fitzgerald's "Embraceable You" in the car. "He used



to tell me, 'Doc, that was our song.' And he'd play it over and over again. You could see he would be somewhere else." Usually he'd have the driver stop, and, says Positano, "he'd leave the car for about four or five minutes. You just sort of knew what was going on."

Sometimes he spoke of her funeral—how he arranged it and banned certain people from attending, particularly Sinatra, whom he referred to as "the pimp." He said to Positano, "Doc, I made sure none of those people who really killed her were there." Says Engelberg, "He said, 'You know, Morris, instead of kissing her at the altar, I kissed her in her casket.'"

Engelberg, who was at DiMaggio's deathbed, says the athlete's last words to him were not to feel sad about his dying. "I'll get to see Marilyn again," DiMaggio said.

But the very private DiMaggio confided something else to his two friends: "They killed her." He went to his grave believing the love of his life was murdered.

•

Whom did he blame? And did he really think someone came in and killed her? From what DiMaggio told his friends, it seems most likely that he blamed a great many people for her death, whatever the actual means. "He never believed it was natural, let's put it that way," says Positano. "He would say either they killed her or they helped it along."

"He blamed the Kennedys, he blamed Sinatra, he blamed Sam Giancana," says Engelberg. "They gave her drugs. They gave her booze. They used her. Oh yeah, she was murdered. But when I would say, 'You know, Joe, if that was my wife, I would have gone after them,' he'd say, 'They're the Kennedys. They're too big. They're bigger than life. And why would I want to embarrass her?'"

Therein was the rub, say DiMaggio's friends. The thought of airing all of Monroe's sexual activity with the Kennedys—even if it somehow contributed to her death, even if it was a suicide—was too much for DiMaggio to bear.

But it's hard to believe that DiMaggio wouldn't have gone bananas if he actually thought it was murder. "Well, he did," says Positano. "I mean, for the rest of his life he went bananas. We're not talking about just an angry spurt that lasted three weeks or a year. We're talking about anger that lasted 40 years."

"Did he hate the Kennedys?" asks Engelberg. "Beyond anything you can imagine." Once he was invited to the Kennedy Center to speak at an event honoring "six people who gave their whole lives to helping the blind," Engelberg says. "And Joe wanted to go to this thing. He was the main speaker. But I had to get a contract, a written agreement, saying no Kennedy would be present at the Kennedy Center or else he wouldn't go."

He hated Sinatra even more, according to these two friends. Stories vary on what Monroe's actual relationship with Sinatra was. She spent a great amount of time at both his Palm Springs home and Cal-Neva Lodge, a resort Sinatra owned with Chicago mobster Giancana on the California-Nevada border. Others claim that after a short, torrid fling, they became like brother and sister. Members of the Rat Pack considered her one of the gang, and it was not unusual for Monroe to prance naked around Sinatra's pool.

On the weekend before her death Monroe went to the lodge to spend several nights with Sinatra and his cronies. Is this what a woman does 10 days before her wedding? Not surprisingly DiMaggio wasn't thrilled with the idea; he flew out to Cal-Neva to rescue her from Sinatra. "It was a very sad weekend," says Engelberg. "They wouldn't let him in the gates." DiMaggio checked into a nearby resort.

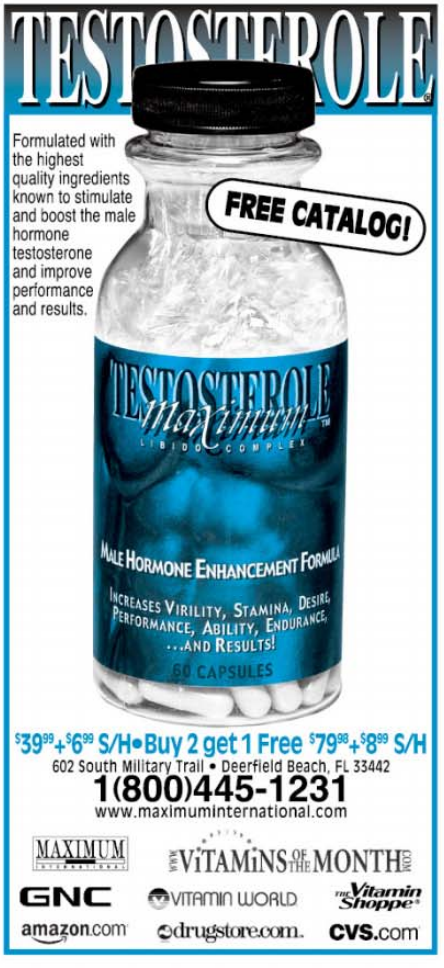
Lawford told actor Leon Isaac Kennedy (no relation to the president's family) that what happened at Cal-Neva that weekend was an intervention, though he didn't use that word. "They didn't call it an intervention in those days," says Kennedy. "But I remember Peter saying, 'We were all trying to get her to feel better.' He went as far as to say, 'Hey, we'll get you some other parts.' He said she was like one of the fellas and that they were trying to help her because she had been so down in the dumps and despondent. They were trying to rally her spirits."

A week later she was dead.

•

At 10:30 A.M. on the last day of her life, Monroe called June, asking her to bring over one of her specialties. "She loved this pizza that I made, and she called me up and said, 'Oh, Junie, can you make me one of your pizzas?'" June made the pizza and drove the couple of miles to Monroe's place, arriving between noon and 12:30 P.M. She had a key to the back kitchen door (Monroe entrusted several friends with keys to her house) but didn't need it. Monroe answered the door, smiling, in her typical daytime outfit of pedal pushers and a blouse. They talked for just a few minutes. Monroe told her she wanted to call June's mother (who was even closer to Monroe than she was to June) to see if she would take a quick jaunt to Mexico with her the next day. Monroe had spotted beautiful wrought-iron patio furniture there on her most recent trip across the border and wanted to buy some for her new house before the wedding. She also purchased a full set of china, "simple, with gold trim and a few flowers," that June now possesses. She was determined, says June, to be the perfect wife this time.





June kissed her good-bye and went off for a day of tennis and then dinner with her boyfriend.

When she returned home around 10:30 P.M. she tried to call Monroe to see how the pizza was but got a busy signal. That wasn't unusual; Monroe loved to talk endlessly on the telephone (unlike Joe, who limited his phone conversations to one-minute daily check-ins, unless of course Monroe needed more time).

Approximately an hour later came the knock at the door.

June was in her pajamas when she opened it to find two cops. When they told her why they were looking for her uncle, she fell to pieces but had the presence of mind to call her mother. She knew Joe was going to her parents' place after the old-timers' game. When her mother answered, she was already sobbing as well. "Because she already knew," says June—and not from any official call.

According to her daughter, Lee DiMaggio was the last person to speak to Marilyn Monroe. While they were chatting about their trip to Mexico, Monroe suddenly screamed. This is what Lee told June, the cops and later Joe. "Marilyn screamed and dropped the phone," says June. Her mother also led her to believe Monroe had screamed a name first and that more than one person had entered her bedroom. But Lee took to her grave precisely what she had heard and what Monroe had said. It seems incredible that she never shared those details, but as Lee repeatedly said to June, "I want you all to live." June claims her mother even told the cops, "You put me on a lie detector and I'll lie like hell!" By all accounts Lee was a simple, honest person. What horrible thing could she have heard that she was too afraid to repeat?

DiMaggio told his friend Engelberg that he returned to Monroe's house after her death, looking specifically for one thing. He wanted to get the red diary, but it had already been removed. "See, she slept with Bobby and Jack, okay?" Engelberg says. "And Sam Giancana." DiMaggio, he explains, knew about that but still loved her. "And when she stopped sleeping with them, Bobby would still call her up every night and tell her what was happening. 'We're getting Giancana; we're getting this one.' Joe was a very funny guy; he wrote everything down. He said to her, 'Write it down in this red book. Just keep track of what he's saying.' So when Joe got to the house he went looking for the red book, the famous red diary."

DiMaggio told Positano similar things. "He said, 'Everything that everybody wants to know was in this little book I called the red diary.'"

Even if it was suicide, plenty of people might have wanted (or wanted to destroy) the contents of Monroe's diary. The question of who took it has remained a major mystery. But PLAYBOY has learned that Lawford confided to at least one person that he had the book. Leon Isaac Kennedy, who starred with Lawford in the 1981 film *Body and Soul,* became close friends with the actor and Kennedy in-law. "Sometimes at the end of a long day Peter might have a few drinks, and he would say things he might not share at other times," says Kennedy. On one of those nights "he was reminiscing about Marilyn and sharing the fact that he had a great love for her and that she was a very sensitive but troubled person and that his heart always went out to her. She saw him as a kind of big brother, someone she could regard as a security blanket. He said, 'She had trouble sleeping, you know. Sometimes I would talk to her for hours until she fell asleep.' Then he went on to say she talked to him several times that last night. And he told me he was the one who went over there and cleaned up the house after she died, before the police or doctors or anybody else got there." Lawford told Kennedy he had his own key. "He looked at me with that little wink he can give and said, 'That famous little diary that would have caused so much trouble? That's what I was supposed to find. And I did.'"

"Lawford looked at me with a little wink and said, 'That famous diary that would have caused so much trouble? That's what I was supposed to find. And I did.'"

Kennedy adds that Lawford also told him "there were various secrets of the heart and other frustrations that Marilyn had written down that could have caused a lot of embarrassment." Leon Isaac Kennedy took that to mean embarrassment for the Kennedys.

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June knew nothing about the red diary, but she too returned to the house on Fifth Helena Drive, at 5:30 in the morning. In a state of shock and grief, she wanted to reclaim a keepsake teddy bear that she and a friend, Barbara Klein, Monroe's voice coach, had given the actress after she told them she had never had one as a child. According to June, Monroe slept every night with the adorable white bear, which was dressed in a strand of pink pearls. "I don't know why, but I just felt I had to go there, and I had to get the teddy bear," June says.

When she arrived at Monroe's house crime-scene tape was all around it, but no one was inside. The world and the media had yet to learn the shocking news. "The house was dark and empty," says June. She used her key to open the kitchen door. Her empty pizza pan was sitting on the counter. She went to Monroe's bedroom with a flashlight. The bear was still on the bed. On the night table, she says, was a full bottle of Nembutal. She doesn't remember the bed being stripped. She took the bear and on her way out the kitchen door reclaimed the pizza pan.

A few days later June attended Monroe's funeral, riding in the limousine with her uncle Joe and Joe DiMaggio Jr., who also spoke with Monroe the night of her death, reportedly about a broken romance of his; he died shortly after his father. June remembers refusing to look at Monroe in her casket. "I just couldn't look at her that way," she says. "She was supposed to be in a wedding dress that day."

Shortly after, says June, Joe showed up at her parents' door in San Francisco with a huge suitcase. Inside were all the things Monroe had left at his Beach Street residence: gorgeous negligees, hair curlers, stunning dresses she wore to entertain the troops in Korea. He couldn't bear to keep them.

DiMaggio would outlive Monroe by 37 years but never got over her. After DiMaggio's funeral in San Francisco, Engelberg remembers returning with the family to Joe's place on Beach Street. "It's funny. I used to go to his house a lot, but he never let me into his living room. I didn't know why. But the day he died, his grandkids took me there. First they said, 'Take off your shoes.' There was all-white carpeting and nothing on the walls but a picture, an eight-foot oil painting of Marilyn's face. Just her face. I guess he didn't want me to see that. I never realized how beautiful she was."

•

Today the faithful continue to pay tribute to Marilyn Monroe at her burial plot in Westwood Memorial Park. Every week for years after her death, DiMaggio saw to it that a bouquet of flowers was delivered. But like everything in Monroe's life and death, even that was part myth. "He never paid for the roses," says Engelberg, chuckling. "We never got a bill. People did this stuff for him if he signed enough baseballs."

Numerous devotees of Monroe's—including John Miner—believe the only way we may ever know for sure what happened to Monroe is by exhuming her body and using modern forensics to reinvestigate.

But even then we may never know the mysteries of her heart.

UNCENSORED

(continued from page 81)

like I am doing now. It's really easy. I'm lying on my bed, wearing only a brassiere. If I want to go to the fridge or the bathroom, I can push the stop button and begin again when I want to.

And I just free associate. No problem. You get the idea, don't you? Patient can't do it in doctor's office. Patient is at home with tape recorder, patient free associates sans difficulty. Patient sends tape to doctor. After he listens to it, patient comes in for a session. He asks her questions about it, interprets it. Patient gets treated. Oh yes, she can put her dreams on the tape, too, right when she has them. You know how I would forget what I dreamed or even if I dreamed at all.

Dr. Freud said dreams are the *via regia* to the unconscious, so I'll tell you my dreams on tape.

You are the only person who will ever know the most private, most secret thoughts of Marilyn Monroe. I have absolute confidence and trust that you will never reveal to a living soul what I say to you.

What I told you when I first became your patient is true. I had never had an orgasm. I remember well when you said an orgasm happens in the mind, not the genitals. To me that means my cunt. Not that I especially like that word. When people want to say something nasty about a woman, they call her a cunt. It's like the word *fuck*. It is a better word than *sexual intercourse* or *coitus*. It's more direct and honest. I don't think *sexual intercourse* or *coitus*. I think *fuck* and *fucking*. And I know it describes the most wonderful thing a man and a woman can do to and with each other, but it also has a terrible negative use. When you want to tell somebody off, you say "Fuck you" or "Go fuck yourself" or "It's fucking this or fucking that." Nobody says "Coitus you" or "Go sexual intercourse yourself" or "The coitus car won't start." I don't think the problem is the words themselves but the way people use them.

It doesn't bother me, but this damn free association could drive somebody crazy. Oh, oh, *crazy* makes me think about my mother. I am not going to free associate about her right now. Let me finish my thoughts about orgasms.

You said an obstacle in my mind prevented me from having an orgasm and that I felt so guilty about something that happened early in my life, I didn't think I deserved to have the greatest pleasure there is. It had to do with something sexual that was very wrong, and my getting pleasure from it caused my guilt. You said it was buried in my unconscious. Through analysis we would bring it to my conscious mind where we could get to the guilt and free me to be orgasmic. Well, we sure worked at it and got nowhere. I'd go home and cry and vomit from the frustration. Then you said we'd try a different approach to the orgasm problem: You would tell me how to stimulate myself, and when I did exactly what you told me to do, I would have an orgasm. And after I did it to myself and felt what it was, I would have orgasms with lovers. What a difference a word makes. You said I *would,* not I could.

Bless you, Doctor. What you say is gospel to me. By now I've had lots of orgasms while fucking. Not only one but two or three with a man who takes his time coming.

I never cried so hard as I did after my first orgasm. It was because of the years I had fucked in every way there is and had men and women go down on me and never had an orgasm. What wasted years. How can I describe to you, a man, what an orgasm feels like to a woman? I'll try.

Think of a light fixture with a rheostat control. As you slowly turn it on, the bulb begins to brighten, then it gets brighter and brighter and finally, in a blinding flash, is fully lit. As you turn it off it gradually becomes dimmer and at last goes out.

It is so good, Christ, I am doing it now. [*sounds of yipping and moaning for at least two minutes ending in a prolonged ahh*] Wow! You don't mind, do you? You shouldn't. Better than anything, that tells what you have done for me. Doctor, I worship you.

Ever since you let me in your home and I met your family, I've thought about how it would be if I were your daughter instead of your patient. I know you couldn't do it while I'm your patient, but after you cure me maybe you could adopt me. Then I'd have the father I've always wanted, and your wife, whom I adore, would be my mother, and your children my brothers and sisters.

No, Doctor, I won't push it. But it's beautiful to think about it. I guess you can tell I'm crying. I'll stop now for a little bit.

•

Johnny Hyde was special. He wasn't a hell of a lot to look at. A little shrimp. Little shrimp—is that redundant or tautological? I always get them mixed up. Anyway, he came up only to my chin. Standing up, he sucked my nipples by bending his head.

Johnny was a cocky character. No agent in the business was better. The studio bosses and casting directors respected him. His word was gold. You didn't need any damn lawyers when he made a deal.

Good Christ, how that man took care of me. He divorced his wife and bought a house for us to live in, bought my clothes, paid my hairdresser and cosmetic bills and medical expenses. He was my agent and got me better parts and more money than I had before.

It's funny though. He always took his agent fee; he said it kept me professional. And then he'd turn around and spend a fortune on me.

There was a lot of talk that he did all this to get me to marry him. And I probably would have if he wanted me to. But the truth is he thought marriage would hurt my career. He said if I did what he told me, he'd make me a big star.





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I got Johnny into bathroom sex sort of accidentally. I went into the bathroom to take a shit. As you know, I get constipated a lot. This time I couldn't go. I'd left the door open. Johnny was standing there watching me sit on the toilet. He stayed there when I got out my enema bag and gave myself an enema. After I finished, Johnny said, "God almighty, Marilyn, that's the most exciting thing I ever saw. I came in my pants, and I didn't even touch it." He showed me, and he still had a hard-on. He greased himself and me with K-Y and, for the first time, fucked me in the ass.

From then on we had all kinds of sex in and out of the bathroom. Johnny liked my tits but was absolutely devoted to my ass. He would spend an hour giving my asshole a tongue job. I learned how interesting an uncircumcised penis is. I got a kick out of stroking the foreskin back to see the head. That reminds me of a guy in lighting who would bring my lunch to the dressing room. One day he said, "Marilyn, please give me your advice." Seems his doctor told him he had phimosis and wanted him to go to a urologist to get circumcised. He said he was scared to death to have his penis cut. I was curious and asked him to let me see it. He took out his pretty big cock. Sure enough, the opening at the tip looked barely big enough to pee through. When I tried to push the foreskin back, it wouldn't budge, but he got a strong erection. I asked if he could come in his condition. He said, "Yes, but it hurts." I wanted to see it, so I jacked him off. He came all right, damn near a cupful. He said it felt wonderful, but the swollen head against the tight foreskin hurt. He was so grateful, it was pathetic. It was the first time a girl had jacked him off. I told him millions of guys, Jews and non-Jews, were circumcised and made him promise to get it done. I don't know if he ever did—he was a temporary, and I never saw him again. You think of the damnedest things when you free associate.

Johnny surprised me when he asked me to let him know when I had to pee. I did, and he held a glass to catch my piss. He showed me in a medical book that healthy urine is sterile and has no bacteria. He drank it and said it was more delicious than any wine. I'll bet Johnny drank a gallon of my urine.

Doctor, I hope what I've said doesn't make you think Johnny was some kind of pervert. I slowly began to understand that all this sex stuff was his way of getting close to me and being as much a part of me as humanly possible. I think if he could curl up in my uterus, he'd want to. I was everything to him: wife, mother, sister, daughter, mistress. Nobody will or could love me as much as Johnny H. I loved the little guy, but I was never in love with him.

•

A radio whore is trying to restart a fire under the old so-called [Joan] Crawford-Monroe feud. Okay, she said some mean things about me a while back. What do I care? I don't know why she did. Crawford and I started out friendly. As always, Shakespeare said it best: "He that takes from me my good name robs me of that which not enriches him and makes me poor indeed." [Shakespeare's word is *filches*.] No, Doctor, I did not look it up. I've memorized a lot of Shakespeare.

That reminds me of *The Prince and the Showgirl*. [Laurence] Olivier came into my dressing room to give me hell for screwing up. I soothed him by telling him I thought his *Hamlet* was one of the greatest films ever made. You know he won an Oscar for it.

But the prince was a real prick. He was superficial—no, that's not the word—supercilious, arrogant, a snob, conceited and maybe a little bit anti-Semitic in the sense of "some of my best friends are Jews." But damn him, he's a great actor.

At a party he told a couple of Jewish jokes. Arthur [Miller] says his Yiddish accent was perfect. I told him Lee Strasberg said I had Shakespeare in me and asked him what he thought. Olivier said, "Marilyn, if you work with Lee harder than you ever worked and get the basics, come to me and I'll help you do it. Here's what you're in for." And Olivier recited Shakespeare for two hours. Everything from Hamlet to Shylock. It was magic. I've never heard anything so magnificent. He ended with this: "She should have died hereafter./There would have been time for such a word./Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow/creeps in this petty pace from day to day/to the last syllable of recorded time./And all our yesterdays have lighted fools/the way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle./Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player/that struts and frets his hour upon the stage/and then is heard no more. It is a tale/told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,/signifying nothing." Then Olivier said, "That says it all," smiled and left. I sat and cried with joy at being so privileged.

Oh yes, Crawford. She and I went to her house from a cocktail party, feeling no pain. She asked if I minded waiting while she gave her daughter an enema the doctor had ordered because of the flu. But the little girl screamed she didn't want an enema and wouldn't let her mother give it to her. I could see that Crawford was getting so angry she was going to hit the child. I quickly said, "Honey, why don't I have your mother give me an enema so you can see that it doesn't hurt and that you'll feel so much better after yours?" Joan said that was a good idea.

We went into the bathroom, and I found out the child had reason to complain. Crawford just opened the clamp and let it go. Ouch! What you should do is control the flow by pinching the tube so the water goes in nice and slow and easy. You shut it off if you have an urge to go or cramping; wait until that passes and start again.

Of course I couldn't say anything for

fear of upsetting the child. But Joan knew I was uncomfortable and looked positively gleeful. Her daughter, no doubt wise from experience, said she would let only me give her the enema. Well, I gave it to the sweet angel so gently that she giggled. After the girl had a good BM, Joan gave me a sour look and said, "I don't believe in spoiling children." I felt she had a cruel streak toward the child.

We went to Joan's bedroom, where she suggested we shave each other's pussies. After that we went down on each other. Crawford had a gigantic orgasm and shrieked like a maniac. Credit Natasha [Lytess, Monroe's drama coach]. She could teach more than acting.

Next time I saw Crawford she wanted another round. I told her straight out I didn't much enjoy doing it with a woman. After I turned her down she became spiteful. An English playwright describes it best: "Heaven hath no rage like love to hatred turned, and hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." Most people wrongly credit that to Shakespeare. William Congreve is the author. That's me, Marilyn Monroe, the classical scholar.

About enemas. You and Dr. Freud say every child goes through an anal development stage when the child first gets neural control of the anal sphincters. Dr. Freud says the sexual and the excremental are always mixed together. You told me that childhood experiences during the anal development stage can cause a fixation that plays a part in later sexual development. Maybe that happened to me, and we'll get at it in analysis. You know I have a very poor memory of my early childhood. After the enema thing with Crawford's daughter, I began remembering a little bit about the enemas I had as a child. They were what you and Dr. Freud call repressed memories. I'll work on it and give you another tape.

But, Doctor, I don't understand this big taboo about enemas. Most of the actresses I know use them, even some who won't admit it.

Peter Lawford showed me some piston syringes he got in France. He says the queen and noblewomen of the court of Louis XIV were given frequent enemas with them by special servants called apothecaries. The purpose was to give the women peaches-and-cream complexions by preventing pimples caused by constipation. I asked my gastroenterologist. He said it's true that constipation can cause pimples—something about intestinal toxins getting into the blood. So there you are. Those ladies were doing the intelligent thing.

Yes, I enjoy enemas. So what? Sometimes I have them for sex play, sometimes medically for constipation. They sure beat the cramps and diarrhea you get from laxatives.

We have had fun with those piston syringes at beach-house parties. Peter swears the one they used on me belonged to the Countess Du Barry. It gave me a thrill to know that I had in me what had been in the asshole of the famous countess.

But let's get to something serious. Doctor, I want you to help me get rid of [Monroe's housekeeper, Eunice] Murray. While she was giving me an enema last night I was thinking to myself, Lady, even though you're very good at this, you've got to go. But how? I can't flat out fire her. Next thing would be a book, *Secrets of Marilyn Monroe,* by her housekeeper. She'd make a fortune spilling what she knows, and she knows too damn much.

Doctor, the fact is we just plain don't like each other. I can't put up with her insolence and disregard for anything I ask her to do. If you have a better idea, please let me know what it is.

•

What a wonderful friend Frank Sinatra is to me. I love Frank, and he loves me. It is not the marrying kind of love. It is better because marriage can't destroy it. How well I know. Marriage destroyed my relationships with two wonderful men.

Joe D. loves Marilyn Monroe and always will. I love him and always will. But Joe couldn't stay married to Marilyn Monroe, the famous movie star. Joe has an image in his stubborn Italian head of a traditional Italian wife. She would have to be faithful, do what he tells her, devote all of herself to him. Doctor, you know that's not me. There is no way I could stop being Marilyn Monroe and become someone else to save our marriage. It didn't take too long before we both realized that and ended our marriage. But we didn't end our love for each other. Anytime I need him, Joe is there. I couldn't have a better friend. One thing I am damn well going to do is take that beautiful man to bed and have a million real orgasms with him to make up for the ones I faked. Of course I'll never tell him I faked. You've never met pride until you've met Joe.

It's different with Arthur. Marrying him was my mistake, not his. He couldn't give me the attention, warmth and affection I need. It's not in his nature. Arthur never credited me with much intelligence. He couldn't share his intellectual life with me. As bed partners we were so-so. He was not much interested, despite my faking with exceptional performances to try to get him more interested. You know, I think his little Jewish father had more genuine affection for me than Arthur did.

Arthur didn't know film or how to write for it. *The Misfits* was not a great film, because it wasn't a great script. Gable, Monroe, Clift, Wallach, Huston—what more could you ask for? I'll

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tell you. The story has to be as good as the talent who plays it. If you put Jesus Christ in a bad script, it would be a flop. You know why those religious-themed pictures like *Ben-Hur* and *The Ten Commandments* are so successful? Because the Bible is a damn good script.

I stood naked in front of my full-length mirrors for a long time yesterday. I was all made up with my hair done. What did I see? My breasts are beginning to sag a bit. I teased my nipples, and they stood up great. My waist isn't bad. My ass is what it should be, the best there is. My legs, knees and ankles are still shapely, and my feet are not too big. Okay, Marilyn, you have it all there. It is decision time.

If I have to do any more pictures for those cocksucking bastards at Fox, I am going to be the highest-paid actress in Hollywood—double what they pay Taylor, and a piece of the gross. I'll choose the script, director and cast. The pictures will be box office hits. I'll put part of the millions I make in no-risk investments. The rest I'll use to finance my plan.

I'll take a year to study Shakespeare day and night with Lee Strasberg. I'll pay him to work only with me. He said I could do Shakespeare. I'll make him prove it. That will give me the basics Olivier wanted. Then I'll go to Olivier for the help he promised. And I'll pay whatever he wants.

Then I'll produce and act in the Marilyn Monroe Shakespeare Film Festival, which will put his major plays on film. I'll need you to keep me together for a year or more. I'll pay you to be your only patient.

Oh, I made you another present. I have thrown all my fucking pills in the toilet. You see how serious I am about this.

I've read all of Shakespeare and practiced a lot of lines. I won't have to worry about the scripts. I'll have the greatest scriptwriter who ever lived working for me, and I don't have to pay him.

Oh, Monroe will have her hand in. I am going to do Juliet first. Don't laugh. With what makeup, costume and camera can do, my acting will create a Juliet who is 14, an innocent virgin, but whose budding womanhood is fantastically sexy. In the marriage-night scene, tastefully, Romeo and Juliet will actually fuck and have real orgasms to give the scene the reality it deserves.

I've some wonderful ideas for Lady Macbeth and Queen Gertrude. I feel certain I'll win an Oscar for one or more of my Shakespearean women.

Yes, Doctor, this is what I am going to do. I owe it to you, Doctor, that I can.

•

Marilyn Monroe is a soldier. Her commander in chief is the greatest and most powerful man in the world. The first duty of a soldier is to obey her commander in chief. He says, "Do this." You do this. He says, "Do that." You do that.

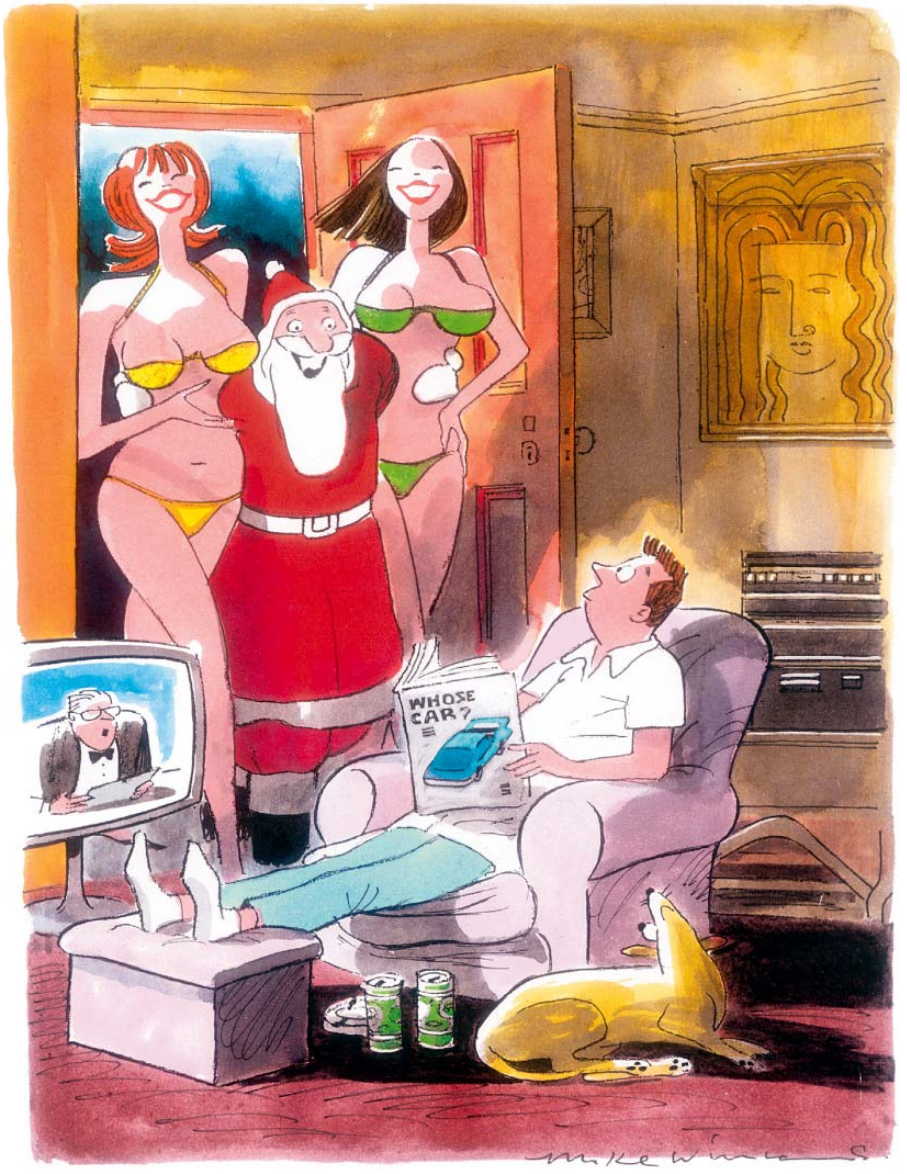
The man [John Kennedy] is going to change our country. No child will go hungry. No person will sleep in the street and get his meals from garbage cans. People who can't afford it will get good medical care. Industrial products will be the best in the world. No, I'm not talking utopia—that's an illusion. But he will transform America today like FDR did in the 1930s. You don't think you're hearing me, do you? You're right. And he'll do for the world what he'll do for America, transform it for the better. I tell you, Doctor, when he has finished his achievements, he will take his place with Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and FDR as one of our greatest presidents.

I'm glad he has Bobby. It's like the Navy. The president is the captain and Bobby is his executive officer. Bobby would do absolutely anything for his brother. And so would I. I'll never embarrass him. As long as I have memory, I have John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

But Bobby, Doctor. What should I do about Bobby? As you see, I have no room in my life for him. I guess I don't have the courage to face up to it and hurt him. I want someone else to tell him it's over. I tried to get the president to do it, but I couldn't reach him. Now I'm glad I couldn't. He is too important to ask. You know when I sang "Happy Birthday" for him, I got so wet I was afraid it would show. Maybe I should stop being a coward and tell him myself. But because I know how much he'll be hurt, I don't have the strength to hurt him.

Well, that's something for you to sleep on, Doctor.

Good night.

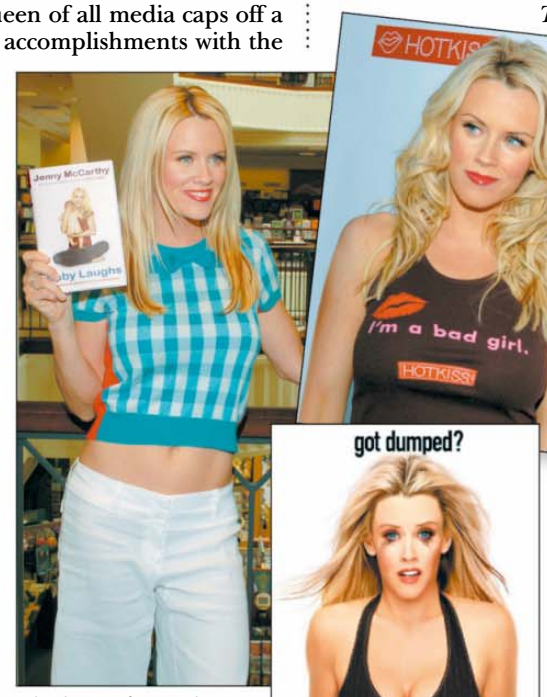


"You the guy who asked for the home entertainment system?"

PLAYMATE NEWS

BLONDE AMBITION: JENNY MAKES 2005 THE NEW MCCARTHY ERA

When Jenny McCarthy sings her version of "It Was a Very Good Year," 2005 will surely deserve its own verse. This month the unofficial queen of all media caps off a year of versatile accomplishments with the DVD release of her self-penned romantic comedy, *Dirty Love,* which earned a berth at Sundance, accolades from the entertainment press and an enthusiastic response from audiences in movie theaters. Though Jenny had written for the page, this was her first attempt for the screen. So what inspired the Playmate to script her own work? "When it comes to female comedians who still want to be pretty, people can't write for them," she has said. "I decided about seven years ago to do it myself by becoming a writer and creating my own stuff." If *Dirty Love* wasn't enough, Jenny was winning fans with two summer television shows, *Party at the Palms* and *The Bad Girl's Guide,* which kept her busy after the April publication of *Baby Laughs.* Like its predecessor, *Belly Laughs,* it has become a *New York Times* best-seller, and her third book, *Life Laughs,* is on the way. "I decided to take a couple of years off for the baby before making a comeback," she revealed. Good plan! Unfortunately, it hasn't been all good news. In August she and her husband of six years, director John Asher, filed for divorce. Still, the two will likely continue their professional collaboration. "I need scars and wounds and have to show my pain in order to make an ass out of myself and be funny," she said.



Clockwise from above: Jenny's multipronged attack hit bookstores in spring, prime time in summer, theaters in autumn and the DVD section this month.

25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

"Don't you dare pass up this opportunity," **Terri Welles**'s grandfather counseled when she asked him if she should pose for PLAYBOY. "You might never get another chance." In fact, Welles appeared in a total of four pictorials, first as cover girl for the popular May 1980 Stewardesses issue, then as Miss December 1980, a third time with Candy Loving and Sondra Theodore and finally as the 1981 Playmate of the Year.



LOOSE LIPS

"I lost half the postdrug weight, but next to Pam Anderson, anybody looks fat."

Courtney Love on Pam Anderson



THE RED (CARPET) BRIGADE



Our Playmates continue to make the red-carpet rounds in the most distracting ways. From far left: Tina Jordan heats up the Montmartre Lounge in Hollywood; Nicole Narain cuts loose for a Harlottique performance in Studio City; Hiromi Oshima lands at the Mansion; Brande Roderick gives us yet another reason to love T-shirts at a *Pieces (of Ass)* performance in Hollywood; a leggy Laurie Fetter guards Geisha House in Hollywood.

HOT SHOT



LUCI VICTORIA

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Chris Bruno



My favorite Playmate is Miss August 1982, **Cathy St. George.** I met her when I was 14 years old, at a place in New York where my dad was tending bar. She was the one who got me all hot and bothered.



POP QUESTIONS: TISHARA COUSINO

Q: When we spoke with you for your pictorial, you were studying holistic medicine. Are you still?

A: When I posed for PLAYBOY I was studying for my degree in naturopathy, but my whole life changed in a matter of a week. I didn't think by any means that I'd be modeling and traveling around the world. Every day I think, Wow, it's amazing how you think your life is going to be one way, but sometimes there's another plan.



Q: In addition to modeling, what else are you doing?

A: I just got my real estate license, and I'm working toward my accreditations right now. Modeling is good, but you can model for only so long. And real estate is an unlimited opportunity, especially in Las Vegas, where I live.

Q: With such a busy schedule, how do you stay centered?

A: For me it's about making a conscious choice to take time for myself. In the morning I have a ritual in which I meditate and get focused for the day, and I do the cardio portion of my workout first thing. That relieves a lot of stress. I practice yoga a couple of times a week. I also plan to go on a safari in Africa for 10 days. I have to get all these crazy shots before I go—that's the only thing I'm not so excited about.

EYE CANDY



Jeff Koons. *Elvis*. 2003. oil on canvas.

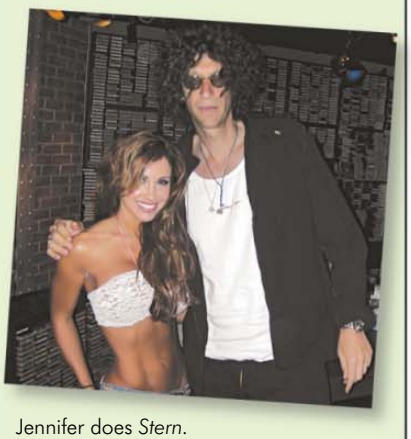
New York–based art star Jeff Koons is known for encasing floating basketballs in glass and sprouting flowers from a 43-foot-tall topiary puppy, but by immortalizing 1999 PMOY Heather Kozar in his work *Elvis,* he has surely created his masterpiece. The oil-on-canvas painting makes reference to Andy Warhol's classic *Double Elvis* and Koons's own early depictions of his former wife and muse, porn star and Italian parliamentarian Ciccio-lina. Koons has said, "Every day I feel more and more responsible in the act of communicating and sharing and really trying to be as generous as possible as an artist." By introducing Heather's classic form to the art world, Koons has hit a new high.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Ever the sporting type, **Jennifer Walcott** made a splash on *The Howard Stern Show* when she agreed to give the Hi-Lo game a go. Apparently she didn't play so well: Jennifer lost her shirt to Stern's crew and found herself topless. The ultra-fit Playmate has also recently earned appearances in *MuscleMag* and *Planet Muscle*.... **Serria Tawan** is busy making the rounds in the film world.



LEROY NEIMAN



Jennifer does *Stern*.

She will appear with Playmate **Julie McCullough** in the documentary *Trek Nation* and with Playmate **Deanna Brooks** in the horror movie *Candy Stripers*. That might explain her trip to Cannes earlier this year.... **Cara Zavaleta, Tiffany Fallon** and **Pilar Lastra** rumbled into South Dakota for the 65th Annual Sturgis Motorcycle Rally.... **Cathy St. George** appears in ink for



While in Sturgis, Playmates take the Mount.

Red Skye Comics' *Saint 7 International Spy*.... We hear **Pam Anderson** was such a hit with the execs at Comedy Central that she will produce an uncensored DVD of her summer roast.

cyber club

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club at cyber.playboy.com.

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Photography: Andrew Woffinden

King of the Hill

A new Olympic sport that's a snowboarder's dream and an EMT's nightmare



How best to describe snowboard cross, the newest addition to the Winter Olympic Games, set to debut in Turin in February? "The sport combines the need for speed of the world's best giant-slalom racers, the airborne poise of a top half-pipe pro and an NFL running back's love of contact," says 27-year-old California native Nate Holland (pictured), the U.S.'s best hope for gold. Let us make that a little clearer: Snowboard cross consists of heats of up to four boarders racing en masse from the top of a slope. First one to the bottom wins. On the way, there are bumps, banked turns and jumps on which riders catch as much as 35 feet of air. While hockey-style checking is against the rules, contact is not. "If there are two guys in there and you split them and one gets tossed, it's like they say—rubbing's racing," Holland muses. The keys to success are starting fast to avoid the fray, keeping air time brief (since snowboards are faster when they're on the snow) and finessing the critical uphill transitions between the jumps. The precompetition gold-medal favorite is Xavier Delarue of France, but don't tell that to Holland. "I'm going to win," he says. "Or I'm going to wreck trying."



Get Me Headquarters

The $300 million McLaren Technology Centre—with an office like this, why go home?

Six years ago Britain's most prestigious architectural firm, Foster & Partners, broke ground on a visionary project. What you see here is the completed $300 million McLaren Technology Centre in Surrey, where McLaren builds its Formula One race cars. It's a factory, but you won't find any grease puddles. McLaren employs engineering Ph.D.s who wear Hugo Boss uniforms and design some of the fastest cars in the world. The goal was to develop a workplace as beautiful and technologically advanced as those cars. Inside you'll find a 145-meter wind tunnel and few lightbulbs (the place is lit mostly with natural light). Not a bad office space for CEO Ron Dennis, 58, who started out in the business as a junior mechanic. "It's a model for the new technological optimism," he says of the building, "a showcase of industrial architecture for the 21st century."

Grapevine

The Wind and the Billows

We like the cut of MISCHA BARTON's jib. Double-timing it at a photo shoot on a Malibu beach, the *O.C.* star cared more about hiking her hem than trimming her topsails. What's not to luff?



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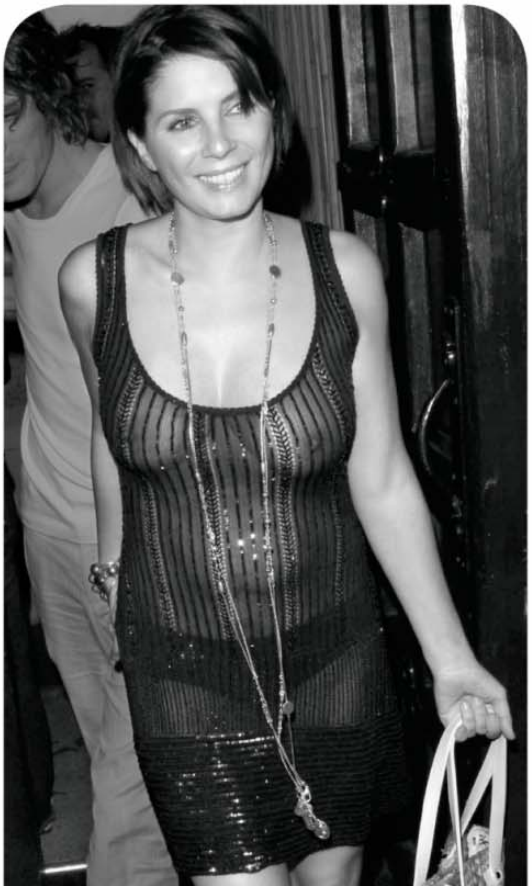
HOWARD WISE/SHOOTING STAR

Forced Out on Squeeze Play

JOSE CANSECO has hung up his spikes, but he's still good for a couple of dingers. Bubbly Playmate KATIE LOHMANN thinks it's a hoot, but we're concerned that the steroid poster boy is overly vein.

The Glad and the Lawless

Two years after her divorce from nanny shagger Jude Law, SADIE FROST is all smiles. And why not? She received $11 million from her ex, dates 20-something boy toys and doesn't mind taking the twins out for a night on the town.



WENN/LAN DOV

Who Wants a Treat?

Brit bird JODIE MARSH's sexy stunts have the tabloids calling her the Human Viagra, but this bikini is made of candy, not little blue pills.



DAVID FISHER/REX FEATURES



Zombie's Greatest Hit

This honey was in *House of 1000 Corpses* and *The Devil's Rejects*. Her name is SHERI MOON ZOMBIE. If you guessed that she's the wife of musician and director Rob Zombie, you are of at least average intelligence.

BRIE CHILDERS

©ASADORIAN/SPLASH

Quoth the Eva…

"It's fun to be a woman," says EVA MENDES, "to flirt and wear makeup and have boobs." Some studio folks feel Eva's too much fun—they want her to "strap down" for her role in *Ghost Rider*. That's *Gigli* thinking.

TIM JAHNS/DREAMDOLLS.COM



Garden of Sweden

You know your apples from your oranges—now meet a peach named Peyre. You may have caught NATACHA PEYRE on the cover of *Moore Magazine* (if you live in, say, Malmö or Uppsala); you'll see even more at dreamdolls.com.

Potpourri



OVER THE TOP

We have a feeling you didn't need a shirt to tell you what the model at left isn't wearing, but bear in mind that this shirt was designed to be worn by a man. Yes, finally, a piece of clothing you'll want your girlfriend to borrow. You can announce the status of your and your honey's unmentionables by bopping over to David & Goliath (davidandgoliathtees.com) and ordering up a gross (they're just $24 apiece). That way you can give them out when company comes over. In the event that you *are* wearing panties, feel free to choose from garments with other witty slogans, such as CHILLIN WITH MY GNOMIES, I HATE CUDDLING and AS A MATTER OF FACT THAT *IS* A BANANA IN MY POCKET.

TREE KINGS

Some people go to extremes with holiday decorations. Our rule: If it's not on the tree, it's tacky. To class up the all-important *Tannenbaum* stand, get Krinner USA's Concerto ($600, krinnerusa.com). Handmade from stainless steel and lacquered wood in your choice of four finishes (the Marcassa is shown), it uses a simple foot-pump system that lets you secure the tree while standing.





SPEED READING

In 1956 a 15-year-old named Chili Catallo bought a derelict 1932 Ford coupe in Detroit. He was too young to drive, so his parents had to take it home for him. Catallo began stripping it down and creating what you see here: the priceless little deuce coupe. The hot rod has since won countless car-show golds and inspired the Beach Boys to name an album after it (*Little Deuce Coupe,* 1963). There's lots more to the story, and you'll find all of it in *Hot Rod Milestones* ($40, cartechbooks.com), a new coffee-table book by PLAYBOY contributor Ken Gross, with photography by Robert Genat. The text gets you up to speed on the 25 most significant hot rods of the 1940s and 1950s. Talk about a fast read.

DINOTOPIA

We don't have the butlerbots we were promised in the 1960s (although the Roomba is a start), but we do have robots that can scare the crap out of your dog. The Roboraptor ($120, roboraptoronline.com) comes with a game controller–like remote and 40 preprogrammed functions ranging from hunting to playing tug-of-war. You can set it to react to its environment with moods from aggressive to playful. Pooper-scooper not included.



'TIS THE SEASON

You're standing next to your Christmas tree, talking to a Gisele look-alike at your holiday party. She's gift-wrapped in Dolce & Gabbana, and her glass of champagne is half empty. "Check this out," you say, pulling a 50-milliliter Chambord La Celebration ornament ($6, chambordonline.com) off the tree. You pop it open and pour a bit of the French black-raspberry liqueur into her bubbly. "For every ornament sold," you say, "Chambord is giving a buck to Project ALS. Speaking of giving, what do you say we start unwrapping...."





THE SOUND OF MUSIC

MP3 files, AACs, rips, burns, P2P, torrents—does anyone actually *listen* to music anymore? Judging from their latest product, the folks at Oregon Scientific do. Plug up to three audio sources (e.g., MP3 player, computer and CD player) into the base (left) of the Music Sphere ($250, oregonscientific.com) and it will wirelessly zap your tunes to its ball-like speaker up to 100 feet away. Then you can finally focus on listening to music instead of figuring out how to get it.

FEED YOUR SKULL

Two heads may be better than one, but one gadget is always better than two. Skull Candy (skullcandy.com) understands this. Its new MFM headphones come with a built-in flash MP3 player that docks inside one of the ear cups and comes in 256-megabyte ($140), 512-megabyte ($180) and one-gigabyte ($250) sizes. Pop it out to load up with tunes, or use it as a standalone player. If your MP3 selections are wearing thin, a removable cord lets you plug the headphones into any audio source. Pretty sweet deal.



FACE TIME

At some point in life you graduate from a pocketknife to a gentleman's knife, from blended whiskey to single malt. Same goes with shaving—you go from canned foam to bottled heaven. True Gentlemen (truegentlemen.com) offers a three-step process that will shave five years off your mug. The preshave oil ($20) creates a barrier between your skin and the blade. The shaving cream ($25) is made with aloe, glycerin and coconut oil. Rub it on with a brush, have at it with a blade, then apply the soothing aftershave ($35), with vitamin E, sea minerals and shea butter.



RARE STEAKS

If you're like us, your life is in part a quest to find the greatest meal ever prepared. While you can't get the revered Japanese Kobe beef here, you owe it to yourself to try Wagyu. It's from the same breed of cow, raised here in America. These cows live in the lap of luxury (relatively speaking of course), so their flesh is wonderfully tender and marbled. Lobel's of New York offers a Wagyu sampler ($600, lobels.com)—about nine pounds of aged cuts shipped right to your door.



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 164.

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LISA GUERRERO—A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO TALKS SPORTS? TO MANY THIS IS PERFECTION ITSELF. THE FORMER SIDELINE REPORTER AND SPORTS-SHOW CO-HOST PROVIDES ONE OF OUR BEST DAMN PICTORIALS, PERIOD.

THE LOVES OF KING KONG—KATHLEEN SHARP EXAMINES THE EFFECT THE TALL, DARK AND (DEBATABLY) HANDSOME LEAD HAS HAD ON THE ACTRESSES WHO STARRED OPPOSITE HIM. NAOMI WATTS, BEWARE: FAY WRAY AND JESSICA LANGE WERE NEVER THE SAME AFTER GOING UP THE SKYSCRAPER.

RUBBING ELBOWS—IN A LONG AND DISTINGUISHED CAREER AS A MAN OF LETTERS, **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN** MINGLED WITH LITERARY LIGHTS FROM WHOM HE CAUGHT THINGS COMMUNICABLE. HERE ARE HIS RECOLLECTIONS.

GERMAN LESSONS—IN THE MIDST OF MIDLIFE MALAISE, A MAN LEAVES HIS WIFE, MOVES AWAY, ENROLLS IN A GERMAN CLASS AND MEETS A GIRL. THE LESSONS HE LEARNS HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH UMLAUTS. FICTION BY **JOHN UPDIKE**

REMEMBERING SHEL SILVERSTEIN—HE WAS A POET, AUTHOR, SONGWRITER, PLAYWRIGHT AND PLAYBOY, AND NOW THE RECENT POSTHUMOUS PUBLICATION OF HIS BOOK *RUNNY BABBITT* (SPITTEN IN WROONERISMS) HAS LED TO A RESURGENCE OF INTEREST IN OUR FAVORITE POLYMATH. **STEVE POND** REVIEWS THE LIFE OF THE MAN IN THE DASHIKI AND THE MAGIC HE WROUGHT.

CAR WARS—FOR MOST OF A CENTURY GENERAL MOTORS HAS BEEN SYNONYMOUS WITH AMERICA. NOW TOYOTA IS POISED TO REPLACE GM AS THE WORLD'S LARGEST AUTOMAKER. **ARTHUR KRETCHMER** SPENT WEEKS IN DETROIT FINDING OUT WHAT WENT WRONG AND WHAT GM AND THE OTHER AMERICAN CAR COMPANIES CAN DO ABOUT IT.

PLAYMATE REVIEW—TWELVE PLAYMATES IN ONE PICTORIAL. IT'S LIKE A CALENDAR WITHOUT ALL THOSE ANNOYING NUMBERS.

2006 CARS OF THE YEAR—ONCE AGAIN OUR TEAM OF EXPERTS MOTORS ACROSS THE GLOBE IN SEARCH OF THE CARS THAT OFFER THE MOST IN SPEED AND LUXURY.

MARK CUBAN—THE BRATTY BILLIONAIRE OWNER OF THE DALLAS MAVERICKS SOUNDS OFF ON NBA POLICY, HIS PLANS TO REVOLUTIONIZE THE MOVIE BUSINESS AND HIS FEUD WITH DONALD TRUMP IN A *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* WITH **DIANE SHAH.**

PLUS: *THE YEAR IN SEX, 20Q* WITH **KATE BECKINSALE** AND MISS JANUARY **ATHENA LUNDBERG.**

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